

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

A MARRIAGE AT SEA.

By **W. CLARK RUSSELL,**

Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Marooned," etc.

COMPLETE.

OCTOBER, 1890

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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LONDON: WARD, LOCK & CO.

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A

MARRIAGE AT SEA.

BY

W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," "MAROONED,"
"AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1890.

A MARRIAGE AT SEA.

I.

MY dandy-rigged yacht, the Spitfire, of twenty-six tons, lay in Boulogne harbor, hidden in the midnight shadow of the wall against which she floated. It was a breathless night, dark despite the wide spread of cloudless sky that was brilliant with stars. It was hard upon the hour of midnight, and low down where we lay we heard but dimly the sounds of such life as was still abroad in the Boulogne streets. Ahead of us loomed the shadow of a double-funnelled steamer, —an inky dye of scarcely determinable proportions upon the black and silent waters of the harbor. The Capécure pier made a faint, phantom-like line of gloom as it ran seawards on our left, with here and there a lump of shadow denoting some collier fast to the skeleton timbers. We were waiting for the hour of midnight to strike, and our ears were strained.

"What noise is that?" I exclaimed.

"The dip of sweeps, sir," answered my captain, Aaron Cadel; "some smack a-coming along,—ay, there she is." And he shadowily pointed to a dark square heap betwixt the piers, softly approaching to the impulse of her long oars.

"How is your pluck now, Cadel?" said I, in a low voice, sending a glance up at the dark edge of the harbor wall above us, where stood the motionless figure of a *douanier*, with a button or two of his uniform faintly glimmering to the gleam of a lamp near him.

"Right for the job, sir,—right as your honor could desire it. There's but one consideration which ain't like a feeling of sartinty; and that, I must say, consarns the dawg."

"Smother the dog! But you are right. We must leave our boots in the ditch."

"Ain't there plenty of grass, sir?" said he.

"I hope so; but a fathom of gravel will so crunch under such hoofs as yours that the very dead buried beneath might turn in their coffins, let alone a live dog, wide awake from the end of his beastly cold snout to the tip of his tail. Does the ladder chafe you?"

"No, sir. Makes me feel a bit asthmatic-like, and if them *duniers* get a sight of me they'll reckon I've visited the Continent to make a show of myself," he exclaimed, with a low deep-sea laugh, whilst he spread his hands upon his breast, around which, under cover of a large, loose, long pea-coat, he had coiled a length of rope-ladder with two iron hooks at one end of it which made a hump under either shoulder-blade. There was no other way, however, of conveying the ladder ashore. In the hand it would instantly have challenged attention, and a bag would have been equally an object of curiosity to the two or three custom-house phantoms flitting about in triangular-shaped trousers and shako-like head-gear.

"There goes midnight, sir!" cried Caudel.

As I listened to the chimes a sudden fit of excitement set me trembling.

"Are ye there, Job?" called my captain.

"Ay, sir," responded a voice from the bows of the yacht.

"Jim?"

"Here, sir," answered a second voice out of the darkness forward.

"Dick?"

"Here, sir."

"Bobby?"

"Here, sir," responded the squeaky note of a boy.

"Lay aft, all you ship's company, and don't make no noise," growled Caudel.

I looked up; the figure of the *douanier* had vanished. The three men and the boy came sneaking out of the yacht's head.

"Now, what ye've got to do," said Caudel, "is to keep awake. You'll see all ready for hoisting and gitting away the hinstant Mr. Barclay and me arrives aboard. You onderstand that?"

"It's good English, cap'n," said one of the sailors.

"No skylarking, mind. You're a-listening, Bobby?"

"Ay, sir."

"You'll just go quietly to work and see all clear, and then tarn to and loaf about in the shadow.—Now, Mr. Barclay, sir, if you're ready I am."

"Have you the little bull's-eye in your pocket?" said I.

He felt, and answered yes.

"Matches?"

"Two boxes."

"Stop a minute," said I, and I descended into the cabin to read my darling's letter for the last time, that I might make sure of all the details of our romantic plot ere embarking on as hare-brained an adventure as was ever attempted by a lover and his sweetheart.

The cabin-lamp burned brightly. I see the little interior now, and myself standing upright under the skylight which found me room for my stature, for I was six feet high. The night shadow came black

against the glass, and made a mirror of each pane. My heart was beating fast, and my hands trembled as I held my sweetheart's letter to the light. I had read it twenty times before,—you might have known that by the creases in it, and the frayed edges, as though forsooth it had been a love-letter fifty years old,—but my nervous excitement obliged me to go through it once more for the last time, as I have said, to make sure.

The handwriting was girlish: how could it be otherwise, seeing that the sweet writer was not yet eighteen? The letter consisted of four sheets, and on one of them was very cleverly drawn, in pen and ink, a tall, long, narrow, old-fashioned chateau, with some shrubbery in front of it, a short length of wall, then a tall hedge with an arrow pointing at it, under which was written, "Here is the hole." Under another arrow, indicating a big square door to the right of the house, where a second short length of wall was sketched in, were written the words, "Here is the dog." Other arrows—quite a flight of them, indeed, causing the sketch to resemble a weather-chart—pointed to windows, doors, a little balcony, and so forth, and against them were written, "Ma'm'selle's room," "The German governess's room," "Four girls sleep here,"—with other hints of a like kind. I put the letter in my pocket and went on deck.

"Where are you, Caudel?"

"Here, sir," cried a shadow in the starboard gangway.

"Let us start," said I: "there is half an hour's walk before us, and, though the agreed time is one, there is a great deal to be done when we arrive."

"I've been thinking, Mr. Barclay," he exclaimed, "that the young lady'll never be able to get aboard this yacht by that there up-and-down ladder," meaning the perpendicular steps affixed to the harbor wall.

"No!" cried I, needlessly startled by an insignificant oversight on the very threshold of the project.

"The boat," he continued, "had better be in waiting at them stairs, just past the smack astarn of us there."

"Give the necessary orders," said I.

He did so swiftly, bidding two of the men to be at the stairs by one o'clock, the others to have the port gangway unshipped to enable us to step aboard in a moment, along with sails loosed and gear all seen to, ready for a prompt start. We then ascended the ladder and gained the top of the quay.

We said little until we had cleared the Rue de l'Écu and were marching up the broad Grande Rue, with the church of St. Nicholas soaring in a dusky mass out of the market-place, and the few lights of the wide main street rising in fitful twinklings to the shadow of the rampart walls. A mounted gendarme passed; the stroke of his horse's hoofs sounded hollow in the broad thoroughfare and accentuated the deserted appearance of the street. Here and there a light showed in a window; from a distance came a noise of chorussing,—a number of fellows, no doubt, arm in arm, singing "*Mourir pour la Patrie*" to the inspiration of several glasses of sugar-and-water.

"I shan't be sorry when we're there," said Caudel. "This here ladder makes my coat feel a terrible tight fit. I suppose it'll be the first job of the sort ye was ever engaged in, sir?"

"The first," said I, "and the last too, believe me. It is nervous work. I would rather have to deal with an armed burglar than with an elopement. I wish the business was ended and we were heading for Penzance."

"And I don't suppose the young lady feels extray comfortable, either," he exclaimed. "Let me see: I've got to be right in my latitude and longitude, or we shall be finding ourselves ashore. It's for us to make the signal, ain't it, sir?"

"Yes," said I, puffing, for the road was steep and we were walking rapidly. "First of all, you'll have to prepare the ladder. You haven't forgotten the rungs, I hope?" referring to three brass pieces to keep the ropes extended, contrivances which had been made to my order, resembling stair-rods with forks and an arrangement of screws by which they could be disconnected into pieces convenient for the pocket.

"They're here, sir," he exclaimed, slapping his breast.

"Well, we proceed thus. The bull's-eye must be cautiously lighted and darkened. We have then to steal noiselessly to abreast of the window on the left of the house and flash the lantern. This will be answered by the young lady striking a match at the window."

"Won't the scraping of the lucifer be heard?" inquired Caudel.

"No. Miss Bellassys writes to me that no one sleeps within several corridors of that room."

"Well, and then I think ye said, sir," observed Caudel, "that the young lady'll slip out onto the balcony and lower away a small length of line to which this here ladder," he said, giving his breast a thump, "is to be bent on, she hauling of it up?"

"Quite right," said I. "You must help her to descend, whilst I hold the ladder taut at the foot of it. No fear of the ropes breaking, I hope?"

"Lord love 'ee," he cried, heartily, "it's brand-new ratline-stuff, strong enough to hoist the main-mast out of a first-rate."

By this time we had gained the top of the Grande Rue. Before us stretched an open space dark with lines of trees; at long intervals the gleam of an oil lamp dotted that space of gloom; on our right lay the dusky mass of the rampart walls, the yawning gate-way dully illuminated by the trembling flame of a lantern into a picture which carried the imagination back into heroic times, when elopements were exceedingly common, when gallant knights were to be met with galloping away with women of beauty and distinction clinging to them, when the midnight air was vocal with guitars, and nearly every other darkling lattice framed some sweet, pale, listening face.

"Which'll be the road, sir?" broke in Caudel's tempestuous voice.

I had explored the district that afternoon, had observed all that was necessary, and discovered that the safest if not the shortest way to the Rue de Maquétra, where my sweetheart Grace Bellassys was at school, lay through the Haute Ville, or Upper Town, as the English

called it. The streets were utterly deserted; not so much as a cat stirred. One motionless figure we passed, hard by the cathedral,—a policeman or gendarme,—he might have been a statue. It was like pacing the streets of a town that had been sacked, in which nothing lived to deliver so much as a groan; and the fancy was not a little improved by our emergence into what resembled a tract of country through a gate-way similar to that by which we had entered, over which there faintly glimmered out to the sheen of a near lamp the figure of Our Lady of Boulogne erect in some carving of a boat.

"Foreigners is a queer lot," exclaimed Caudel. "I dunno as I should much relish living between them walls. How much farther off is it, sir?"

"About ten minutes," said I.

"A blooming walk, Mr. Barclay, sir, begging your pardon. Wouldn't it have been as well if you'd have ordered a fee-hacre to stand by ready to jump aboard of?"

"A fee what?" said I.

"What's the French for a cab, sir?"

"Oh! I see what you mean. No. It's all down-hill for the lady. A carriage makes a noise; and then there is the cabman to be left behind to tell all that he knows."

Caudel grunted an assent, and we strided onward in silence.

The Rue de Maqu  tra was—is, I may say; I presume it still exists—a long, narrow lane leading to a pretty valley. Something more than half-way up it, on the left-hand side, runs a tall convent wall, the shadow of which, dominated as the heights were by trees on such a motionless midnight as this, plunged the road-way into deepest gloom.

Directly opposite the convent wall stood the old ch  teau, darkened and thickened in front by a profusion of shrubbery, with a short length of wall, as I have already said, at both extremities of it. The grounds belonging to the house, as they rose with the hill, were divided from the lane by a thick hedge, which terminated at a distance of some two hundred feet.

We came to a stand and listened, staring our hardest with all our eyes. The house was in blackness; the line of the roof ran in a clear sweep of ink against the stars, and not the faintest sound came from it or its grounds, save the delicate tinkling murmur of a fountain playing somewhere among the shrubbery in front.

"Where'll be the dawg?" exclaimed Caudel, in a hoarse whisper.

"Behind the wall there," I answered,—“yonder where the great square door is. Hark! Did not that sound like the rattle of a chain?"

We listened; then said I,—

"Let us make for the hole in the hedge. I have its bearings. It directly fronts the third angle of that convent wall."

We crept soundlessly past the house, treading the verdure that lay in dark streaks upon the glimmering ground of this little-frequented lane. The clock of the convent opposite struck half-past twelve.

"One bell, sir," said Caudel. "It's about time we tarned to, and

no mistake. Lord, how I'm a-perspiring! yet it ben't so hot, neither. Which side of the house do the lady descend from?"

"From this side," I answered.

"Well clear of the dawg, anyhow," said he, "and *that's* a good job."

"Here's the hole," I cried, with my voice shrill beyond recognition of my own hearing through the nervous excitement I labored under.

The hole was a neglected gap in the hedge, a rent originally made probably by donkey-boys, several of whose cattle I had remarked that afternoon browsing along the ditch and bank-side. We squeezed through, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen garden, as I might imagine from the aspect of the shadowy vegetation; it seemed to run clear to the very walls of the house on this side in dwarf bushes and low ridged growths.

"Here'll be a path, I hope," growled Caudel. "What am I a-treading on? Cabbages? They crackle worse nor gravel, Mr. Barclay."

"Clear yourself of the rope-ladder, and then I'll smother you in your big pea-coat whilst you light the lamp," said I. "Let us keep well in the shadow of the hedge. Who knows what eyes may be star-gazing, yonder?"

The hedge flung a useful dye upon the blackness of the night, and our figures against it, though they should have been viewed close to, must have been indistinguishable. With a seaman's alacrity, Caudel slipped off his immense coat, and in a few moments had unwound the length of ladder from his body. He wore a colored flannel shirt: I had dreaded to find him figuring in white calico! He dropped the ladder to the ground, and the iron hooks clanked as they fell together. I hissed a sea blessing at him through my teeth.

"Have you no wick in those tallow-candle fingers of yours? Hush! Stand motionless."

As I spoke, the dog began to bark. That it was the dog belonging to the house I could not swear. The sound, nevertheless, proceeded from the direction of the yard in which my sweetheart had told me the dog was chained. The deep and melancholy note was like that of a blood-hound giving tongue. It was reverberated by the convent wall, and seemed to penetrate to the farthest distance, awaking the very echoes of the sleeping river Liane, and it filled the breathless pause that had fallen upon us with a torment of inquietude and expectation. After a few minutes the creature ceased.

"He'll be a wopper, sir. Big as a pony, sir, if his voice don't belie him," said Caudel, fetching a deep breath. "I was once bit by a dawg——" He was about to spin a yarn.

"For heaven's sake, now, bear a hand and get your bull's-eye alight," I angrily whispered, at the same moment snatching up his coat and so holding it as effectually to screen his figure from the house.

Feeling over the coat, he pulled out the little bull's-eye lamp and a box of matches, and, catching with oceanic dexterity the flame of the lucifer in the hollow of his hands, he kindled the wick, and I imme-

diately closed the lantern with its glass eclipsed. This done, I directed my eyes at the black smears of growths—for thus they showed—lying round about us, in search of a path; but apparently we were on the margin of some wide tract of vegetables through which we should have to thrust to reach the stretch of sward that according to the description in my pocket lay immediately under the balcony from which my sweetheart was to descend.

"Pick up that ladder,—by the hooks; see they don't clank; crouch low: make a bush of yourself, as I do, and come along," said I.

Foot by foot we groped our way towards the tall thin shadow of the house through the cabbages,—to give the vegetation a name,—and presently arrived at the edge of the sward; and now we had to wait until the clock struck one. Fortunately, there were some bushes here, but none that rose higher than our girths, and this obliged us to maintain a posture of stooping which in a short time began to tell upon Caudel's rheumatic knees, as I knew by his snuffling and his uneasy movements, though the heart of oak suffered in silence.

This side of the house lay so black against the fine, clear, starry dusk of the sky that it was impossible to see the outlines of the windows in it. I could manage, however, to trace faintly the line of the balcony. My heart beat fast as I thought that even now my darling might be standing at the window peering through it, waiting for the signal flash. Caudel was thinking of her too:

"The young lady, begging of your pardon, sir, must be a gal of uncommon spirit, Mr. Barclay."

"She loves me, Caudel, and love is the most animating of spirits, my friend."

"I dorn't doubt it, sir. What room'll it be that she's to come out of?"

"The dining-room,—a big deserted apartment where the girls take their meals."

"'Tain't her bedroom, then?"

"No. She is to steal dressed from her bedroom to the *salle-à-manger*—"

"The Sally what, sir?"

"No matter, no matter," I answered.

I pulled out my watch, but there was no power in the starlight to reveal the dial-plate. All continued still as the tomb, saving at fitful intervals a low note of silken rustling that stole upon the ear with some tender, dream-like gushing of night air, as though the atmosphere had been stirred by the sweep of a large, near, invisible pinion.

"This here posture ain't so agreeable as dancing," hoarsely rumbled Caudel. "Could almost wish myself a dwarf. That there word beginning with a Sally—"

"Not so loud, man; not so loud."

"It's oncommon queer," he persisted, "to feel one's self in a country where one's language ain't spoke. The werry soil don't seem natural. As to the language itself, burst me if I can onderstand how a man masters it. I was once trying to teach a Irish sailor how to dance a quadrille. 'Now, Murphy,' says I to him, 'you onderstand

you're my wiz-a-wee.' 'What's dat you call me?' he cried out; 'you're anoder, and a damn scoundrel besides!' Half the words in this here tongue sound like cussing of a man. And to think of a dining-room being called a Sally——"

The convent clock struck one.

"Now," said I, "stand by."

I held up the lamp, and so turned the darkened part as to produce two flashes. A moment after, a tiny flame showed and vanished above the balcony.

"My brave darling!" I exclaimed. "Have you the ladder in your hand?"

"Ay, sir."

"Mind those confounded hooks don't clink."

We stepped across the sward and stood under the balcony.

"Grace, my darling, is that you?" I called, in a low voice.

"Yes, Herbert. Oh, please be quick. I am fancying I hear footsteps. My heart is scarcely beating for fright."

But, despite the tremble in her sweet voice, my ear seemed to find strength of purpose enough in it to satisfy me that there would be no failure from want of courage on her part. I could just discern the outline of her figure as she leaned over the balcony and see the white of her face vague as a fancy.

"My darling, lower the line to pull the ladder up with. Very softly, my pet; there are iron hooks which make a noise."

In a few moments she called, "I have lowered the line."

I felt about with my hand and grasped the end of it,—a piece of twine, but strong enough to support the ladder. The deep blood-hound-like baying of the dog recommenced, and at the same time I heard the sound of footsteps in the lane.

"Hist! Not a stir,—not a whisper," I breathed out.

It was the staggering step of a drunken man. He broke maudlinly into a song when immediately abreast of us, ceased his noise suddenly, and halted. This was a little passage of agony, I can assure you. The dog continued to utter its sullen, deep-throated bark in single strokes like the beat of a bell. Presently there was a sound as of the scrambling and scrunching of feet, followed by the noise of a lurching tread; the man fell to drunkenly singing to himself again, and so passed away up the lane.

Caudel fastened the end of the twine to the ladder, and then grunted out, "All ready for hoisting."

"Grace, my sweet," I whispered, "do you hear me?"

"Distinctly, dearest; but I am so frightened!"

"Pull up this ladder softly, and hook the irons on to the rim of the balcony."

"Blast that dawg!" growled Caudel. "Damned if I don't think he smells us!"

"It is hooked, Herbert."

"All right. Caudel, swing off upon the end of it,—test it, and then aloft with you, for mercy's sake!"

The three metal rings held the ropes bravely stretched apart. The

seaman sprang, and the ladder held as though it had been the shrouds of a man-of-war.

"Now, Caudel, you are a seaman, you must do the rest," said I.

He had removed his boots, and, mounting with cat-like agility, gained the balcony; then, taking my sweetheart in his arms, he lifted her over the rail and lowered her with his powerful arms until her little feet were half-way down the ladder. She uttered one or two faint exclamations, but was happily too frightened to cry out.

"Now, Mr. Barclay," hoarsely whispered Caudel, "you kitch hold of her, sir."

I grasped the ladder with one hand and passed my arm round her waist; my stature made the feat an easy one; thus holding her to me, I sprang back, then for an instant strained her to my heart with a whisper of joy, gratitude, and encouragement.

"You are as brave as you are true and sweet, Grace."

"Oh, Herbert!" she panted. "I can think of nothing. I am very wicked, and feel horribly frightened."

"Mr. Barclay," softly called Caudel from the balcony, "what's to be done with this here ladder?"

"Let it be, let it be," I answered. "Bear a hand, Caudel, and come down."

He was alongside of us in a trice, pulling on his boots. I held my darling's hand, and the three of us made for the hole in the hedge with all possible speed. But the cabbages were very much in the way of Grace's dress, and so urgent was the need to make haste that, I believe, in my fashion of helping her, I carried her one way or another more than half the distance across that wide tract of kitchen-garden stuff.

The dog continued to bark. I asked Grace if the brute belonged to the house, and she answered yes. There seemed little doubt from the persistency of the creature's deep delivery that it scented mischief going forward, despite its kennel standing some considerable distance away on the other side of the house. I glanced back as Caudel was squeezing through the hole,—I had told him to go first, to make sure that all was right with the aperture and to receive and help my sweetheart across the ditch,—I glanced back, I say, in this brief pause; but the building showed as an impenetrable shadow against the winking brilliance of the sky hovering over and past it, rich with radiance in places of meteoric dust; no light gleamed; the night-hush, deep as death, was upon the château.

In a few moments my captain and I had carefully handed Grace through the hole and got her safe in the lane, and off we started, keeping well in the deep gloom cast by the convent wall, walking swiftly, yet noiselessly, and scarcely fetching our breath till we were clear of the lane, with the broad glimmering St.-Omer road running in a rise upon our left.

II.

By the aid of the three or four lamp-posts we had passed I managed very early to get a view of my sweetheart, and found that she had warmly robed herself in a fur-trimmed jacket, and that her hat was a sort of turban, as though chosen from her wardrobe with a view to her

passage through the hole in the hedge. I had her hand under my arm, and pressed and caressed it as we walked. Caudel, taking the earth with sailorly strides, bowled and rolled along at her right, keeping her between us. I spoke to her in hasty sentences, forever praising her for her courage and thanking her for her love, and trying to hearten her; for, now that the first desperate step had been taken, now that the wild risks of escape were ended, the spirit that supported her failed; she could scarcely answer me; at moments she would direct looks over her shoulder; the mere figure of a tree would cause her to tighten her hold of my arm.

"I feel so wicked! I feel that I ought to return! Oh, how frightened I am! how late it is! What will Ma'm'selle think? How the girls will talk in the morning!"

I could coax no more than this sort of exclamation from her.

As we passed through the gate in the rampart walls and entered the Haute Ville, my captain broke the silence he had kept since we quitted the lane:

"How little do the folks who's a-sleeping in them houses know, Mr. Barclay, of what's a-passing under their noses! There ain't no sort of innocence like sleep."

He said this and yawned with a noise that resembled a shout.

"This is Captain Caudel, Grace," said I, "the master of the Spit-fire. His services to-night I shall never forget."

"I am too frightened to thank you, Captain Caudel," she exclaimed. "I will thank you when I am calm. But shall I ever be calm? And ought I to thank you then?"

"Have no fear, miss. This here oneasiness'll soon pass. I know the yarn: his honor spun it to me. What's been done, and what's yet to do, is right and proper; if it worn't——" his pause was more significant than had he proceeded.

Until we reached the harbor we did not encounter a living creature. I could never have imagined of the old town of Boulogne that its streets, late even as the hour was, would be so utterly deserted as we found them. I was satisfied with my judgment in not having ordered a carriage. The rattling of the wheels of a vehicle amid the vault-like stillness of those thoroughfares would have been heart-subduing to my mood of passionately nervous anxiety to get on board and away. I should have figured windows flung open and night-capped heads projected and heard in imagination the clanking sabre of a gendarme trotting in our wake.

I did not breathe freely till the harbor lay before us. Caudel said, as we crossed to where the flight of steps fell to the water's edge,—

"I believe there's a little air of wind moving."

"I feel it," I answered. "What's its quarter?"

"Seems to me off the land," said he.

"There is a man!" cried Grace, arresting me by a drag at my arm.

A figure stood at the head of the steps, and I believed it one of our men, until a few strides brought us near enough to witness the gleam of uniform showing by the pale light of a lamp at a short distance from him.

"A *douanier*," said I. "Nothing to be afraid of, my pet."

"But if he should stop us, Herbert?" cried she, halting.

"Sooner than that should happen," rumbled Caudel, "I'd chuck him overboard. But why should he stop us, miss? We ain't smugglers."

"I would rather throw myself into the water than be taken back," exclaimed my sweetheart.

I gently induced her to walk, whilst my captain, advancing to the edge of the quay and looking down, sang out,—

"Below there! Are ye awake?"

"Ay, wide awake," was the answer, floating up in hearty English accents from the cold dark surface on which the boat lay.

The *douanier* drew back a few steps: it was impossible to see his face, but his steadfast suspicious regard was to be imagined. I have no doubt he understood exactly what was happening. He asked us the name of our vessel. I answered, in French, "The small yacht Spitfire, lying astern of the Folkestone steamer." Nothing more passed, and we descended the steps.

I felt Grace shiver as I handed her into the boat. The oars dipped, striking a dim cloud of phosphor into the eddies they made; and a few strokes of the blade carried us to the low side of the little Spitfire. I sprang on to the deck, and, lifting my darling through the gangway, called to Caudel to make haste to get the boat in and start, for the breeze that had before been little more than a fancy to us I could now hear as it brushed the surface of the harbor wall, making the reflection of the larger stars in the water alongside twinkle and widen out, and putting a perfume of fresh sea-weed into the atmosphere, though the draught, such as it was, came from a malodorous quarter.

I led Grace to the little companion-hatch, and together we entered the cabin. The lamp burned brightly, the skylight lay open, and the interior was cool and sweet with several pots of flowers which I had sent aboard in the afternoon. It was but a little box of a place, as you will suppose of a dandy craft of twenty-six tons; but I had not spared my purse in decorating it, and I believe no prettier interior of the kind in a vessel of the size of the Spitfire was in those times afloat. There were two sleeping-rooms, one forward and one aft. The after-cabin was little better than a hole, and this I occupied. The berth forward, on the other hand, was as roomy as the dimensions of the little ship would allow, and I had taken care that it lacked nothing to render it a pleasant—I may say an elegant—sea bedroom. It was to be Grace's until I got her ashore; and this I counted upon managing in about four days from the date of this night about which I am writing.

She stood at the table, looking about her, breathing fast, her eyes large with alarm, excitement, I know not what other sensations and emotions. I wish I knew how to praise her, how to describe her. "Sweet" is the best word to express her girlish beauty. Though she was three months short of eighteen years of age, she might readily have passed for twenty-one, so womanly was her figure, as though indeed she was tropic-bred and had been reared under suns which

quickly ripen a maiden's beauty. But to say more would be to say what? The liquid brown of her large and glowing eyes, the dark and delicate bronze of her rich abundant hair, the suggestion of a pout in the turn of her lip that gave an incomparable air of archness to her expression when her countenance was in repose,—to enumerate these things, to deliver a catalogue of her graces in the most felicitous language that love and the memory of love could dictate, is yet to leave all that I could wish to say unsaid.

"At last, Grace!" I exclaimed, lifting her hand to my lips. "How is it with you now, my pet?"

She seated herself and hid her face in her hands upon the table, saying, "I don't know how I feel, Herbert. I know how I ought to feel."

"Wait a little. You will regain your courage. You will find nothing wrong in all this presently. It was bound to happen. There was not the least occasion for this business of rope-ladders and midnight sailings. It is Lady Amelia who forces this elopement upon us."

"What will she say?" she breathed through her fingers, still keeping her face hidden to conceal the crimson that had flushed her on a sudden and that was showing to the rim of her collar.

"Do you care? Do *I* care? We have forced her hand; and what can she do? If you were but twenty-one, Grace!—and yet I don't know! you would be three years older,—three years of sweetness gone forever! But the old lady will have to give her consent now, and the rest will be for my cousin Frank to manage. Pray look at me, my sweet one."

"I can't. I am ashamed. It is a most desperate act. What will Ma'm'selle say?—and your sailors?" she murmured from behind her hands.

"My sailors! Grace, shall I take you back whilst there is yet time?"

She flashed a look at me over her finger-tips.

"Certainly not!" she exclaimed, with emphasis, then hid her face again.

I seated myself by her side, but it took me five minutes to get her to look at me, and another five minutes to coax a smile from her. In this while the men were busy about the decks. I heard Caudel's growling lungs of leather delivering orders in a half-stifled hurricane note, but I did not know that we were under way until I put my head through the companion-hatch and saw the dusky fabrics of the piers on either side stealing almost insensibly past us. Now that the wide expanse of sky had opened over the land, I could witness a dimness as of the shadowing of clouds in the quarter against which stood the block of the cathedral.

"What is the weather to be, Caudel?" I called to him.

"We're going to get a breeze from the south'ard, sir," he answered; "nothin' to harm, I dessay, if it don't draw westerly."

"What is your plan of sailing?"

"Can't do better, I think, sir, than stand over for the English coast, and so run down, keeping the ports conveniently aboard."

I re-entered the cabin, and found my sweetheart with her elbows

on the table and her cheeks resting in her hands. The blush had scarcely faded from her face when I had quitted her; now she was as white as a lily.

"Why do you leave me alone, Herbert?" she asked, turning her dark, liquid eyes upon me without shifting the posture of her head.

"My dearest, I wish to see our little ship clear of Boulogne harbor. We shall be getting a pleasant breeze presently, and it cannot blow too hard to please us. A brisk fair wind should land us at our destination in three days; and then,—and then——" said I, sitting down and bringing her to me.

She laid her cheek on my shoulder, but said nothing.

"Now," I exclaimed, "you are, of course, faint and wretched for the want of refreshment. What can I get you?" and I was about to give her a list of the wines and eatables I had laid in, but she languidly shook her head as it rested on my shoulder and faintly bade me not to speak of refreshments.

"I should like to lie down," she said.

"You are tired,—worn out," I exclaimed, not yet seeing how it was with her. "Yonder is your cabin: I believe you will find all you want in it. Unhappily, we have no maid aboard to help you. But you will be able to manage, Grace; it is but for a day or two; and if you are not perfectly happy and comfortable, why, we will make for the nearest English port and finish the rest of the journey by rail. But our little yacht——"

"I must lie down," she interrupted. "This dreadful motion! Get me a pillow and a rug: I will lie on this sofa."

I could have heaped a hundred injurious names upon my head for not at once observing that the darling was suffering. I sprang from her side, hastily procured a pillow and rug, removed her hat, plunged afresh into her cabin for some eau de Cologne, and went to work to bathe her brow and to minister to her in other ways. To be afflicted with nausea in the most romantic passage of one's life! I had never thought of inquiring whether or not she was a "good sailor," as it is called, being much too sentimental, far too much in love, to be visited by misgivings or conjectures in a direction so horribly prosaic as this.

It was some time after three o'clock in the morning when Grace fell asleep. The heave of the vessel had entirely conquered emotion. She had had no smile for me; the handkerchief she held to her mouth had kept her lips sealed; but her eyes were never more beautiful than now, with their languishing expression of suffering, and I could not remove my gaze from her face, so exceedingly sweet did she look as she lay with the rich bronze of her hair glittering, as though gold-dusted, to the lamplight, and her brow showing with an ivory gleam through the tresses which shadowed it in charming disorder.

She fell asleep at last, breathing quietly, and I cannot tell how it comforted me to find her able to sleep, for now I might hope it would not take many hours of rest to qualify her as a sailor. In all this time that I had been below refreshing her brow and attending to her, and watching her as a picture of which my sight could never grow weary, the breeze had freshened, and the yacht was heeling to it, and taking

the wrinkled sides of the swell—that grew heavier as we widened the offing—with the shearing hissing sweep that one notices in a steam launch. Grace lay on a lee locker, and, as the weather rolls of the little Spitfire were small, there was no fear of my sweetheart slipping off the couch.

And now I must tell you here that my little dandy yacht the Spitfire was so brave, stanch, and stout a craft that, though I am no lover of the sea in its angry moods, and especially have no relish for such experiences as one is said to encounter, for instance, off Cape Horn, yet, such was my confidence in her seaworthiness, I should have been quite willing to sail round the world in her had the necessity for so tedious an adventure arisen. She had been built as a smack, but was found too fast for trawling, and the owner offered her as a bargain. I purchased and re-equipped her, little dreaming that she was one day to win me a wife. I improved her cabin-accommodation, handsomely furnished her within, and caused her to be sheathed with yellow metal to the bends and to be embellished with gilt at the stern and quarters. She had a fine bold spring or rise of deck forward, with abundance of beam which warranted her for stability; but her submerged lines were extraordinarily fine, and I cannot recollect the name of a pleasure-craft at that time which I should not have been willing to challenge whether for a fifty- or a thousand-mile race. She was rigged as a dandy,—a term that no reader, I hope, will want me to explain.

I stood, cigar in mouth, looking up at her canvas and round upon the dark scene of ocean, whilst, the lid of the skylight being a little way open, I was almost within arm's reach of my darling, whose lightest call would reach my ear or least movement take my eye. The stars were dim away over the port quarter, and I could distinguish the outlines of clouds hanging in dusky vaporous bodies over the black mass of the coast dotted with lights where Boulogne lay, with Cape Gris Nez lantern flashing on high from its shoulder of land that blended in a dye of ink with the gloom of the horizon. There were little runs of froth in the ripple of the water, with now and again a phosphoric glancing that instinctively sent the eye to the dimness in the west, as though it were sheet-lightning there which was being reflected. Broad abeam was a large gloomy collier "reaching" in for Boulogne harbor: she showed a gaunt, ribbed, and heeling figure, with her yards almost fore and aft, and not a hint of life aboard her in the form of light or noise.

I felt sleepless,—never so broad awake, despite this business now in hand that had robbed me for days past of hour after hour of slumber, so that I may safely say I had scarcely enjoyed six hours of solid sleep in as many days. Caudel still grasped the tiller, and forward was one of the men restlessly but noiselessly pacing the little forecabin. The hiss of the froth at the yacht's forefoot threw a shrewd bleakness into the light pouring of the off-shore wind, and I buttoned up my coat as I turned to Caudel, though excitement worked much too hotly in my soul to suffer me to feel conscious of the cold.

"This breeze will do, Caudel, if it holds," said I, approaching him by a stride or two, that my voice should not disturb Grace.

"Ay, sir, it is as pretty a little air as could be asked for."

"What light is that away out yonder?"

"The Varne, your honor."

"And where are you carrying the little ship to?" said I, looking at the illuminated disk of compass-card that swung in the short brass binnacle under his nose.

"Ye see the course, Mr. Barclay,—west by nothe. That'll fetch Beachy Head for us; afterwards a small shift of the hellum'll put the Channel under our bows, keeping the British ports as we go along handy, so that if your honor don't like the look of the bayrometer, why, there's always a harbor within a easy sail."

I was quite willing that Caudel should heave the English land into sight. He had been bred in coasters, and knew his way about by the mere smell of the shore, as the sailors say; whereas put him in the middle of the ocean with nothing but his sextant to depend upon, and I do not know that I should have felt very sure of him.

He coughed, and seemed to mumble to himself as he ground upon the piece of tobacco in his cheek, then said, "And how's the young lady a-doing, sir?"

"The motion of the vessel rendered her somewhat uneasy, but she is now sleeping."

"Sorry to hear she don't feel well, sir," he exclaimed; "but this here sea-sickness, I'm told, soon passes."

"I want her to be well," said I. "I wish her to enjoy the run down-Channel. We must not go ashore if we can help it; or one special object I have in my mind will be defeated."

"Shall I keep the yacht well out, then, sir? No need to draw in, if so be——"

"No, no; sight the coast, Caudel, and give us a view of the scenery. And now, whilst I have the chance, let me thank you heartily for the service you have done me to-night. I should have been helpless without you: what other man of my crew—what other man of any sort, indeed—could I have depended upon?"

"Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Barclay, sir; I beg and entreat that you worn't mention it, sir," he replied, as though affected by my condescension. "You're a gentleman, sir, begging your pardon, and that means a man of honor; and when you told me how things stood, why, putting all dooty on one side, if so be as there *can* be such a thing as dooty in jobs which aren't shipshape and proper, why, I says, of course I was willing to be of use. Not that I myself have much confidence in these here 'elopements,' saving your presence. I've got a grown-up darter myself in sarvice, and if when she gits married she don't make a straight course for the meeting-house, why, then I shall have to talk to her as she's never yet been talked to. But in this job,"—he swung off from the tiller to expectorate over the rail,—*"what the young lady's been and gone and done is what I should say to my darter or any other young woman, the sarcumstances being the same, 'Go thou and dew likewise.'"*

"You see, Caudel, there was no hope of getting her ladyship's consent."

"No, sir."

"Then consider the cruelty of sending the young lady to a foreign school for no fairer or kinder reason than to remove her out of my way."

"I understand, sir; and I'm of opinion it was quite time the little game was stopped."

"Lady Amelia Roscoe is a Roman Catholic, and very bigoted. Ever since she first took charge of Miss Bellassys she has been trying to convert her, and by methods, I assure you, by no means uniformly kind."

"So you was a-saying, sir."

It pleased me to be thus candid with this sailor. Possibly there was in me a little disturbing sense of the need of justifying myself, though I believe the most acidulated moralist could not have glanced through the skylight without feeling that I heartily deserved forgiveness.

"But supposing, Mr. Barclay, sir," continued Cadel, "that *you'd* ha' changed your religion and become a papish: would her ladyship still ha' gone on objecting to ye?"

"Supposing! Yes, Cadel, she would have gone on objecting even then. There are family feelings, family traditions, mixed up in her dislike of me. You shall have the yarn before we go ashore. It is right that you should know the whole truth. Until I make that young lady below my wife, she is as much under your care as under mine. That was agreed on between us, and that you know."

"That I *do* know, and shall remember as much for her sake as for yourn and for mine," answered the honest fellow, with a note of deep feeling in his voice. "There's only one consideration, Mr. Barclay, that worrits me. I understood you to say, sir, that your honor has a cousin who's a clergyman that's willing to marry ye right away out of hand."

"We must get the consent of the aunt first."

"*There it is!*" cried he, smiting the head of the tiller with his clinched fist. "Suppose she don't consent?"

"We have taken this step," said I, softly, always afraid of disturbing my sweetheart, "to force her to consent. D'ye think she can refuse after she hears of this elopement,—this midnight, rope-ladder business,—and the days we hope to spend together on this little Spit-fire?"

"Still, Mr. Barclay, supposing she *do*, sir? You'll forgive me for saying of it; but supposing she *do*, sir?"

"No good in supposing, Cadel," said I, suppressing a little movement of irritation; "no good in obstructing one's path by suppositions stuck up like so many fences to stop one from advancing. Our first business is to get to Penzance."

By his motions, and the uneasy shifting of his posture, he discovered himself ill at ease, but his respectfulness would not suffer him to persevere with his inquiries.

"Cadel," said I, "you may ask me any questions you please. The more you show yourself really anxious on behalf of Miss Bellassys, the more shall I honor you. Don't fear. I shall never interpret

your concern for her into a doubt of me. If Lady Amelia absolutely refuses her sanction, what then remains but to place Miss Bellassys with my sister and wait till she comes of age?"

So speaking, and now considering that I had said enough, I threw the end of my cigar overboard and went below.

It was daylight shortly before six, but the gray of the dawn brightened into sunrise before Grace awoke. Throughout the hours she had slept without a stir. From time to time I had dozed, chin on breast, opposite to where she lay. The wind had freshened, and the yacht was lying well down to it, swarming along, taking buoyantly the little sea that had risen, and filling the breeze that was musical with the harmonies of the taut rigging with the swift noise of seething water. The square of heavens showing in the skylight overhead wore a hard, marbled, windy look, but the pearl-colored streaks of vapor floated high and motionless, and I was yachtsman enough to gather from what I saw that there was nothing more in all this than a fresh Channel morning, and a sweep of southerly wind that was driving the Spitfire along her course at some eight or nine miles in the hour.

As the misty pink flash of the upper limb of the rising sun struck the skylight and made a very prism of the little cabin, with its mirrors and silver lamp and glass and brass ornamentation, Grace opened her eyes. She opened them straight upon me, and whilst I might have counted ten she continued to stare as though she were in a trance; then the blood flooded her pale cheeks, her eyes grew brilliant with astonishment, and she sat erect, bringing her hands to her temples as though she struggled to re-collect her wits. However, it was not long before she rallied, though for some few moments her face remained empty of intelligence.

"Why, Grace, my darling," I cried, "do not you know where you are?"

"Yes, now I do," she answered; "but I thought I had gone mad when I first awoke and looked around me."

"You have slept soundly; but then you are a child," said I.

"Whereabouts are we, Herbert?"

"I cannot tell for sure," I answered; "out of sight of land, anyway. But where *you* are, Grace, you ought to know."

A few caresses, and then her timid glances began to show like the old looks in her. I asked if the movement of the yacht rendered her uneasy, and after a pause, during which she considered with a grave face, she answered, no: she felt better, she must try to stand; and, so saying, she stood up on the swaying deck, and, smiling, with her fine eyes fastened upon my face, poised her figure in a floating way full of a grace far above dancing, to my fancy. Her gaze went to a mirror, and I easily interpreted her thoughts, though for my part I found her beauty improved by her roughened hair.

"There is your cabin," said I. "The door is behind those curtains. Take a peep and tell me if it pleases you."

There were flowers in it to sweeten the atmosphere, and every imaginable convenience that it was possible for a male imagination to hit upon in its efforts in a direction of this sort. She praised the little

berth and closed the door with a smile at me that made me conjecture I should not hear much more from her about our imprudence, the impropriety of our conduct, what Ma'm'selle would think, and what the school-girls would say.

Though she was but a child, as I would tell her, I too was but a boy, for the matter of that, and her smile and the look she had given me, and her praise of the little berth I had fitted up for her, made me feel so boyishly joyous that, like a boy as I was, though above six feet tall, I fell a-whistling out of my high spirits, and then kissed the feather in her hat, and her gloves, which lay upon the table, afterwards springing in a couple of bounds on deck, where I stood roaring out for Bobby Allett.

A seaman named Job Crew was at the helm. Two others, named Jim Foster and Dick File, were washing down the decks. I asked Crew where Caudel was, and he told me he had gone below to shave. I bawled again for Bobby Allett, and after a moment or two he rose through the fore-castle hatch. He was a youth of about fifteen who had been shipped by Caudel to serve as steward or cabin-boy and to make himself generally useful besides. As he approached I eyed him with some misgiving, though I had found nothing to object to in him before; but the presence of my sweetheart in the cabin had, I suppose, tempered my taste to a quality of lover-like fastidiousness, and this boy Bobby to my mind looked dirty.

"Do you mean to wait upon me in those clothes?" said I.

"They're the best I have, master," he answered, staring at me with a pair of round eyes out of a dingy skin that was certainly not clarified by the number of freckles and pimples which decorated him.

"You can look smarter than that if you like," said I to him. "I want breakfast right away off. And let Foster drop his bucket and go to work to boil and cook. But tell Captain Caudel also that before you lay aft you must clean yourself, polish your face, brush your hair and shoes, and if you haven't got a clean shirt you must borrow one."

The boy went forward.

"Pity," said I, thinking aloud rather than talking as I stepped to the binnacle to mark the yacht's course, "that Caudel should have shipped such a dingy-skinned chap as that fellow for cabin use."

"It's all along of his own doing, sir," said Job Crew.

"How? You mean he won't wash himself?"

"No, sir: it's along of smoking."

"Smoking?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. I know his father: he's a waterman. His father told me that that there boy Bobby saved up, and then laid out all he'd got upon a meersham pipe for to color it. He kep' all on a-smoking, day arter day and night arter night. But his father says to me it was no go, sir; 'stead of his coloring the pipe, the pipe colored him, and his veins have run nothin' but tobacco-juice ever since."

I burst into a laugh, and went to the rail to take a look round. We might have been in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, so boundless did the spread of waters look; not a blob or film of coast on any hand of

us broke the flawless sweep of the green circle of Channel sea. There was a steady breeze off the port beam, and the yacht, with every cloth which she carried on her, was driving through it as though she were in tow of a steamboat.

III.

I stood leaning over the bulwarks, humming an air. Never had my heart beaten with so exquisite a sense of gladness and of happiness as now possessed it. I was disturbed in a reverie of love, in which were mingled the life and beauty of the scene I surveyed, by the arrival of Caudel. He was varnished with soap and blue with recent shaving, but in the little sea-blue eyes which glittered under his somewhat raggedly thatched brow there was no trace of the sleepless hours I had forced him to pass. He was a man about fifty years of age; his dark hair was here and there of an iron gray, and a roll of short-cut whiskers met in a bit of a beard upon the bone in his throat. He carried a true salt-water air in his somewhat bowed legs, in his slow motions, and in his trick of letting his arms hang up and down as though they were pump-handles. His theory of dress was that what kept out the cold also kept out the heat, and so he never varied his attire,—which was composed of a thick double-breasted waistcoat, a long pilot-cloth coat, a Scotch cap, very roomy pilot-cloth trousers, a worsted cravat, and fishermen's stockings.

I exchanged a few words with him about the boy Bobby, inquired the situation of the yacht, and after some talk of this kind, during which I gathered that he was taking advantage of the breeze and shaping a somewhat more westerly course than he had at first proposed, so that he did not expect to make the English coast much before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, I went below, to refresh myself after the laborious undertaking of the night.

On quitting my berth I found the boy Bobby laying the cloth for breakfast, and Grace seated on a locker watching him. Her face was pale, but its expression was without uneasiness. She had put on her hat, and on seeing me exclaimed,—

"Herbert, dear, take me on deck. The fresh air may revive me." And she looked at the boy and the cloth he was laying with a pout full of meaning.

I at once took her by the hand and conducted her through the hatch. She passed her arm through mine to balance herself, and then sent her eyes, bright with nervousness and astonishment, round the sea, breathing swiftly.

"Where is the land?" she asked.

"Behind the ocean, my love. But we shall be having a view of the right side of these waters presently."

"What a little boat!" she exclaimed, running her gaze over the yacht. "Is it not dangerous to be in so small a vessel out of sight of land?"

"Bless your dear heart, no! Think of the early navigators! Of course Ma'm'selle taught you all about the early navigators?"

"When shall we reach Penzance?"

"Supposing the wind to blow fair and briskly, in three or four days."

"Three or four days!" she exclaimed; and, glancing down at herself, she added, "Of course you know, Herbert, that I have only the dress I am wearing?"

"It will last you till we get ashore," said I, laughing, "and then you shall buy everything you want, which of course will be more than you want."

"I shall send," said she, "to Ma'm'selle Championnet for my boxes."

"Certainly,—when we are married."

"All your presents, particularly the darling little watch, are in those boxes, Herbert."

"Everything shall be recovered, to the uttermost ha'porth, my pet."

I observed Candel, who stood a little forward of the companion, gazing at her with an expression of shyness and admiration. I told her that he was the captain of the yacht, that he was the man I had introduced to her last night, and begged her to speak to him. She colored a rose-red, but bade him good-morning nevertheless, accompanying the words with an inclination of her form, the graceful and easy dignity of which somehow made me think of the movement of a heavily-foliaged bough set courtesying by the summer wind.

"I hope, miss," said Candel, pulling off his Scotch cap, "as how I see you well this morning, freed of that there nausey as Mr. Barelay was a-telling me you suffered from?"

"I trust to get used to the sea quickly: the motion of the yacht is not what I like," she answered, with her face averted from him, taking a peep at me to observe if I saw that she felt ashamed and would not confront him.

He perceived this too, and, knuckling his forehead, said, "It's but a little of the sea ye shall have, miss, if so be as it lies in my power to keep this here Spitfire a-walking." And, so speaking, he moved off, singing out some idle order as he did so, by way of excusing his abrupt departure.

"I wish we were quite alone, Herbert," said my sweetheart, drawing me to the yacht's rail.

"So do I, my own, but not here; not in the middle of the sea."

"I did not think of bringing a veil. Your men stare so."

"And so do I," said I, letting my gaze sink fair into her eyes which she had upturned to me. "You wouldn't have me rebuke the poor harmless sailor-men for doing what I am every instant guilty of?—admiring you, I mean, to the very topmost height of my capacity in that way. But here comes Master Bobby Allett with the breakfast."

"Herbert, I could not eat for worlds."

"Are you so much in love as all that?"

She shook her head, and looked at the flowing lines of green water which melted into snow as they came curving with glass-clear backs to the ruddy streak of the yacht's sheathing. However, the desire to keep her at sea until we could land ourselves close to the spot where we were to be married made me too anxious to conquer the uneasiness

which the motion of the vessel excited, to humor her. I coaxed and implored, and eventually got her below, and by dint of talking and engaging her attention, and making her forget herself, so to speak, I managed to betray her into breaking her fast with a cup of tea and a fragment of cold chicken. This was an accomplishment of which I had some reason to feel proud; but then, to be sure, I was in the secret, knowing this,—that sea-nausea is entirely an affair of the nerves, that no sufferer is ill in his sleep, no matter how high the sea may be running or how unendurable to his waking senses the sky-high capers and abysmal plunges of the vessel may be, and that the correct treatment for sea-sickness is—not to think of it. In short, I made my sweetheart forget to feel uneasy. She talked, she sipped her tea, she ate, and then she looked better, and indeed owned that she felt so.

We sat together in earnest conversation. It was not for me to pretend that I could witness no imprudence in our elopement. Indeed, I took care to let her know that I regretted the step we had been forced into taking as fully as she did. My love was an influence upon her, and whatever I said I felt might weigh with her childish heart. But I repeated what I had again and again written to her,—that there had been no other alternative than this elopement.

"You wished me to wait," I said, "until you were twenty-one, when you would be your own mistress. But to wait for more than three years! What was to happen in that time? They might have converted you——"

"No," she cried.

"—and have wrought a complete change in your nature," I went on. "How many girls are there who could resist the sort of pressure they were subjecting you to, one way and another?"

"They could not have changed my heart, Herbert."

"How can we tell? Under their influence in another year you might have come to congratulate yourself upon your escape from me."

"Do you think so? Then you should have granted me another year, because marriage," she added, with a look in her eyes that was like a wistful smile, "is a very serious thing, and if you believe that I should be rejoicing in a year hence over my escape from you, as you call it, you must believe that I have no business to be here."

This was a cool piece of logic that was hardly to my taste.

"Tell me," said I, fondling her hand, "how you managed last night?"

"I do not like to think of it," she answered. "I was obliged to undress, for it is Ma'm'selle's rule to look into all the bedrooms the last thing after locking the house up. It was then ten o'clock. I waited until I heard the convent clock strike twelve, by which time I supposed everybody would be sound asleep. Then I lighted a candle, and dressed myself; but I had to use my hands as softly as a spider spins its web, and my heart seemed to beat so loud that I was afraid the girls in the next room would hear it. I put a box of matches in my pocket, and crept along the corridors to the big *salle-à-manger*. The door of my bedroom creaked when I opened it, and I felt as if I must sink to the ground with fright. The *salle-à-manger* is a great, gloomy

room even in the daytime: it was dreadfully dark, horribly black, Herbert, and the sight of the stars shining through the window over the balcony made me feel so lonely that I could have cried. There was a mouse scratching in the room somewhere, and I got upon a chair, scarcely caring whether I made a noise or not, so frightened was I, for I hate mice. Indeed, if that mouse had not kept quiet after a while I believe I should not be here now. I could not endure being alone in a great dark room at that fearful hour of the night with a mouse running about near me. Oh, Herbert, how glad I was when I saw your lantern flash!"

"My brave little heart!" cried I, snatching up her hand and kissing it. "But the worst part is over. There are no ladders, no great black rooms, now before us,—no mice, even."

She slightly colored, without smiling, and I noticed an anxious expression in the young eyes she held steadfastly bent upon the table.

"What thought is troubling you, Grace?"

"Herbert, I fear you will not love me the better for consenting to run away with you."

"Is that your only fear?"

She shook her head, and said, whilst she continued to keep her eyes downcast, "Suppose Aunt Amelia refuses to sanction our marriage?"

"She will not! she dare not!" I cried, vehemently. "Imprudent as we may seem, we are politic in this, Grace,—that our adventure must *force* your aunt into sending us her sanction." She looked at me, but her face remained grave. "Caudel," said I, "who is as much your guardian as I am, put the same question to me. But there is no earthly good in *supposing*. It is monstrous to *suppose* that your aunt will object. She hates me, I know, but her aversion—the aversion of that old woman of the world, with her family pride and notions of propriety—is not going to suffer her to forbid our marriage after this. Yet grant that her ladyship—my blessings upon her false front!—should go on saying no: are we not prepared?"

I kissed away a tear, and a little later she was smiling, with her hand in mine, as I led her up on deck.

She gazed about her out of the wraps which rose to her ears, with eyes full of child-like interest and wonder, not unmingled with fear. I saw her eagerly watching the action of the yacht as the little fabric leaned to a sea with a long, sideways, floating plunge that brought the yeast of the broken waters bubbling and hissing to the very line of her lee forecastle bulwark; then she would clasp my hand, as though startled, when the dandy craft swept the weight of her white canvas to windward on the heave of the under-running sea with a sound as of drums and bugles heard afar echoing down out of the glistening concavities and ringing out of the taut rigging, upon which the blue and brilliant morning breeze was splitting.

She had not been sitting long before I saw that she was beginning to like it. There was no nausea now; her eyes were bright; there was color in her cheeks, and her red lips lay parted as though in pure enjoyment of the glad rush of the salt breeze athwart her teeth of pearl.

Thus passed the morning. There was no tedium. If ever there came a halt in our chat, there were twenty things over the side to look at, to fill the pause with color and beauty. It might be a tall, slate-colored steam tank, hideous with gaunt leaning funnel and famished pole-masts and black fans of propeller beating at the stern-post like the vanes of a drowning windmill amid a hill of froth, yet poetized in spite of herself into a pretty detail of the surrounding life through the mere impulse and spirit of the bright seas through which she was starkly driving. Or it was a full-rigged ship, homeward bound, with yearning canvas and ocean-worn sides, figures on her poop crossing from rail to rail to look at what was passing, and seamen on her fore-castle busy with the ground-tackle.

It was shortly after twelve that the delicate shadow of the high land of Beachy Head showed over the yacht's bow. By one o'clock it had grown defined and firm, with the glimmering streak of its white ramparts of chalk stealing out of the blue haze.

"There's old England, Grace," said I. "How one's heart goes out to the sight of the merest shadow of one's own soil! The Spitfire has seen the land: has she not suddenly quickened her pace?"

"I ought to wish it was the Cornwall coast," she answered; "but I am enjoying this now," she added, smiling.

I was made happy by finding my sweetheart with some appetite for dinner at one o'clock. She no longer sighed; no regrets escaped her; her early alarm had disappeared; the novelty of the situation was wearing off; she was now realizing again what I knew she had realized before,—to judge by her letters,—though the excitement and terrors of the elopement had broken in upon and temporarily disordered her perception: she was fully realizing, I mean, that there had been nothing for it but this step to free her from a species of immurement charged with menace to her faith and to her love; and, this being her mood, her affection for me found room to show itself, so that now I never could meet her eyes without seeing how wholly I had her dear heart and how happy she was in this recurrence and brightening out of her love from the gloom and consternation that attended the start of our headlong wild adventure.

I flattered myself that we were to be fortunate in our weather. Certainly all that afternoon was as fair and beautiful in its marine atmosphere of autumn as living creature could desire. The blues and greens of the prospect of heaven and sea were enriched by the looming towering terraces of Beachy Head, hanging large and looking near upon our starboard quarter, though I believe Caudel had not sailed very deep within the sphere in which the high-perched lantern is visible before shifting his helm for a straight down-Channel course.

When the sun had fairly set I took her below, for the wind seemed to come on a sudden with the damp of night in it, and a bite as shrewd in its abruptness as frost. I had made no other provision, in the shape of amusement, for our sea-trip of three, four, or five days, as it might happen, than a small parcel of novels, scarcely doubting that all the diversion we should need must lie in each other's company. And, in fact, we managed to kill the time very agreeably without the

help of fiction, though we both owned when the little cabin clock pointed to half-past nine, and she, looking up at it, yawning behind her white fingers, exclaimed that she felt tired and would go to bed,—I say, we both owned that the day had seemed a desperately long one,—to be sure, with us it had begun very early,—and I could not help adding that, on the whole, a honey-moon spent aboard a yacht the size of the Spitfire would soon become a very slow business.

When she had withdrawn I put on a pea-coat, and, filling a pipe, stepped on deck. The dusk was clear, but of a darker shade than that of the preceding night; there was not more wind than had been blowing throughout the day, but the sky was full of large swollen clouds rolling in shadows of giant wings athwart the stars, and the gloom of them was in the atmosphere. Here and there showed a ship's light,—some faint gleam of red or green windily coming and going out upon the weltering obscurity,—but away to starboard the horizon ran through black, without a single break of shore-light that I could see. The yacht was swarming through it under all canvas, humming as she went. Her pace if it lasted would, I knew, speedily terminate this sea-going passage of our elopement, and I looked over the stern very well pleased to witness the arrow-straight white of the wake melting at a little distance into a mere elusive faintness.

Caudel stood near the helm.

"When are we to be off St. Catherine's Point at this pace, Caudel?" said I.

"At this pace, sir? Why, betwixt seven and eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"What a deuce of a length this English Channel runs to!" cried I, impatiently. "Why, it will be little better than beginning our voyage, even when the Isle of Wight is abreast!"

"Yes, sir, there's a deal o' water going to the making of this here Channel,—a blooming sight too much of it when it comes on a winter's night a-blowing and a-snowing, the atmosphere thick as muck," answered Caudel.

"There'll be a bright lookout kept to-night, I hope," said I. "Not the value of all the cargoes afloat at this present instant, Caudel, the wide world over, equals the worth of my treasure aboard the Spitfire."

"Trust me to see that a bright lookout's kept, Mr. Barclay. There'll be no tarning in with me this night. Don't let no fear of anything going wrong disturb your mind, sir."

I lingered to finish my pipe. The fresh wind flashed into my face damp with the night and the spray-cold breath of the sea, and the planks of the deck showed dark with the moisture to the dim starlight. There was some weight in the heads of seas as they came rolling to our beam, and the little vessel was soaring and falling briskly upon the heave of the folds, whose volume of course gained as the Channel broadened.

"Well," said I, with a bit of a shiver, and hugging myself in my pea-coat, "I am cold and tired, and going to bed: so good-night, and God keep you wide awake." And down I went, and ten minutes

later was snuggled away in my coffin of a bunk, sound asleep, and snoring at the top of my pipes, I don't doubt.

Next morning, when I went on deck after nine hours of solid slumber, I at once directed my eyes over the rail in search of the Isle of Wight, but there was nothing to be seen but a gray drizzle, a weeping wall of slate-colored haze that formed a sky of its own and drooped to within a mile or so of the yacht. The sea was an ugly sallowish green, and you saw the billows come tumbling in froth from under the vaporous margin of the horizon as though each surge was formed there and there was nothing but blankness and space beyond. The yacht's canvas was discolored with saturation, drops of water were blowing from her rigging, there was a sobbing of a gutter-like sort in her lee scuppers, and the figures of the men glistening in oil-skins completed the melancholy appearance of the little Spitfire. Caudel was below, but the man named Dick Files was at the helm, an intelligent young fellow without any portion of Job Crew's surliness, and he answered the questions I put.

We had made capital way throughout the night, he told me, and if the weather were clear St. Catherine's Point would show abreast of us.

"There's no doubt about Caudel knowing where he is?" said I, with a glance at the blind gray atmosphere that sometimes swept in little puffs of cloudy damp through the rigging like fragments of vapor torn out of some compacted body.

"Oh, no, sir; Mr. Caudel knows where he is," answered the man. "We picked up and passed a small cutter out of Portsmouth about three-quarters of an hour ago, sir, and he told us where we were."

"Has this sail been kept on the yacht all night?" said I, looking at the wide spread of main-sail and gaff top-sail.

"All night, sir. The run's averaged eight knots. Nigh hand equal to steam, sir."

"Well, you all need to keep a bright lookout in this sort of thickness. How far off can you see?"

The man stared, and blinked, and mused, and then said he allowed about a mile and a quarter.

"Room enough," said I. "But mind your big mail-boats out of Southampton. There are German skippers among them who would drive through the devil himself sooner than lose five minutes."

The promise of a long, wet, blank day was not very cheering. In fact, this change in the weather was as damping to my spirits as it literally was to everything else, and as I entered the companion-way for shelter I felt as though half of a mind to order the yacht to be headed for some adjacent port. But a little thinking brought back my resolution to its old bearings. It was a hard thing to avow, but I knew that my very strongest chance of gaining Lady Amelia's consent lay in this sea-trip. Then, again, there might come a break at any minute, with a fine day of warm sunshine and clear sky to follow. I re-entered the cabin, and on looking at the barometer observed a slight depression in the mercury, but it was without significance to my mind.

Somewhere about this time Grace came out of her berth. She brought an atmosphere of flower-like fragrance with her, but the

motions of the yacht obliged her to sit quickly, and she gazed at me with laughter in her eyes from the locker, graceful in her posture as a reposing dancer. Her face lengthened, however, when I told her about the weather,—that in short there was nothing visible from the deck but a muddy, jumbled atmosphere of vapor and drizzle.

"I counted upon seeing the Isle of Wight," cried she. "There has been no land so far except those far-off high cliffs yesterday afternoon."

"No matter, my sweet. Let us take as long as possible in breakfasting. Then you shall read Tennyson to me,—yes, I have a volume of that poet,—and we shall find some of the verses in wonderful harmony with our mood." She gave me a smiling glance, though her lip pouted, as if she would say, "Don't make too sure of my mood, my fine young fellow." "By the time we have done with Tennyson," I continued, "the weather may have cleared. If not, then we must take as long as possible in dining."

"Isn't it dangerous to be at sea in such weather as this?" she asked.

"No," said I.

"But the sailors can't see."

I feared the drift of her language, and explained, "It would be dangerous to attempt to make the land, for we might blunder upon a rock and go to pieces, Grace; and then farewell, a long farewell to the passions, the emotions, the impulses, the sensations, which have brought us together here." And I kissed her hand.

"But it would be pleasant to lie in a pretty harbor,—to rest, as it were," she exclaimed.

"Our business is to get married, my darling," I rejoined, "and we must hasten as swiftly as the wind will allow us to the parish where the ceremony is to be performed; for my cousin can't publish the banns until we are on the spot, and whilst he is publishing the banns we must be treating with her ladyship, and, as the diplomatists would say, negotiating a successful issue."

I should only weary you by reciting the passage of the hours. After breakfast I took her on deck for a turn; but she was glad to get below again. All day long it continued dark weather, without a sight of anything save at intervals the shadowy figure of a coaster aslant in the thickness, and once the loom of a huge ocean passenger-boat, sweeping at twelve or fourteen knots through the gray veil of vapor that narrowed the horizon to within a mile of us. The wind, however, remained a steady fresh breeze, and throughout the day there was never a rope handled nor a stitch of canvas reduced. The Spitfire swung steadfastly through it, in true sea-bruising style, sturdily flinging the sea off her flaring bow, and whitening the water with the plunges of her churning keel till the tail of her wake seemed to stretch to the near sea-line.

IV.

I will not feign, however, that I was perfectly comfortable in my mind. Anything at sea but thick weather! I never pretended to be more than a summer-holiday sailor, and such anxiety as I should have

felt had I been alone was now mightily accentuated, as may be supposed, by having the darling of my heart in my little ship with me. I had a long talk with Caudel that afternoon, and, despite my eager desire to remain at sea, I believe I would have been glad had he advised that the Spitfire should be steered for the nearest harbor. But his counsel was all the other way.

"Lord love ye, Mr. Barclay, sir," he exclaimed, "what's going wrong, that we should tarn to and set it right? Here's a breeze of wind that's doing all that could be asked for. I dorn't say it ain't thick, but there's nothin' in it to take notice of. Of course you've only got to say the word, sir, and I'll put the hellum up; but even for that there job it would be proper to make sartin first of all where we are. There's no want of harbors under our lee, from Portland Bill to Bolt Head, but I can't trust to my dead-reckoning, seeing what's involved," said he, casting a damp eye at the skylight, "and my motto is, there's nothin' like seeing when you're on such a coast as this here. Having come all this way, it 'ud be a pity to stop now."

"So long as you're satisfied—" I exclaimed; and no doubt he was, though I believe he was influenced by vanity too. Our putting into a harbor might affect him as a reflection upon his skill. He would also suppose that if we entered harbor we should travel by rail to our destination,—which would be as though he were told we could not trust him further. After the service he had done me, it was not to be supposed I could causelessly give the worthy fellow offence.

"You steer by the compass, I suppose?" said I.

"By nothin' else, sir," he answered, in a voice of wonder.

"Well, I might have known that," said I, laughing at my own stupid question, that yet had sense in it too. "I should have asked you if the compass is to be trusted."

"Ay, sir. He's a first-class compass. There's nothin' to make him go wrong. Yet it's astonishing what a little thing will put a compass out. I've heered of a vessel that was pretty nigh run ashore all along of the helmsman,—not because he couldn't steer; a better hand never stood at a wheel; but because he'd been physicking himself with iron and steel and had taken so much of the blooming stuff that the compass was wrong all the time he was at the helm."

"A very good story," said I.

"I'm sure you'll forgive me, sir," he proceeded, "for asking if your young lady wears any steel bones about her,—contrivances for hoisting her dress up astarn,—crinolines,—bustles,—you know what I mean, Mr. Barclay?"

"I cannot tell," said I.

"I've heered speak of the master of a vessel," he went on (being a very talkative man when he got into the "yarning" mood), "whose calculations was always falling to pieces at sea. Two and two never seemed to make four with him, until he found out that one of his lady passengers every morning brought a stool and sat close ag'in' the binnacle; she wore steel hoops to swell her dress out with, and the local attraction was such, your honor, that the compass was sometimes four or five points out."

I told him that if the compass went wrong it would not be Miss Bellassys's fault, and, having had enough of the deck, I rejoined my sweetheart; and in the cabin, with talking, reading, she singing,—very sweetly she sang,—we killed the hours till bedtime.

This was our third night at sea, and I was now beginning to think that instead of three or four days we should occupy a week, and perhaps longer, in making Mount's Bay,—in which conjecture I was confirmed when, finding myself awake at three o'clock in the morning, I pulled on my clothes and went on deck to take a look round, and found the wind a light off-shore air, the stars shining, and the Spitfire, with her canvas falling in and out with sounds like the discharge of small-arms, rolling stagnantly upon a smooth-backed run of swell lifting out of the northeast, but with a slant in the heave of it that made one guess the impulse which set it running was fair north.

I was up again at seven o'clock, with a resolution to let the weather shape my decision as to sticking to the vessel or going ashore, and was not a little pleased to find the yacht making good way, with a brilliant breeze gushing steady off her starboard bow. The heavens looked high, with fine-weather clouds, prismatic mare-tails for the most part, here and there a snow-white swelling vapor hovering over the edge of the sea.

The greater part of this day Grace and I spent on deck, but nothing whatever happened good enough to keep my tale waiting whilst I tell you about it. Strong as the off-shore breeze was, there was but little sea, nothing to stop the yacht, and she ran through it like a sledge over a snow plain, piling the froth to her stem-head and reeling off a fair nine knots, as Caudel would cry out to me with an exultant countenance of leather every time the log was hove. He talked of being abreast of the Start by three o'clock in the morning.

"Then," said I to my sweetheart, "if that be so, Grace, there will be but a short cruise to follow."

At this she looked grave, and fastened her eyes with a wistful expression upon the sea over the bows, as though Mount's Bay lay there and the quaint old town of Penzance with its long esplanade and its rich flanking of green and well-tilled heights would be presently showing.

I read her thoughts, and said, "I have never met Mrs. Howe, but Frank's letters about her to me were as enthusiastic as mine were about you to him. He calls her sweetly pretty: so she may be. I know she is a lady; her connections are good; I am also convinced by Frank's description that she is amiable; consequently I am certain she will make you happy and comfortable until——" And here I squeezed her hand.

"It is a desperate step, Herbert," she sighed.

Upon which I changed the subject.

We went below, and Grace and I killed the time, as heretofore, in talking and reading. We found the evening too short, indeed, so much had we to say to each other. Wonderful is the amount of talk which lovers are able to get through and feel satisfied with! You hear of silent love, of lovers staring on each other with glowing eyes,

their lips incapable of expressing the emotions and sensations which crowd their quick hearts and fill their throats with sighs. This may be very well, too, but for my part I have generally observed that lovers have a very great deal to talk about. Remark an engaged couple: sooner than be silent they will whisper if there be company at hand; and when alone, or when they think themselves alone, their tongues—particularly the girl's—are never still. Grace and I were of a talking age,—two-and-twenty, and one not yet eighteen; our minds had no knowledge of life, no experience, nothing in them to keep them steady; they were set in motion by the lightest, the most trivial breath of thought, and idly danced in us in the manner of some gossamer-like topmost leaf to the faintest movement of the summer air.

She withdrew to her berth at ten o'clock that night with a radiant face and laughing eyes, for, insipid as the evening must have proved to others, to us it had been one of perfect felicity. Not a single sigh had escaped her, and twice had I mentioned the name of Mrs. Howe without witnessing any change of countenance in her.

I went on deck to take a last look round, and found all well,—no change in the weather, the breeze a brisk and steady pouring out of the north, and Caudel pacing the deck well satisfied with our progress. I returned below without any feeling of uneasiness, and sat at the cabin table for some minutes or so to smoke out a cigar and to refresh myself with a glass of seltzer-and-brand. A sort of dream-like feeling came upon me as I sat. I found it hard to realize that my sweetheart was close to me, separated only by a curtained door from the cabin I was musing in. What was to follow this adventure? Was it possible that Lady Amelia Roscoe could oppose any obstacle to our union after this association? I gazed at the mirrors I had equipped the cabin with, picked up a handkerchief my sweetheart had left behind her and kissed it, stared at the little silver shining lamp that swung over my head, pulled a flower and smelt it in a vacant sort of way of which nevertheless I was perfectly sensible. "Is there anything wrong with my nerves to-night?" thought I.

I extinguished my cigar and went to bed. It was then about a quarter to eleven, and till past one I lay awake, weary, yet unable to sleep. I lay listening to the frothing and seething of the water thrashing along the bends, broken into at regular intervals by the low thunder of the surge burying my cabin port-hole and rising to the line of the rail as the yacht's stern sank with a long slanting heel-over of the whole fabric. I fell asleep at last, and, as I afterwards gathered, slept till somewhat after three o'clock in the morning.

I was awakened by suddenly and violently rolling out of my bunk. The fall was a heavy one; I was a big fellow, and struck the plank of the deck hard, and, though I was instantly awakened by the shock of the capsizing, I lay for some moments in a condition of stupefaction, sensible of nothing but that I had tumbled out of my bunk.

The little berth was in pitch darkness, and I lay, as I have said, motionless, and almost dazed, till my ear caught a sound of shrieking ringing through a wild but subdued note of storm on deck, mingled with loud and fearful shouts as of men bawling for life or death, with

a trembling in every plank and fastening of the little fabric as though she were tearing herself to pieces. I got on to my legs, but the angle of the deck was so prodigious that I leaned helpless against the bulkhead to the base of which I had rolled, though unconsciously. The shrieks were continued. I recognized Grace's voice, and the sound put a sort of frenzy into me, insomuch that, scarcely knowing how I managed, I had in an instant opened the door of my little berth, and was standing grabbing hold of the cabin table, shouting to let her know that I was awake and up and that I heard her.

Now the uproar of what I took to be a squall of hurricane power was to be easily heard. The bellowing of the wind was horrible, and it was made more terrifying to land-going ears by the incessant hoarse shouts of the fellows on deck; but, bewildered as I was, agitated beyond expression, not knowing but that as I stood there gripping the table and shouting my sweetheart's name the yacht might be foundering under my feet, I had wits enough to observe that the vessel was slowly recovering a level keel, rising from the roof-like slant which had flung me from my bed to an inclination that rendered the use of one's legs possible. I likewise noticed that she neither plunged nor rolled with greater heaviness than I had observed in her before I lay down. The sensation of her motion was as though she was slowly rounding before the wind and beginning to fly over a surface that had been almost flattened by a hurricane-burst into a dead level of snow. I could hear no noise of breaking seas nor of rushing water,—nothing but a caldron-like hissing through which rolled the notes of the storm in echoes of great ordnance.

Fortunately, I had no need to clothe myself, since on lying down I had removed nothing but my coat, collar, and shoes. I had a little silver match-box in my trousers-pocket, and swiftly struck a match and lighted the lamp. I looked at Grace's door, expecting to find her, standing in it. It was closed, and she continued to scream. It was no time for ceremony; I opened the door and called to her.

"Oh, Herbert, save me!" she shrieked. "The yacht is sinking!"

"No," I cried, "she has been struck by a gale of wind. I will find out what is the matter. Are you hurt?"

"The yacht is sinking!" she repeated, in a wild voice of terror.

Spite of the lamplight in the cabin, the curtain and the door combined eclipsed the sheen, and I could not see her.

"Are you in bed, dearest?"

"Yes," she moaned.

"Are you hurt, my precious?"

"No, but my heart has stopped with fright. We shall be drowned! Oh, Herbert, the yacht is sinking!"

"Remain as you are, Grace. I shall return to you in a moment. Do not imagine that the yacht is sinking. I know by the buoyant feel of her movements that she is safe."

And, thus hurriedly speaking, I left her, satisfied that her shrieks had been produced by terror only; nor did I wish her to rise, lest the yacht should again suddenly heel to her first extravagantly dreadful angle, and throw her and break a limb or injure her more cruelly yet.

The companion-hatch was closed. The idea of being imprisoned raised such a feeling of consternation in me that I stood in the hatch as one paralyzed; then terror set me pounding upon the cover with my fists till you would have thought that in a few moments I must have reduced it to splinters. After a little, during which I hammered with might and main, roaring out the name of Caudel, the cover was cautiously lifted a few inches, letting in a very yell of wind, such a shock and blast of it that I was forced back off the ladder as though by a blow in the face, and in a breath the light went out.

"It's all right, Mr. Barclay," cried the voice of Caudel, hoarse and yet shrill too with the life-and-death cries he had been already delivering. "A gale of wind's busted down upon us. We've got the yacht afore it whilst we clear away the wreckage. There's no call to be alarmed, sir. On my word and honor as a man, there's no call, sir. I beg you not to come on deck yet; ye'll only be in the way. Trust to me, sir; it's all right, I say." And the hatch was closed again.

I now knocked on Grace's door, and told her to rise and dress herself and join me in the cabin.

"There is no danger," I shouted; "nothing but a capful of wind."

She made some answer which I could not catch, but I might be sure the upright posture and buoyant motions of the scudding yacht had tranquillized her mind.

I sat alone for some ten minutes, during which the height and volume of the sea sensibly increased, though as the yacht continued flying dead before the wind her plunges were still too long and gradual to be distressing. Occasionally a shout would sound on deck, but what the men were about I could not conceive.

The door of the forward berth was opened, and Grace entered the cabin. Her face was white as death; her large eyes, which seemed of a coal blackness in the lamplight and by contrast with the hue of her cheeks, sparkled with alarm. She swept them round the cabin as though she expected to behold one knows not what sort of horror, then came to my side and linked my arm tightly in hers.

"Oh, Herbert, tell me the truth. What has happened?"

"Nothing serious, darling. Do not you feel that we are afloat and sailing bravely?"

"But just now?—Did not the yacht turn over? Something was broken on deck, and the men began to shriek."

"And so did you, Grace," said I, trying to smile.

"But if we should be drowned?" she cried, drawing herself closer to me and fastening her sweet, terrified eyes upon my face.

I shook my head, still preserving my smile, though Heaven knows, had my countenance taken its expression from my mood it must have shown as long as the yacht herself. I could observe her straining her ears to listen, whilst her gaze—large, bright, her brows arched, her lips parted, her breast swiftly heaving—roamed over the cabin.

"What is that noise of thunder, Herbert?"

"It is the wind," I answered.

"Are not the waves getting up? Oh! feel this!" she cried, as the yacht rose with velocity and something of violence to the underrunning

hurl of a chasing sea, of a power that was but too suggestive of what we were to expect.

"The Spitfire is a stanch, noble little craft," said I, "built for North Sea weather. She is not to be daunted by anything that can happen hereabouts."

"But what *has* happened?" she cried, irritable with alarm.

I was about to utter the first reassuring sentence that occurred to my mind, when the hatch-cover was slid a little way back, and I just caught sight of a pair of legs ere the cabin lamp was extinguished by such another yell and blast of wind as had before nearly stretched me. Grace shrieked and threw her arms round my neck; the cover was closed, and the interior instantly becalmed again.

"Who's that?" I roared.

"Me, sir," sounded a voice out of the blackness where the companion-steps stood,—"*Files*, sir. The capt'n's asked me to step below to report what's happened. He dursn't leave the deck himself."

I released myself from my darling's clinging embrace and lighted the lamp for the third time.

Files, wrapped in streaming oil-skins, resembled an ebony figure over which a bucket of dripping has been emptied, as he stood at the foot of the steps with but a bit of his wet, gray-colored face showing betwixt the ear-flaps and under the fore-thatch of his sou'-wester.

"Now for your report, *Files*; and bear a hand with it, for mercy's sake."

"Well, sir, it's just this: it had been breezing up, and we double-reefed the main-sail, Captain Caudel not liking the look of the weather, when a slap of wind carried pretty nigh half the mast over the side. We reckon—for we can't see—that it's gone some three or four feet below the cross-trees. The sail came down with a run, and there was a regular mess of it, sir, the vessel being buried. We've had to keep her afore it until we could cut the wreckage clear, and now we're a-going to heave her to, and I'm to tell ye, with Capt'n Caudel's compliments, not to take any notice of the capers she may cut when she heads the sea."

"How does the weather look, *Files*?"

"Werry black and noisy, sir."

"Tell Caudel to let me see him whenever he can leave the deck," said I, unwilling to detain him, lest he should say something to add to the terror of Grace, whose eyes were riveted upon him as though he were some frightful ghost or hideous messenger of death.

I took down the lamp and screened it whilst he opened the cover and crawled out. No man could imagine that so heavy a sea was already running until Caudel hove the yacht to. The instant the helm was put down the dance began. As she rounded to, a whole green sea struck her full abeam, and fell with a roar like a volcanic discharge upon her decks, staggering her to the heart,—sending a throe of mortal agony through her, as one might have sworn. I felt that she was buried in the foam of that sea. As she gallantly rose, still valiantly rounding into the wind, as though the spirit of the British soil in which had grown the hardy timber out of which she

was manufactured was never stronger in her than now, the water that filled her decks roared cascading over her rails.

Grace sat at my side, her arm locked in mine; she was motionless with fear; her eyes had the fixed look of the sleep-walker's. Nor will I deny that my own terror was extreme; for, imagining that I had heard a shriek, I believed that my men had been washed overboard and that we two were locked up in a dismantled craft that was probably sinking,—imprisoned, I say, by reason of the construction of the companion-cover, which when closed was not to be opened from within.

I waited a few minutes with my lips set, wondering what was to happen next, holding Grace close to me, and hearkening with feverish ears for the least sound of a human voice on deck. There was a second blow,—this time on the yacht's bow,—followed by a sensation as of every timber thrilling, and by a bolt-like thud of falling water, but well forward. Immediately afterwards I heard Caudel shouting close against the skylight, and I cannot express the emotion—in truth, I may call it the transport of joy—his voice raised in me. It was like being rescued from a dreadful death that an instant before seemed certain.

I continued to wait, holding my darling to me; her head lay upon my shoulder, and she rested as though in a swoon. The sight of her white face was inexpressibly shocking to me, who very well knew that there was nothing I could say to soften her terrors amid such a sea as the yacht was now tumbling upon. Indeed, the vessel's motions had become on a sudden violently heavy. I was never in such a sea before,—that is to say, in so small a vessel,—and the leaping of the craft from peak to base, and the dreadful careening of her as she soared, lying down on her beam-ends, to the next liquid summit, were absolutely soul-sickening.

Well, some twenty minutes or perhaps half an hour passed, during all which time I believed every moment to be our last, and I recollect cursing myself for being the instrument of introducing the darling of my heart into this abominable scene of storm, in which, as I believed, we were both to perish. Why had I not gone ashore yesterday? Did not my instincts advise me to quit the sea and take to the railway? Why had I brought my pet away from the security of the Rue de Maqu  tra? Why, in the name of all the virtues, was I so impatient that I could not wait till she was of age, when I could have married her comfortably and respectably, freed from all obligation of ladders, dark lanterns, tempests, and whatever was next to come? I could have beaten my head upon the table. Never did I better understand what I have always regarded as a stroke of fiction,—I mean the disposition of a man in a passion to tear out his hair by the roots.

At the expiration, as I supposed, of twenty minutes, the hatch-cover was opened, this time without any following screech and blast of wind, and Caudel descended. Had he been a beam of sunshine he could not have been more welcome to my eye. He was clad from head to foot in oil-skins, from which the wet ran as from an umbrella in a thunder-shower, and the skin and hue of his face resembled soaked leather.

"Well, Mr. Barclay, sir," he exclaimed, "and how have you been

a-getting on? It's been a bad job; but there's nothin' to alarm ye, I'm sure." Then, catching sight of Grace's face, he cried, "The young lady ain't been and hurt herself, I hope, sir?"

"Her fear and this movement," I answered, "have proved too much for her. I wish you would pull off your oil-skins and help me to convey her to the side there. The edge of this table seems to be cutting me in halves,"—the fact being that I was to windward, with the whole weight of my sweetheart, who rested lifelessly against me, to increase the pressure, so that at every leeward stoop of the craft my breast was caught by the edge of the table with a sensation as of a knife cutting through my shirt.

He instantly whipped off his streaming water-proofs, standing without the least inconvenience whilst the deck slanted under him like a seesaw, and in a very few moments he had safely placed Grace on the lee locker, with her head on a pillow. I made shift to get round to her without hurting myself, then cried to Caudel to sit and tell me what had happened.

"Well, it's just this, sir," he answered: "the mast was carried away some feet below the head of it. It went on a sudden in the squall in which the wind burst down upon us. Perhaps it was as well it happened, for she lay down to that there houtfly in a way so obstinate that I did believe she'd never lift herself out of the water ag'in. But the sail came down when the mast broke, and I managed to get her afore it, though I don't mind owing to you now, sir, that what with the gear fouling the helm, and what with other matters which there ain't no call for me to talk about, 'twas as close a shave with us, sir, as ever happened at sea."

"Is the yacht tight, do you think, Caudel?" cried I.

"I hope she is, sir."

"Hope! My God! but you must *know*, Caudel!"

"Well, sir, she's a-draining a little water into her,—I'm bound to say it,—but nothin' that the pump won't keep under, and I believe that most of it finds its way into the well from up above."

I stared at him with a passion of anxiety and dismay, but his cheery blue eyes steadfastly returned my gaze, as though he would make me know that he spoke the truth,—that matters were not worse than he represented them as being.

"Has the pump been worked?" I inquired.

He lifted his finger as I asked the question, and I could hear the beat of the pump throbbing through the dull roar of the wind, as though a man had seized the brake of it in response to my inquiry.

"Was any one hurt by the sea as you rounded to?"

"Bobby was washed aft, sir, but he's all right ag'in."

I plied him with further questions, mainly concerning the prospects of the weather, our chances, the drift of the yacht, that I might know into what part of the Channel we were being blown, and how long it would occupy to storm us at this rate into the open Atlantic; and then, asking him to watch by Grace for a few minutes, I dropped on my knees and crawled to my cabin, where I somehow contrived to scramble into my boots, coat, and cap. I then made for the companion-steps,

still on my knees, and clawed my way up the hatch till I was a head and shoulders above it, and there I stood looking.

I say looking; but there was nothing to see, save the near, vast, cloud-like spaces of foam, hovering, as it seemed, high above the rail, or descending the pouring side of a sea like bodies of mist sweeping with incredible velocity with the breath of the gale. Past these dim masses the water lay in blackness,—a huge spread of throbbing obscurity. All overhead was mere rushing darkness. The wind was wet with spray, and forward there would show at intervals a dull shining of foam, flashing transversely across the laboring little craft.

It was blowing hard indeed, yet from the weight of the seas and the motions of the Spitfire I could have supposed the gale severer than it was. I returned to the cabin; and Caudel, after putting on his oil-skins and swallowing a glass of brandy-and-water,—the materials for which were swaying furiously in a silver-plated swinging tray suspended over the table,—went on deck, leaving the companion-cover a little way open in case I should desire to quit the cabin.

Until the dawn, and some time past it, I sat close beside Grace, holding her hand or bathing her brow. She never spoke; she seldom opened her eyes, indeed; she lay as though utterly prostrated, without power to articulate or perhaps even to think. It was the effect of fear, however, rather than of nausea. At any rate, I remember hoping so, for I had heard of people dying of sea-sickness, and if the weather that had stormed down upon us continued it might end in killing her; whereas the daylight, and perhaps some little break of blue sky, would reanimate her if her sufferings were owing to terror only, and when she found the little craft buoyant and our lives in no danger her spirits would rise and her strength return.

V.

The blessed daylight came at last. I spied the weak wet gray of it in a corner of the skylight that had been left uncovered by the tarpaulin which was spread over the glass. I looked closely at Grace, and found her asleep. I could not be sure at first, so motionless had she been lying; but when I put my ear close to her mouth the regularity of her respiration convinced me that she was slumbering.

That she should be able to snatch even ten minutes of sleep cheered me. Yet my spirits were very heavy; every bone in me ached with a pain as of rheumatism; though I did not feel sick, my brain seemed to reel, and the sensation of giddiness was hardly less miserable and depressing than nausea itself. I stood up, and with great difficulty caught the brandy as it flew from side to side on the swinging tray and took a dram, and then clawed my way as before to the companion-steps, and, opening the cover, got into the hatch and stood looking at the picture of my yacht and the sea.

There was no one at the helm: the tiller was lashed to leeward. The shock I received on observing no one aft, finding the helm abandoned, as it seemed to me, I shall never forget. The tiller was the first object I saw as I rose through the hatch, and my instant belief

was that all my people had been swept overboard. On looking forward, however, I spied Caudel and the others of the men at work about the mast. I am no sailor, and cannot tell you what they were doing, beyond saying that they were securing the mast by affixing tackles and so forth to it. But I had no eyes for them or their work; I could only gaze at my ruined yacht, which at every heave appeared to be pulling herself together as it were for the final plunge. A mass of cordage littered the deck; the head of the mast showed in splinters, whilst the spar itself looked withered, naked, blasted, as though struck by lightning. The decks were full of water, which was flashed above the rail, where it was instantly swept away by the gale in a smoke of crystals. The black gear wriggled and rose to the wash of the water over the planks like a huddle of eels. A large space of the bulwarks on the port side, abreast of the mast, was smashed level with the deck. The gray sky seemed to hover within musket-shot of us, and it went down to the sea in a slate-colored weeping body of thickness to within a couple of hundred fathoms, while the dark-green surges, as they came rolling in foam from out of the windward wall of blankness, looked enormous.

Caudel on seeing me came scrambling to the companion. The salt of the flying wet had dried in the hollows of his eyes, and lay in a sort of white powder there, insomuch that he was scarcely recognizable. It was impossible to hear him amidst that roaring commotion, and I descended the ladder by a step or two to enable him to put his head into the hatch. He tried to look cheerful, but there was a curl in the set of his mouth that neutralized the efforts of his eye. He entered into a nautical explanation of our condition, the terms of which I forget.

"But how is it with the hull, Caudel?" I inquired. "Surely this wild tossing must be straining the vessel frightfully. Does she continue to take in water?"

"I must not deceive you, sir," he answered; "she *do*. But a short spell at the pump serves to chuck it all out ag'in, and so there's no call for your honor to be oneasy."

He returned to the others, whilst I, heart-sickened by the intelligence that the Spitfire had sprung a leak,—for *that*, I felt, must be the plain English of Caudel's assurance,—continued standing a few moments longer in the hatch, looking around. Ugly wings of vapor, patches and fragments of dirty-yellow scud, flew fast, loose, and low under the near gray wet stoop of the sky; they made the only break in that firmament of storm. The smother of the weather was thickened yet by the clouds of spray, which rose like bursts of steam from the sides and heads of the seas, making one think of the fierce gusts and guns of the gale as of wolves tearing mouthfuls with sharp teeth from the flanks and backs of the rushing and roaring chase they pursued.

Grace was awake, sitting upright, but in a listless, lolling, helpless posture. I was thankful, however, to find her capable of the exertion even of sitting erect. I crept to her side, and held her to me to cherish and comfort her.

"Oh, this weary, weary motion!" she cried, pressing her hand upon her temples.

"It cannot last much longer, my darling," I said: "the gale is

fast blowing itself out, and then we shall have blue skies and smooth water again."

"Can we not land, Herbert?" she asked feebly in my ear, with her cheek upon my shoulder.

"Would to God that were possible within the next five minutes!" I answered.

"Whereabouts are we?"

"I cannot tell exactly; but when this weather breaks we shall find the English coast within easy reach."

"Oh, do not let us wait until we get to Mount's Bay!" she cried.

"My pet, the nearest port will be our port *now*, depend upon it."

The day passed,—a day of ceaseless storm, and of such tossing as only a smacksmen who has fished in the North Sea in winter could know anything about. The spells at the pump grew more frequent as the hours progressed, and the wearisome beat of the plied brake affected my imagination as though it had been the tolling of our funeral bell. I hardly required Caudel to tell me the condition of the yacht when some time between eight and nine o'clock that night he put his head into the hatch and motioned me to ascend.

"It's my duty to tell ye, Mr. Barclay," he exclaimed, whispering hoarsely into my ear in the comparative shelter of the companion-cover, that Grace might not overhear him, "that the leak's a-gaining upon us."

I had guessed as much, yet this confirmation of my conjecture affected me as violently as though I had had no previous suspicion of the state of the yacht. I was thunderstruck: I felt the blood forsake my cheeks, and for some moments I could not find my voice.

"You do not mean to tell me, Caudel, that the yacht is actually *sinking*?"

"No, sir. But the pump'll have to be kept continually going if she's to remain afloat. I'm afeered when the mast went over the side that a blow from it started a butt, and the leak's growing worse and worse, consequence of the working of the craft."

"Is it still thick?"

"As mud, sir."

"Why not fire the gun at intervals?" said I, referring to the little brass cannon that stood mounted upon the quarter-deck.

"I'm afeered——" He paused, with a melancholy shake of his head. "Of course, Mr. Barclay," he went on, "if it's your wish, sir—but it'll do no more, I allow, than frighten the lady. 'Tis but a pea-shooter, sir, and the gale's like thunder."

"We are in your hands, Caudel," said I, with a feeling of despair ice-cold at my heart, as I reflected upon the size of our little craft, her crippled and sinking condition, our distance from land, as I felt the terrible weight and power of the seas which were tossing us, and as I thought of my sweetheart.

"Mr. Barclay," he answered, "if the weather do but moderate I shall have no fear. Our case ain't hopeless yet, by a long way, sir. The water's to be kept under by continuous pumping, and there are hands enough and to spare for that job. We're not in the middle of

the Atlantic Ocean, but in the mouth of the English Channel, with plenty of shipping knocking about. But the weather's got to moderate. Firing that there gun 'ud only be to terrify the young lady and do no good. If a ship came along, no boat could live in this sea. In this here blackness she couldn't keep us company, and our rockets wouldn't be visible half a mile off. No, sir, we've got to stick to the pump and pray for daylight and fine weather." And, having no more to say to me, or a sudden emotion checking his utterance, he pulled his head out and disappeared in the obscurity.

Grace asked me what Caudel had been talking about, and I answered, with the utmost composure I could muster, that he had come to tell me the yacht was making a noble fight of it and that there was nothing to cause alarm. I had not the heart to respond otherwise; nor could the bare truth as I understood it have served any other end than to deprive her of her senses. Even now I seemed to find an expression of wildness in her beautiful eyes, as though the tension of her nerves, along with the weary endless hours of delirious pitching and tossing, was beginning to tell upon her brain. I sought to comfort her; I caressed her, I strained her to my heart, whilst I exerted my whole soul to look cheerfully and to speak cheerfully, and, thank God! the influence of my true, deep love prevailed: she spoke tranquilly; the brilliant staring look of her eyes was softened; occasionally she would smile as she lay in my arms, whilst I rattled on, struggling, with a resolution that now seems preternatural to me when I look back, to distract her attention from our situation.

At one o'clock in the morning she fell asleep, and I knelt by her sleeping form and prayed for mercy and protection.

It was much about this hour that Caudel's face again showed in the hatch. I crawled along the deck and up the steps to him, and he immediately said to me, in a voice that trembled with agitation,—

"Mr. Barclay, good news, sir. The gale's a-taking off."

I clasped my hands, and could have hugged the dripping figure of the man to my breast.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "the breeze is slackening. There's no mistake about it. The horizon's opening, too."

"Heaven be praised! And what of the leak, Caudel?"

"'Tain't worse than it was, sir; though it's bad enough."

"If the weather should moderate——"

"Well, then, if the leak don't gain we may manage to carry her home. That'll have to be found out, sir. But, seeing the yacht's condition, I shall be for transshipping you and the lady to anything inwards bound that may happen to come along. Us men'll take the yacht to port, providing she'll let us." He paused, and then said, "There might be no harm now, perhaps, in firing off that there gun. If a smack 'ud show herself she'd be willing to stand by for the sake of the salvage. We'll also send up a few rockets, sir. But how about the young lady, Mr. Barclay?"

"Everything must be done," I replied, "that is likely to preserve our lives."

There was some gunpowder aboard, but where Caudel had stowed

it I did not know. However, five minutes after he had left me, and whilst I was sitting by the side of my sweetheart, who still slept, the gun was discharged. It sent a small shock through the little fabric, as though she had gently touched ground, or had run into some floating object, but the report, blending with the commotion of the sea and the bell-like ringing and wolfish howling of the wind, penetrated the deck in a note so dull that Grace never stirred. Ten or twelve times was this little cannon discharged at intervals of five or ten minutes, and I could hear the occasional rush of a rocket like the sneeze of a giant sounding through the stormy uproar.

From time to time I would creep up into the companion, always in the hope of finding the lights of a ship close to ; but nothing came of our rockets, whilst I doubt if the little blast the quarter-deck popgun delivered was audible half a mile away to windward. But, though the night remained a horribly black shadow, the blacker for the phantasmal sheets of foam which defined without illuminating it, the wind about this time—somewhere between four and five o'clock—had greatly moderated. Yet at dawn it was blowing hard still, with an iron-gray freckled sea rolling hollow and confusedly, and a near horizon thick with mist.

There was nothing in sight. The yacht looked deplorably sodden and wrecked as she pitched and wallowed in the cold, desolate, ashen atmosphere of that daybreak. The men, too, wore the air of cast-away mariners, fagged, salt-whitened, pinched ; and their faces—even the boy's—looked aged with anxiety.

I called to Caudel. He approached me slowly, as a man might walk after a swim that has nearly spent him.

"Here is another day, Caudel. What is to be done?"

"What *can* be done, sir?" answered the poor fellow, with the irritation of exhaustion and of anxiety but little removed from despair. "We must go on pumping for our lives, and pray to God that we may be picked up."

"Why not get sail upon the yacht, put her before the wind, and run for the French coast?"

"If you like, sir," he answered, languidly ; "but it's a long stretch to the French coast, and if the wind should shift—" He paused, and looked as though worry had weakened his mind a little and rendered him incapable of deciding swiftly and for the best.

The boy Bobby was pumping, and I took notice of the glassy clearness of the water as it gushed out to the strokes of the little brake. The others of my small crew were crouching under the lee of the weather bulwark.

Before returning to Grace I looked at our little boat,—she was just a yacht's dinghy,—and thought of the slender chance of saving our lives the tiny ark would provide us with,—seven souls in a boat fit to hold five, and then only in smooth water!

Grace was awake when I had gone on deck at daybreak, though she had slept for two or three hours very soundly, never once moving when the cannon was discharged, frequent as the report had been. On my descending she begged me to take her on deck.

"I shall be able to stand if I hold your arm," she said, "and the air will do me good."

But I had not the heart to let her view the sea, nor the wet, broken, shipwrecked figure the yacht made, with water flying over the bow, and water gushing from the pump, and the foam flashing among the rigging that still littered the deck as the brine roared from side to side.

"No, my darling," said I: "for the present you must keep below. The wind, thank God, is fast moderating, and the sea will be falling presently. But you cannot imagine, until you attempt to move, how violently the Spitfire rolls and pitches. Besides, the decks are full of water, and a single wild heave might throw us both and send us flying overboard."

She shuddered, and said no more about going on deck.

In spite of her having slept, her eyes seemed languid. Her cheeks were colorless, and there was an expression of fear and expectation that made my heart mad to behold in her sweet young face, which, when all was well with her, wore a most delicate bloom, whilst it was lovely with a sort of light that was like a smile in expressions even of perfect repose. I had brought her to this! Before another day had closed, her love for me might have cost her her life! I could not bear to think of it; I could not bear to look at her; and I broke down, burying my face in my hands.

She put her arm round my neck, pressed her cheek to mine, but said nothing until the two or three dry sobs which shook me to my very inmost soul had passed.

"Anxiety and want of sleep have made you ill," she said. "I am sure all will end well, Herbert. The storm, you say, is passing; and then we shall be able to steer for the nearest port. You will not wait now to reach Penzance?"

I shook my head, unable to speak.

"We have both had enough of the sea," she continued, forcing a smile that vanished in the next breath she drew, "but you could not have foretold this storm. And, even now, would you have me anywhere else but here?" said she, putting her cheek to mine again. "Rest your head on my shoulder and sleep. I feel better, and will instantly awaken you if there is any occasion to do so."

I was about to make some answer, when I heard a loud and, as it appeared to me, a fearful cry on deck. Before I could spring to my feet some one heavily thumped the companion-hatch, flinging the sliding cover wide open an instant after, and Caudel's voice roared down,—

"Mr. Barclay! Mr. Barclay! there's a big ship close aboard us! She's rounding to. Come on deck, for God's sake, sir, that we may larn your wishes."

Bidding Grace remain where she was, I sprang to the companion-steps, and the first thing I saw on emerging was a large, full-rigged ship, with painted ports, under small canvas, and in the act of rounding to, with her main-top-sail yard slowly swinging aback. Midway the height of our little mizzen-mast streamed the ensign, which Caudel or another of the men had hoisted, the union down; but our wrecked

mast and the fellow laboring at the pump must have told our story to the sight of that ship with an eloquence that could gather but little emphasis from the signal of distress streaming like a square of flame half-mast-high at our stern.

It was broad daylight now, with a lightening in the darkness to windward that opened out twice the distance of sea that was to be measured before I went below. The ship, a noble structure, was well within hail, rolling somewhat heavily, but with a majestic slow motion. There was a crowd of sailors on her forecastle staring at us, and I remember even in that supreme moment noticing—so tricky is the human intelligence!—how ghastly white the cloths of her top-mast-staysail showed by contrast with the red and blue shirts and other colored apparel of the mob of seamen, and against the spread of dusky sky beyond. There was also a little knot of people on the poop, and a man standing near them, but alone; as I watched him he took what I gathered to be a speaking-trumpet from the hand of the young apprentice or ordinary seaman who had run to him with it.

"Now, Mr. Barclay," cried Caudel, in a voice vibrating with excitement, "there's yours and the lady's hopportunity, sir. But what's your instructions? what's your wishes, sir?"

"My wishes? How can you ask? We must leave the Spitfire. She is already half drowned. She will sink when you stop pumping."

"Right, sir," he exclaimed; and without another word he posted himself at the rail in a posture of attention, his eyes upon the ship.

She was apparently a vessel bound to some Indian or Australian port, and seemingly full of passengers, for, even as I stood watching, the people in twos and threes arrived on the poop or got upon the main-deck bulwark-rail to view us. She was a long iron ship, red beneath the water-line, and the long streak of that color glared out over the foam dissolving at the sides like a flash of crimson sunset as she rolled from us. Whenever she hove her stern up, gay with what might have passed as gilt quarter badges, I could read her name in long, white letters,—"*CARTHUSIAN—LONDON.*"

"Yacht ahoy!" now came in a hearty tempestuous shout through the speaking-trumpet which the man I had before noticed lifted to his lips.

"Halloo!" shouted Caudel in response.

"What is wrong with you?"

"Wessel's makin' water fast, and ye can see," shrieked Caudel, pointing at our wrecked and naked mast, "what our state is. The owner and a lady's aboard, and want to leave the yacht. Will you stand by till you can receive 'em, sir?"

The man with the speaking-trumpet elevated his hand, in token that he heard, and appeared to consult with another figure that had drawn to his side. He then took a long look round at the weather, and afterwards put the tube again to his mouth.

"Yacht ahoy!"

"Halloo!"

"We will stand by you; but we cannot launch a boat yet. Does the water gain rapidly upon you?"

"We can keep her afloat for some hours, sir."

The man again elevated his hand, and crossed to the weather side of his ship, to signify, I presume, that there was nothing more to be said.

"In two or three hours, sir, you and the lady'll be safe aboard," cried Caudel. "The wind's failing fast, and by that time the sea'll be flat enough for one of that craft's fine boats."

I re-entered the cabin, and found Grace standing, supporting herself at the table. Her attitude was full of expectancy and fear.

"What have they been crying out on deck, Herbert?" she exclaimed.

"There is a big ship close by us, darling," I answered. "The weather is fast moderating, and by noon I hope to have you safe on board of her."

"On board of her!" she cried, with her eyes full of wonder and alarm. "Do you mean to leave the yacht?"

"Yes. I have heart enough to tell you the truth now; she has sprung a leak and is taking in water rapidly, and we must abandon her."

She dropped upon the locker with her hands clasped.

"Do you tell me she is sinking?"

"We must abandon her," I cried. "Put on your hat and jacket, my darling. The deck is comparatively safe now, and I wish the people on board the ship to see you."

She was so overwhelmed, however, by the news that she appeared incapable of motion. I procured her jacket and hat, and presently helped her to put them on, and then, grasping her firmly by the waist, I supported her to the companion-steps and carefully and with difficulty got her on deck, making her sit under the lee of the weather bulwark,—where she would be visible enough to the people of the ship at every windward roll of the yacht,—and crouched beside her with my arm linked in hers.

VI.

There was nothing to do but to wait. Some little trifle of property I had below in the cabin, but nothing that I cared to burden myself with at such a time. All the money I had brought with me, bank-notes and some gold, was in the pocket-book I carried. As for my sweetheart's wardrobe, what she had with her, as you know, she wore, so that she would be leaving nothing behind her. But never can I forget the expression of her face, and the exclamations of horror and astonishment which escaped her lips, when, on my seating her under the bulwark, she sent a look at the yacht. The soaked, strained, mutilated appearance of the little craft persuaded her she was sinking even as we sat together looking. At every plunge of the bows she would tremulously suck in her breath and bite upon her under lip, with nervous twitchings of her fingers and a recoil of her whole figure against me.

It was some half-hour or so after our coming on deck that Caudel,

quitting the pump, at which he had been taking a spell, approached me and said,—

"You'll understand, of course, Mr. Barclay, that I as master of this yacht sticks to her?"

"What!" cried I, "to be drowned?"

"I sticks to her, sir," he repeated, with the emphasis of irritability in his manner, that was not at all wanting in respect, either. "I dorn't mean to say if it should come on to blow another gale afore that there craft," indicating the ship, "receives ye that I wouldn't go too. But the weather's a-moderating; it'll be tarning fine afore long, and I'm a-going to sail the Spitfire home."

"I hope, Caudel," said I, astonished by this resolution in him, "that you'll not stick to her on my account. Let the wretched craft go, and——" I held the rest behind my teeth.

"No, sir. There'll be nothin' to hurt in the leak if so be as the weather gets better; and it's fast getting better, as you can see. What! let a pretty little dandy craft like the Spitfire go down merely for the want of pumping? All of us men are agreed to stick to her and carry her home."

Grace looked at me; I understood the meaning her eyes conveyed, and exclaimed,—

"The men will do as they please. They are plucky fellows, and if they carry the yacht home she shall be sold and what she fetches divided among them. But I have had enough of her,—and more than enough of yachting. I must see you, my pet, safe on board some ship that does not leak."

"I could not live through another night in the Spitfire," she exclaimed.

"No, miss, no," rumbled Caudel, soothingly; "nor would it be right and proper that you should be asked to live through it. They'll be sending for ye presently; though, of course, as the wessel's outward bound,"—here he ran his eyes slowly round the sea,—"ye've got to consider that onless she falls in soon with something that'll land you, why, then of course you both stand to have a longer spell of sea-faring than Mr. Barclay and me calculated upon when this here elopement was planned."

"Where is she bound to, I wonder?" I said, viewing the tall, noble vessel with a yearning to be aboard her with Grace at my side.

"To Australia, I allow," answered Caudel. "Them passengers ye sees forrards and along the bulwark rail ain't of the sort that goes to Chaney or the Hindies."

"We can't go to Australia, Herbert," said Grace, surveying me with startled eyes.

"My dear Grace, there are plenty of ships betwixt this Channel and Australia,—plenty hard by,—rolling home and willing to land us for a few sovereigns, would their steersmen only shift their helm and approach within hail."

But, though there might be truth in this for aught I knew, it was a thing easier to say than to mean, as I felt when I cast my eyes upon the dark-green frothing waters still shrouded to within a mile or so past the

ship by the damp and dirty gray of the now fast expiring gale that had plunged us into this miserable situation. There was nothing to be seen but the Carthusian rolling solemnly and grandly to windward, and the glancing of white heads of foam arching out of the thickness and running sullenly, but with weight, too, along the course of the wind.

The ship, having canvas upon her, settled slowly upon our bow at a safe distance, but our drift was very nearly hers, and during those weary hours of waiting for the sea to abate the two craft fairly held the relative positions they had occupied at the outset. The interest we excited in the people aboard of her was ceaseless. The line of her bulwarks remained dark with heads, and the glimmer of the white faces gave an odd pulsing look to the whole length of them as the heave of the ship alternated the stormy light. They believed us on our own report to be sinking, and that might account for their tireless gaze and riveted attention.

On a sudden, much about the hour of noon, there came a lull; the wind dropped as if by magic; here and there over the wide green surface of the ocean the foam glanced, but in the main the billows ceased to break and charged in a troubled but fast moderating swell. A kind of brightness sat in the east, and the horizon opened to its normal confines; but it was a desolate sea,—nothing in sight save the ship, though I eagerly and anxiously scanned the whole circle of the waters.

The two vessels had widened their distance, yet the note of the hail, if dull, was perfectly distinct:

"Yacht ahoy! We're going to send a boat."

I saw a number of figures in motion on the ship's poop; the aftermost boat was then swung through the davits over the side, four or five men entered her, and a minute later she sank to the water.

"Here they come, Grace!" cried I. "At last, thank Heaven!"

"Oh, Herbert, I shall never be able to enter her!" she exclaimed, shrinking to my side.

But I knew better, and made answer with a caress only.

The oars rose and fell, the boat showed and vanished, showed and vanished again, as she came buzzing to the yacht, to the impulse of the powerfully-swept blades. Caudel stood by with some coils of line in his hand; the end was flung, caught, and in a trice the boat was alongside, and a sunburnt, reddish-haired man in a suit of serge, and with a naval peak to his cap, tumbled with the dexterity of a monkey over the yacht's rail.

He looked round him an instant, and then came straight up to Grace and me, taking the heaving and slanting deck as easily as though it had been the floor of a ball-room.

"I am the second mate of the Carthusian," said he, touching his cap with an expression of astonishment and admiration in his eyes as he looked at Grace. "Are all your people ready to leave, sir? Captain Parsons is anxious that there should be no delay."

"The lady and I are perfectly ready," said I, "but my men have made up their minds to stick to the yacht, with the hope of carrying her home."

He looked around to Caudel, who stood near.

"Ay, sir, that's right," exclaimed the worthy fellow. "It's a-going to be fine weather, and the water's to be kept under."

The second mate ran his eye over the yacht with a short-lived look of puzzlement in his face, then addressed me:

"We had thought your case a hopeless one, sir."

"So it is," I answered.

"Are you wise in your resolution, my man?" he exclaimed, turning to Caudel again.

"Ay, sir," answered Caudel, doggedly, as though anticipating an argument. "Who's a-going to leave such a dandy craft as this to founder for the want of keeping a pump going for a day or two? There are four men and a boy all resolved, and we'll *manage* it," he added, emphatically.

"The yacht is in no fit state for the young lady, anyway," said the second mate. "Now, sir, and you, madam, if you are ready." And he put his head over the side to look at his boat.

I helped Grace to stand, and whilst I supported her I extended my hand to Caudel.

"God bless you and send you safe home!" said I. "Your pluck and determination make me feel but half a man. But my mind is resolved too. Not for worlds must Miss Bellassys pass another hour in this craft."

He shook me cordially by the hand, and respectfully bade Grace farewell. The others of my crew approached, leaving one pumping, and among the strong fellows on deck and in the boat—sinewy arms to raise and muscular fists to receive her—Grace, white and shrinking and exclaiming, was handed dexterously and swiftly down over the side. Watching my chance, I sprang, and plumped heavily but safely into the boat. The second mate then followed, and we shoved off.

By this time the light that I had taken notice of in the east had brightened; there were breaks in it, with here and there a dim vein of blue sky, and the waters beneath had a gleam of steel as they rolled frothless and swell-like. In fact, it was easy to see that fine weather was at hand; and this assurance it was that reconciled me as nothing else could have done to the fancy of Caudel and my little crew carrying the leaking, crippled yacht home.

The men in the boat pulled sturdily, eying Grace and me out of the corners of their eyes, and gnawing upon the hunks of tobacco in their cheeks as though in the most literal manner they were chewing the cud of the thoughts put into them by this encounter. The second mate uttered a remark or two about the weather, but the business of the tiller held him too busy to talk. There was the heavy swell to watch, and the tall, slowly-rolling, metal fabric ahead of us to steer alongside of. For my part, I could not see how Grace was to get aboard; and, observing no ladder over the side as we rounded under the vessel's stern, I asked the second mate how we were to manage it.

"Oh," said he, "we shall send you both up in a chair with a whip. There's the block," he added, pointing to the yard-arm; "and the line's already rove, you'll observe."

There were some seventy or eighty people watching us as we drew alongside, all staring over the rail, and from the forecastle, and from the poop, as one man. I remarked a few bonnets and shawled heads forward, and two or three well-dressed women aft; otherwise the crowd of heads belonged to men-emigrants, shabby and grimy,—most of them looking sea-sick, I thought, as they overhung the side.

A line was thrown from the ship, and the boat hauled under the yard-arm whip, where she lay rising and falling, carefully fended off from the vessel's iron side by a couple of the men in her.

"Now, then, bear a hand!" shouted a voice from the poop. "Get your gangway unshipped, and stand by to hoist away handsomely."

A minute later a large chair with arms dangled over our heads, and was caught by the fellows in the boat. A more uncomfortable, nerve-capsizing performance I never took part in. The water washed with a thunderous sobbing sound along the metal bends of the ship, that, as she stooped her sides into the brine, flashed up the swell in froth, hurling towards us also a recoiling billow which made the dance of the boat horribly bewildering and nauseating. One moment we were floated, as it seemed to my eyes, to the level of the bulwarks of the stooping ship; the next we were in a valley, with the great bare hull leaning away from us,—an immense wet surface of red and black and checkered band, her shrouds vanishing in a slope, and her yard-arms forking up sky-high.

"Now, madam," said the second mate, "will you please seat yourself in that chair?"

Grace was very white, but she saw that it must be done, and with set lips and in silence was helped by the sailors to seat herself. I adored her then for her spirit, for I confess that I had dreaded she would hang back, shriek out, cling to me, and complicate and delay the miserable business by her terrors. She was securely fastened into the chair, and the second mate paused for the chance.

"Hoist away!" he yelled, and up went my darling, uttering one little scream only as she soared.

"Lower away!" and by the line that was attached to the chair she was dragged through the gangway, where I lost sight of her.

It was now my turn. The chair descended, and I seated myself, not without several yearning glances at the sloping side of the ship, which, however, only satisfied me that there was no other method by which I might enter the vessel than the chair, active as I was.

"Hoist away!" was shouted, and up I went, and I shall not readily forget the sensation. My brains seemed to sink into my boots as I mounted. I was hoisted needlessly high,—almost to the yard-arm itself, I fancy,—through some blunder on the part of the men who manned the whip. For some breathless moments I dangled between heaven and ocean, seeing nothing but gray sky and heaving waters. But the torture was brief. I felt the chair sinking, saw the open gangway sweep past me, and presently I was out of the chair at Grace's side, stared at by some eighty or a hundred emigrants, all 'tween-decks passengers, who had left the bulwarks to congregate on the main-deck.

"Will you step this way?" exclaimed a voice overhead.

On looking up, I found that we were addressed by a short, somewhat thick-set man who stood at the rail that protected the forward extremity of the poop-deck. This was the person who had talked to us through the speaking-trumpet, and I at once guessed him to be the captain. There were about a dozen first-class passengers gazing at us from either side of him, two or three of whom were ladies. I took Grace by the hand, and conducted her up a short flight of steps and approached the captain, raising my hat as I did so, and receiving from him a sea-flourish of the tall hat he wore. He was buttoned up in a cloth coat, and his cheeks rested in a pair of high, sharp-pointed collars, starched to an iron hardness, so that his body and head moved as one piece. His short legs arched outward, and his feet were encased in long boots, the toes of which were of the shape of a shovel. He wore the familiar tall hat of the streets; it looked to be brushed the wrong way, was bronzed at the rims, and on the whole showed as a hat that had made several voyages. Yet if there was but little of the sailor in his costume, his face suggested itself to me as a very good example of the nautical life. His nose was little more than a pimple of a reddish tincture, and his small, moist, gray eyes, lying deep in their sockets, seemed as they gazed at you to be boring their way through the apertures which nature had provided for the admission of light. A short piece of white whisker decorated either cheek, and his hair, that was cropped close as a soldier's, was also white.

"Is that your yacht, young gentleman?" said he, bringing his eyes from Grace to me, at whom he had to stare up as at his mast-head, so considerably did I tower over the little man.

"Yes," said I; "she is the Spitfire,—belongs to Southampton. I am very much obliged to you for receiving this lady and me."

"Not at all," said he, looking hard at Grace. "Your wife, sir?"

"No," said I, greatly embarrassed by the question and by the gaze of the ten or dozen passengers who hung near, eying us intently and whispering, yet for the most part with no lack of sympathy and good nature in their countenances. I saw Grace quickly bite upon her under lip, but without coloring or any other sign of confusion than a slight turn of her head, as though she viewed the yacht.

"But what have you done with the rest of your people, young gentleman?" inquired the captain.

"My name is Barclay,—Mr. Herbert Barclay: the name of the young lady to whom I am engaged to be married," said I, significantly, sending a look along the faces of the listeners, "is Miss Grace Bellassys, whose aunt, Lady Amelia Roscoe, you may probably have heard of."

This I thought was introduction enough. My business was to assert our dignity first of all, and then, as I was addressing a number of persons who were either English or colonial or both, the pronunciation of her ladyship's name was, I considered, a very early and essential duty.

"With regard to my crew—" I continued, and I told the captain they had made up their minds to carry the vessel home.

"Miss Bellassys looks very tired," exclaimed a middle-aged lady

with gray hair, speaking with a gentle, concerned smile engaging with its air of sympathetic apology. "If she will allow me to conduct her to my cabin——"

"By all means, Mrs. Barstow," cried the captain. "If she has been knocking about in that bit of a craft there throughout the gale that's been blowing, all I can say is, she'll have seen more tumbling and weather in forty-eight hours than you'll have any idea of though I was to keep you at sea for ten years in this ship."

Mrs. Barstow with a motherly manner approached Grace, who bowed and thanked her, and together they walked to the companion-hatch and disappeared.

The captain asked me many questions, many of which I answered mechanically, for my thoughts were fixed upon the little yacht, and my heart was with the poor fellows who had resolved to carry her home,—but with *them* only, not with *her*. No! as I watched her rolling, and the fellow pumping, not for worlds would I have gone aboard of her again with Grace, though Caudel should have yelled out that the leak was stopped, and though a fair, bright, breezy day, with promise of quiet lasting for a week, should have opened round about us.

The captain wanted to know when I had sailed, from what port I had started, where I was bound to, and the like. I kept my gravity with difficulty when I gave him my attention at last. It was not only his own mirth-provoking nautical countenance; the saloon passengers could not take their eyes off my face, and they bobbed and leaned forward in an eager hearkening way to catch every syllable of my replies. Nor was this all; for below on the quarter-deck and along the waist stood scores of steerage passengers, all straining their eyes at me. The curiosity and excitement were ridiculous. But fame is a thing very cheaply earned in these days.

The captain inquired a little too curiously sometimes. So Miss Bellassys was engaged to be married to me, hey? Was she alone with me? No relative, no maid, nobody of her own sex in attendance, hey? To these questions the ladies listened with an odd expression in their faces. I particularly noticed one of them: she had sausage-shaped curls, lips so thin that when they were closed they formed a fine line as though produced by the single sweep of a camel's-hair brush under her nose; one pupil was considerably larger than the other, which gave her a very staring knowing look on one side of her face; but there was nothing in my responses to appease hers or the captain's or the others' thirst for information.

"There can be no doubt, I hope, Captain Parsons," said I, for the second mate had given me the skipper's name, "of our promptly falling in with something homeward bound that will land Miss Bellassys and me? What the craft may prove will signify nothing: a smack would serve our purpose."

"I'll signal when I have a chance," he answered, looking round the sea and then up aloft; "but it's astonishing, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, addressing the passengers, "how lonesome the ocean is, even where you look for plenty of shipping."

"How far are we from Penzance, captain?" I inquired.

"Why," he answered, "all of a hundred and fifty miles."

"If that be so, then," I cried, "our drift must have been that of a balloon."

"Will those poor creatures ever be able to reach the English coast in that broken boat?" exclaimed one of the ladies, indicating the Spitfire, that now lay dwarfed right over the stern of the ship.

"If they are 'longshoremen—and yet I don't know," replied the captain, with a short laugh; "a boatman will easily handle a craft of that sort when a blue-water sailor would be all abroad. Have you lunched, Mr. Barclay?"

"No, captain, I have not; neither can I say I have breakfasted."

"Oh, confound it, man, you should have said so before. Step this way, sir, step this way." And he led me to the companion-hatch that conducted to the saloon, pausing on the road, however, to beckon with a square forefinger to a sober Scotch-faced personage in a monkey-jacket and loose pilot trousers,—the chief mate, as I afterwards learned,—to whom in a wheezy undertone he addressed some instructions which, as I gathered from one or two syllables I overheard, referred to the speaking of inward-bound vessels and to our transshipment.

At this moment a door close beside which I was standing opened, and Grace came out, followed by the kind lady Mrs. Barstow. She had removed her hat and jacket, and was sweet and fresh with the application of such toilet conveniences as her sympathetic acquaintance could provide her with. Captain Parsons stared at her and then whipped off his tall hat.

"This is better than the Spitfire, Grace," said I.

"Oh, yes, Herbert," she answered, sending a glance of her fine dark eyes over the saloon; "but Mrs. Barstow tells me that the ship is going to New Zealand."

"So she is; so she is," cried Captain Parsons, bursting into a laugh; "and, if you choose, Mr. Barclay and you shall accompany us."

She looked at him with a frightened girlish air.

"Oh, no, Miss Bellassys," said Mrs. Barstow. "Captain Parsons is a great humorist. I have made two voyages with him, and he keeps me laughing from port to port. He will see that you get safely home; and I wish that we could count upon arriving at Otaga as speedily as you will reach England."

Just then a man in a camlet jacket entered the saloon,—cuddy, I believe, is the proper word for it. He was the head steward, and Captain Parsons immediately called to him:

"Jenkins, here. This lady and gentleman have not breakfasted; they have been shipwrecked, and wish to lunch. You understand? And draw the cork of a quart bottle of champagne.—There is no better sea-physic, Miss Bellassys. I've known what it is to be five days in an open boat in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and I believe if even Mrs. Barstow had been my wife I should not have scrupled to make away with her for a quart bottle of champagne."

Our lunch consisted of cold fowl and ham and champagne,—good enough meat and drink, one should say, for the sea, and almost good enough, one might add, for a pair of love-sick fugitives.

"How is your appetite, my darling?" said I.

"I think I can eat a little of that cold chicken."

"This is very handsome treatment, Grace. Upon my word, if the captain preserves this sort of behavior I do not believe we shall be in a very great hurry to quit his ship."

"Is not she a noble vessel?" exclaimed Grace, rolling her eyes over the saloon. "After the poor little Spitfire's cabin! And how different is this motion! It soothes me, after the horrid tumbling of the last two days."

"This is a very extraordinary adventure," said I, eating and drinking with a relish and an appetite not a little heightened by observing that Grace was making a very good meal. "It may not end so soon as we hope, either. First of all we have to fall in with a homeward-bound ship, then she has to receive us, then she has to arrive in the Channel and transfer us to a tug or a smack or anything else which may be willing to put us ashore; and there is always the chance of her *not* falling in with such a craft as we want until she is as high as the Forelands,—past Boulogne, in short. But no matter, my own. We are together, and that is everything."

She took a sip of the champagne that the steward had filled her glass with, and said, in a musing voice, "What will the people in this ship think of me?"

"What they may think need not trouble us," said I. "I told Captain Parsons that we were engaged to be married. Is there anything very extraordinary in a young fellow taking the girl he is engaged to out for a sail in his yacht, and being blown away and nearly wrecked by a heavy gale of wind?"

"Oh, but they will know better," she exclaimed, with a pout.

"Well, I forgot, it is true, that I told the captain we sailed from Boulogne. But how is he to know your people don't live there?"

"It will soon be whispered about that I have eloped with you, Herbert," she exclaimed.

"Who's to know the truth if it isn't divulged, my pet?" said I.

"But it is divulged," she answered.

I stared at her. She eyed me wistfully as she continued, "I told Mrs. Barstow the story. I am not ashamed of my conduct, and I ought not to feel ashamed of the truth being known."

There was logic and heroism in this closing sentence, though it did not strictly correspond with the expression she had just now let fall as to what the people would think. I surveyed her silently, and after a little exclaimed,—

"You are in the right. Let the truth be known. I shall give the skipper the whole yarn, that there may be no misunderstanding; for, after all, we may have to stick to this ship for some days, and it would be very unpleasant to find ourselves misjudged."

VII.

I gazed, as I spoke, through the windows of the saloon or cuddy front which overlooked the main deck, where a number of steerage

passengers were standing in groups; the ship was before the wind; the great main-course was hauled up to its yard, and I could see to as far as the forecandle, where a fragment of bowsprit showed under the white arch of the foresail; some sailors in colored apparel were hauling upon a rope hard by the foremast; a gleam of misty sunshine was pouring full upon this window-framed picture, and crowded it with rich oceanic tints softened by the rule-like swaying shadows of the rigging. An extraordinary thought flashed into my head.

"By Jove, Grace, I wonder if there's a parson on board?"

"Why do you wonder?"

"If there is a parson on board he might be able to marry us."

She colored, smiled, and looked grave all in a breath.

"A ship is not a church," said she, almost demurely.

"No," I answered, "but a parson's a parson wherever he is: he carries with him the same appetite, the same dress, the same powers, no matter whither his steps conduct him."

She shook her head, smiling, but her blush had faded, nor could her smile conceal a little look of alarm in her eyes.

"My darling," said I, "surely if there should be a clergyman on board you will not object to his marrying us? It would end all our troubles, anxieties, misgivings,—thrust Lady Amelia out of the question altogether, save us from a tedious spell of waiting ashore——"

"But the objections which would hold good on shore would hold good here," said she, with her face averted.

"No, I can't see it," said I, talking so noisily out of the enthusiasm the notion had raised in me that she looked round to say, "Hush!" and then turned her head again. "There must be a difference," said I, sobering my voice, "between the marriage ceremony as performed on sea and on shore. The burial service is different, and you will find the other is so too. There is too much horizon at sea, too much distance, to talk of consent. Guardians and parents are too far off. As to banns, who's going to say 'no' on board a vessel?"

"I cannot imagine that it would be a proper wedding," said she, shaking her head.

"Do you mean in the sense of its being valid, my sweet?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"But don't you see that a parson's a parson everywhere? Whom God hath joined——"

The steward entered the saloon at that moment. I called to him, and said, politely,—

"Have you many passengers, steward?"

"Ay, sir, too many," he answered. "The steerage is pretty nigh chock ablock."

"Saloon passengers, I mean?"

"Every berth's hoccupied, sir."

"What sort of people are they, do you know? Any swells among them?"

"That depends how they're viewed," he answered, with a cautious look round and a slow smile. "If by themselves, they're all swells; if by others,—why——"

"I thought perhaps you might have something in the colonial bishopric way."

"No, sir, there's nothin' in that way aboard. Plenty as needs it, I dessay. The language of some of them steerage chaps is something to turn the black hairs of a monkey white. Talk of the vulgarity of sailors!"

The glances of this steward were dry and shrewd, and his smile slow and knowing: I chose, therefore, to ask him no more questions. But then substantially he had told me what I wanted to gather, and secretly I felt as much mortified and disappointed as though for days past I had been thinking of nothing else than finding a parson on board ship at sea and being married to Grace by him.

A little later on, Mrs. Barstow came into the saloon and asked Grace to accompany her on deck. My sweetheart put on her hat and jacket, and the three of us went on to the poop.

"A voyage in such a ship as this, Mrs. Barstow," said I, "should make the most delightful trip of a person's life."

"It is better than yachting," said Grace, softly.

"A voyage soon grows tedious," remarked Mrs. Barstow. "Miss Bellassys, I trust you will share my cabin whilst you remain with us."

"You are exceedingly kind," said Grace.

Others of the passengers now approached, and I observed a general effort of kindness and politeness. The ladies gathered about Grace, and the gentlemen about me, and the time slipped by whilst I related my adventures and listened to their experiences of the weather in the Channel and such matters. It was strange, however, to feel that every hour that passed was widening our distance from home. I never for an instant regretted my determination to quit the yacht. Yet at this early time of our being aboard the *Carthusian* I was disquieted by a sense of mild dismay when I ran my eye over the ship and marked her sliding and courtesying steadily forward to the impulse of her wide and gleaming pinions, and reflected that this sort of thing might go on for days and perhaps for weeks,—that we might arrive at the equator, perhaps at the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, without meeting with a vessel to serve our turn!

Well, in talking, and in thinking, and in looking, that first afternoon passed, and at half-past five o'clock we went to dinner. I had had a short chat with Captain Parsons, and from him had learned that there was no parson on board, though I flattered myself that I had put the question in such a way as not to excite in his brine-seasoned mind the faintest suspicion of the meaning of my curiosity. I had also given him to understand that I was a young gentleman of substance, and begged him to believe that any cost Grace and I might put the ship to should be repaid with interest to her owners.

It was impossible for me to find myself seated with Grace at my side at that cheerful, hospitable, sparkling, sea dinner-table without acutely realizing the difference betwixt this time and yesterday. Some ten or twelve persons sat down, but there was room for another half-dozen, which I believe about completed the number of saloon passengers the *Carthusian* carried. Captain Parsons, with a counte-

nance varnished as from the recent employment of soap, was at the head of the table, with Mrs. Barstow on his right, and I observed that they frequently conversed whilst they often directed their eyes at Grace and me.

The chief officer, the Scotch-faced man I have before written of, sat at the foot of the table, slowly and soberly eating.

"It would be strange, sir," said I, addressing him, "if we do not hereabouts speedily fall in with something homeward bound."

"It would, sir," he answered, with a broad Scotch accent.

"Yet not so strange, Mr. McCosh," said a passenger sitting opposite to me, "if you come to consider how wide the sea is here."

"Well, perhaps not so strange either," said Mr. McCosh, in his sawdusty voice, speaking with his mouth full.

"Should you pass a steamer at night," said I, "would you stop and hail her?"

He reflected, and said he thought not.

"Then our opportunities for getting home must be limited to daylight," said I.

This seemed too obvious to him, I suppose, to need a response.

"Are you in a very great hurry, Mr. Barclay, to get home?" exclaimed a passenger with a slight cast in his eye that gave a turn of humor to his face.

"Why, yes," I answered, with a glance at Grace, who was eating quietly at my side, seldom looking up, though she was as much stared at even after all these hours as decent manners would permit. "You will please remember that we are without luggage."

"Eh, but that is to be managed, I think. There are many of us here of both sexes," continued the gentleman with the cast in his eye, sending a squint along the row of people on either side of the table. "You should see New Zealand, sir. The country abounds with fine and noble prospects, and I do not think," he added, with a smile, "that you will find occasion to complain of a want of hospitality."

"I am greatly obliged," said I, giving him a bow; "but New Zealand is a little distant for the moment."

The subject of New Zealand was now, however, started, and the conversation on its harbors, revenue, political parties, debts, prospects, and the like was exceedingly animated, and lasted pretty nearly through the dinner. Though Grace and I were seated at the foremost end of the table, removed nearly by the whole length of it from the captain, I was sensible that his talk to those near him mainly concerned us. He had, as I have said, Mrs. Barstow on one hand, and on the other sat the lady with the thin lips and sausage curls. I would notice him turn first to one, then to the other, his round, sea-colored face broadened by an arch, knowing smile; then Mrs. Barstow would look at us, then the lady with the thin lips would stretch her neck to take a peep down the line in which we sat; others would also look, smirk a bit, and address themselves with amused faces in a low voice to Captain Parsons.

All this was not so marked as to be offensive, or even embarrassing, but it was a very noticeable thing, and I whispered to Grace that

we seemed to form the sole theme of conversation at the captain's end.

When dinner was over we went on deck. Mrs. Barstow and the thin-lipped lady carried off Grace for a stroll up and down the planks, and I joined a few of the gentlemen passengers on the quarter-deck to smoke a cigar one of them gave me. There was a fine breeze out of the east, and the ship, with yards nearly square, was sliding and rolling stately along her course at some six or seven miles in the hour. The west was flushed with red, but a few stars were trembling in the airy dimness of the evening blue over the stern, and in the south was the young moon, a pale curl, but gathering from the clearness of the atmosphere a promise of radiance enough later on to touch the sea with silver under it and fling a gleam of her own upon our soaring sails.

I had almost finished my cigar,—two bells, seven o'clock, had not long been struck,—when one of the stewards came out of the saloon, and, approaching me, said,—

"Captain Parsons's compliments, sir, and he'll be glad to see you in his cabin if you can spare him a few minutes."

"With pleasure," I answered, flinging the end of my cigar overboard, instantly concluding that he wished to see me privately to arrange about terms and accommodation whilst Grace and I remained with him.

I followed the man into the saloon, and was led right aft, where stood two large cabins. On entering I found Captain Parsons sitting at a table covered with nautical instruments, books, writing-materials, and so forth. A lighted bracket-lamp near the door illuminated the interior, and gave me a good view of the hearty little fellow and his sea-furniture of cot, lockers, chest of drawers, and wearing-apparel that slid to and fro upon the bulkhead as it dangled from pegs. His air was grave, and his countenance as full of importance as, with such features as his, it was capable of being. Having asked me to take a seat, he surveyed me thoughtfully for some moments in silence.

"Young gentleman," said he, at last, "before we man the windlass I have to beg you'll not take amiss any questions I may put. Whatever I ask won't be out of curiosity. I believe I can see my way to doing you and your pretty young lady a very considerable service; but I shall first want all the truth you may think proper to give me."

I heard him with some astonishment. What could he mean? What service had he in contemplation to render me?

"The truth of what, Captain Parsons?" said I.

"Well, now, your relations with Miss Bellassys: it's an elopement, I believe?"

"That is so," I answered, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to feel vexed.

"Though the young lady," he continued, "is not one of my passengers in the sense that the rest of 'em are, she is aboard my ship, and as though by the Divine ordering committed to my care, as are you and every man jack of the two hundred and four souls who are sailing with me. Of course you know that we ship-masters have very great powers."

I merely inclined my head, wondering what he was driving at.

"A ship-master," he proceeded, "is lord paramount, quite the cock of his own walk, and nothing must crow where he is. He is responsible for the safety and comfort, for the well-being, moral, spiritual, and physical, of every creature aboard his ship, no matter what the circumstances under which that creature came aboard, whether by paying cabin-money, by shipwreck, or by signing articles. Miss Bellassys has come into my hands, and it's my duty, as master of this ship, to see that she's done right by."

The conflict of twenty emotions rendered me quite incapable to do anything more than stare at him.

"Now, Mr. Barclay," he continued, crossing his bow legs, and wagging a little stunted forefinger in a kindly, admonishing way, "don't be affronted by this preface, and don't be affronted by what I'm going to ask; for if all be plain sailing I shall be able to do you and the young lady a real A1, copper-fastened service."

"Pray ask any questions you wish, captain," said I.

"This is an elopement, you say?"

"It is."

"Where from?"

"Boulogne-sur-Mer."

"Bullong-sewer-Mare," he repeated. "Was the young lady at school?"

"She was."

"What might be her age, now?"

"She will be eighteen next so-and-so," said I, giving him the month.

He suddenly jumped up, and I could not imagine what he meant to do, till, pulling open a drawer, he took out a large box of cigars, which he placed upon the table.

"Pray light up, Mr. Barclay," said he, looking to see if the window of his port-hole was open. "They are genuine Havana cigars." He lighted one himself, and proceeded: "What necessity was there for this elopement?"

"Miss Bellassys is an orphan," I answered, still so much astonished that I found myself almost mechanically answering him, as though I were in a witness-box and he were Mr. Justice Parsons in a wig, instead of an old, bow-legged, pimple-nosed merchant skipper. "Her father was Colonel Bellassys, who died some years ago in India. On her mother's death she was taken charge of by her aunt, Lady Amelia Roscoe. Lady Amelia's husband was a gentleman named Withycombe Roscoe, whose estate in Kent adjoined my father's, Sir Herbert Barclay, the engineer."

"D'ye mean the gentleman who built the L—— Docks?"

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed!" cried he, looking somewhat impressed. "And how is your father, Mr. Barclay?"

"He died about two years and a half ago," I replied. "But you have asked me for the truth of this elopement, Captain Parsons. There were constant quarrels between my father and Mr. Withycombe

Roscoe over a hedge, or wall, or ditch,—some matter contemptibly insignificant; but if the value of the few rods or perches of ground had been represented by the national debt there could not have been hotter blood, more ill feeling between them. Litigation was incessant, and I am sorry to say that it still continues, though I should be glad to end it."

"Sort of entail lawsuit, I suppose?" said the captain, smoking with enjoyment and listening with interest and respect.

"Just so," said I, finding now a degree of happiness in this candor: it was a kind of easing of my conscience to tell this man my story, absolute stranger as he had been to me but a few hours before. "Mr. Roscoe died, and Lady Amelia took a house in London. I met her niece at the house of a friend, and fell in love with her."

"So I should think," exclaimed Captain Parsons. "Never saw a sweeter young lady in all my time."

"Well, to cut this part of the story, when her ladyship learned that her niece was in love, and discovered who her sweetheart was,—this occupied a few months, I may tell you,—she packed the girl off to Boulogne, to a Mademoiselle Championnet, who keeps a sort of school at that place; though Grace was sent there professedly to learn French. This mademoiselle is some sort of poor connection of Lady Amelia's, a bigoted Catholic, as her ladyship is, and it soon grew clear to my mind from letters I received from Miss Bellassys, despatched in the old romantic fashion——"

"What fashion's that?" called out the captain.

"The bribed housemaid, sir—it soon grew clear to my mind, I say, that Lady Amelia's main object in sending the girl to Mademoiselle Championnet was to get her converted."

"A d——d shame!" cried Captain Parsons.

"Do you need to hear more?" said I, smiling. "I love the girl, and she loves me; she was an orphan, and I did not consider the aunt a right and proper guardian for her; she consented to elope, and we did elope, and here we are, captain."

"And you were bound to Penzance, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Why Penzance?"

"To get married at a church in that district."

"Who was going to marry ye?"

"A cousin of mine, the Reverend Frank Howe,—of course after we had fulfilled the confounded legal conditions which obstruct young people like ourselves in England."

"And what are the legal conditions? It's so long since I was married that I forget 'em," said the captain.

"Residence, as it is called; then the consent of her ladyship, as Miss Bellassys is under age."

"But *she* isn't going to consent, is she?"

"How can she refuse, after our association in the yacht, and here?" It took him some time to understand; he then shut one eye and said, "I see."

We pulled at our cigars in silence as we gazed at each other. The

evening had blackened into night; a silver star or two slid in the open port, through which came the washing noise of the water as it swept eddying and seething past the bends into the wake of the ship; now and again the rudder jarred harshly, and there was a monotonous tread of feet overhead. We were at the extreme after end of the vessel, where the heave of her would be most sensibly felt, and she was still courtesying with some briskness, but I scarcely heeded the motion, so effectually had the mad behavior of the Spitfire cured me of all tendency to nausea.

"And now, Mr. Barclay," exclaimed the captain, after a silence of a minute or two, "I'll explain why I have made so free as to ask you for your story. It's the opinion of Mrs. Barstow and Miss Moggadore that Miss Bellassys and you ought to be married right away off. It's a duty that's owing to the young lady. You can see it for yourself, sir. Her situation, young gentleman," he added, with emphasis, "is not what it ought to be."

"I agree in every word," I exclaimed; "but——"

He interrupted me: "Her dignity is yours, her reputation is yours. And the sooner you're married the better."

I was about to speak, but, despite my pronouncing several words, he proceeded obstinately:

"Mrs. Barstow is one of the best-natured women in the world. There never was a more practical lady; sees a thing in a minute; and you may believe in her advice as you would in the fathom-marks on a lead-line. Miss Moggadore, the young lady that sat on my left at table,—did you notice her, Mr. Barclay?"

"A middle-aged lady, with curls?"

"Eight-and-thirty. Ain't that young enough? Ay, Miss Moggadore has two curls; and let me tell you that her nose heads the right way. Miss Moggadore wasn't behind the door when brains were served out. Well, she and Mrs. Barstow, and your humble servant," he convulsed his short square figure into a sea-bow, "are for having you and Miss Bellassys married straight away off."

"So there is a clergyman on board?" I cried, feeling the blood in my face, and staring eagerly at him.

"No, sir," said he, "there's no clergyman aboard my ship."

"Then," said I, almost sulkily, "what on earth, Captain Parsons, is the good of you and Mrs. Barstow and Miss Moggadore advising Miss Bellassys and me to get married straight away off, as you term it?"

"It ought to be done," said he, with an emphatic nod.

"What! without a parson?" I cried.

"I am a parson," he exclaimed.

I imagined he intended a stupid pun upon his name.

"Parson enough," he continued, "to do your business. *Pll* marry you."

"You?" I shouted.

"Yes, me," he returned, striking his breast with his fist.

"Pray where were you ordained?" said I, disgusted with the bad taste of what I regarded as a joke.

"Ordained?" he echoed. "I don't understand you. I'm the master of a British merchantman, and, as such, can and do desire for Miss Bellassys's sake to marry ye."

Now, I do not know how, when, or where I had stumbled upon the fact, but all on a sudden it came into my head that it was as Captain Parsons said,—namely, that the master of a British merchantman was empowered, whether by statute, by precedent, or by recognition of the laws of necessity, to celebrate the marriage service on board his own ship at sea. I may have read it in the corner of a newspaper,—in some column of answers to correspondents,—as likely as not in a work of fiction; but the mere fact of having heard of it persuaded me that Captain Parsons was in earnest; and very much indeed did he look in earnest as he surveyed me with an expression of triumph in his little eyes whilst I hung in the wind, swiftly thinking.

"But am I to understand," said I, fetching a breath, "that a marriage at sea, with nobody but the captain of the ship to officiate, is legal?"

"Certainly," he cried. "Let me splice you to Miss Bellassys, and there's nothing mortal outside the Divorce Court that can sunder you. How many couples do you think I've married in my time?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Six," he cried; "and they're all doing well, too."

"Have you a special marriage service at sea?"

"The same, word for word, as you have it in the Prayer-Book."

"And when it is read——?" said I, pausing.

"I enter the circumstance in the official log-book, duly witnessed, and then there you are, much more married than it would delight you to feel if afterwards you should find out you've made a mistake."

My heart beat fast. Though I never dreamt for an instant of accepting this skipper's offices seriously, yet if the ceremony he performed should be legal it would be a trump card in my hand for any game I might hereafter have to play with Lady Amelia.

"But how," said I, "are you to get over the objections to my marriage?"

"What objections? The only objection I see is your not being married already."

"Why," said I, "residence or license?"

He flourished his hand: "You're both aboard my ship, aren't ye? That's residence enough for me. As to license, there's no such thing at sea. Suppose a couple wanted to get married in the middle of the Pacific Ocean: where's the license to come from?"

"But how about the consent of the guardian?"

"The lawful guardian isn't here," he answered: "the lawful guardian is leagues astern. No use talking of guardians aboard ship. The young lady being in this ship constitutes me her guardian, and it's enough for you that I give my consent."

His air as he pronounced these words induced such a fit of laughter that for several moments I was unable to speak. He appeared to enjoy my merriment heartily, and sat watching me with the broadest of grins.

"I'm glad you take to the notion kindly," said he. "I was afraid, with Mrs. Barstow, that you'd create a difficulty."

"I? Indeed, Captain Parsons, I have nothing in the world else to do, nothing in the world else to think of, but to get married. But how about Miss Bellassys?" I added, with a shake of the head. "What will *she* have to say to a shipboard wedding?"

"You leave her to Mrs. Barstow and Miss Moggadore," said he, with a nod. "Besides, it's for her to be anxious to get married. Make no mistake, young man. Until she becomes Mrs. Barclay, her situation is by no means what it ought to be."

"But is it the fact, captain," I exclaimed, visited by a new emotion of surprise and incredulity, "that a marriage celebrated at sea by the captain of a ship is legal?"

Instead of answering, he counted upon his fingers:

"Three and one are four, and two are six, and two's eight, and three's eleven, and four again's fifteen." He paused, looking up at me, and exclaimed, with as much solemnity as he could impart to his briny voice, "If it isn't legal, all I can say is, God help fifteen of as fine a set of children as ever a man could wish to clap eyes on,—not counting the twelve parents, that I married. But, since you seem to doubt,—I wish I had the official log-books containing the entries,—tell ye what I'll do!" he exclaimed, jumping up. "Do you know Mr. Higginson?"

"A passenger, I presume?"

"Ay, one of the shrewdest lawyers in New Zealand. I'll send for him, and you shall hear what he says."

But on putting his head out to call for the steward he saw Mr. Higginson sitting at the saloon table, reading. Some whispering followed, and they both arrived, the captain carefully shutting the door behind him. Mr. Higginson was a tall, middle-aged man, with a face that certainly looked intellectual enough to inspire one with some degree of confidence in anything he might deliver. He put on a pair of *pince-nez* glasses, bowed to me, and took a chair. The captain began awkwardly, abruptly, and in a rumbling voice:

"Mr. Higginson, I'll tell you in half a dozen words how the case stands. No need for mystery. Mr. Barclay's out on an eloping tour. He don't mind my saying so, for we want nothing but the truth aboard the Carthusian. He's run away with that sweet young lady we took off his yacht, and is anxious to get married, and Mrs. Barstow and Miss Moggadore don't at all relish the situation the young lady's put herself in, and they're for marrying her as quickly as the job can be done."

Mr. Higginson nursed his knee and smiled at the deck with a look of embarrassment, though he had been attending to the skipper's words with lawyer-like gravity down to that moment.

"You see," continued Captain Parsons, "that the young lady being aboard my ship is under my care."

"Just so," said Mr. Higginson.

"Therefore I'm her guardian, and it's my duty to look after her."

"Just so," murmured Mr. Higginson.

"Now, I suppose you're aware, sir," continued the captain, "that

the master of a British merchantman is fully empowered to marry any couple aboard his ship?"

"Empowered by what?" asked Mr. Higginson.

"He has the right to do it, sir," answered the captain.

"It is a subject," said Mr. Higginson, nervously, "upon which I am hardly qualified to give an opinion."

"Is a shipboard marriage legal, or is it not legal?" demanded the captain.

"I cannot answer as to the legality," answered the lawyer, "but I believe there are several instances on record of marriages having taken place at sea, and I should say," he added, slowly and cautiously, "that, in the event of their legality ever being tested, no court would be found willing, on the merits of the contracts as marriages, to set them aside."

"There ye have it, Mr. Barclay!" cried the captain, with a triumphant swing round in his chair.

"In the case of a marriage at sea," continued Mr. Higginson, looking at me, "I should certainly counsel the parties not to depend upon the validity of their union, but to make haste to confirm it by a second marriage on their arrival at port."

"Needless expense and trouble," whipped out the captain; "there's the official log-book: what more's wanted?"

"But is there no form required, no license necessary?" I exclaimed, addressing Mr. Higginson.

"Hardly at sea, I should say," he answered, smiling.

"My argument!" shouted the captain.

"But the young lady is under age," I continued. "She is an orphan, and her aunt is her guardian. How about that aunt's consent, sir?"

"How can it be obtained?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"My argument again!" roared the captain.

"No doubt," said Mr. Higginson, "as the young lady is under age the marriage could be rendered by the action of the guardian null and void. But would the guardian in this case take such a step? Would she not rather desire that this union at sea should be confirmed by a wedding on shore?"

"You exactly express my hope," said I; "but before we decide, Captain Parsons, let me first of all talk the matter over with Miss Bellassys."

"All right, sir," he answered; "but don't lose sight of this: that whilst the young lady's aboard my ship I'm her natural guardian and protector; the law holds me accountable for her safety and well-being, and what I say is, she ought to be married. I've explained why; and I say she ought to be *married*!"

VIII.

A few minutes later I quitted the cabin, leaving the captain and Mr. Higginson arguing upon the powers of a commander of a ship, the skipper shouting, as I opened the door, "I tell you, Mr. Higginson, that the master of a vessel may not only legally marry a couple,

but may legally christen their infants, sir, and then legally bury the lot of them if they should die."

I found Grace seated at the table between Mrs. Barstow and Miss Moggadore. Mrs. Barstow bestowed a smile upon me, but Miss Moggadore's thin lips did not part, and there was something very austere and acid in the gaze she fastened upon my face. The saloon was now in full blaze, and presented a very fine, sparkling appearance indeed. The motion of the ship was so quiet that the swing of the radiant lamps was hardly noticeable. Some eight or ten of the passengers were scattered about,—a couple at chess, another reading, a third leaning back with his eyes fixed on a lamp, and so on.

I leaned over the back of my darling's chair and addressed some commonplaces to her and to the two ladies, intending presently to withdraw her, that I might have a long talk, but after a minute or two Mrs. Barstow rose and went to her cabin, a hint that Miss Moggadore was good enough to take. I seated myself in that lady's chair at Grace's side.

"Well, my pet, and what have they been talking to you about?"

"They have been urging me to marry you to-morrow morning, Herbert," she answered, with a smile that was half a pout, and a blush that did not signify so much embarrassment but that she could look at me.

"I am fresh from a long talk with the captain," said I, "and he has been urging me to do the same thing."

"It is ridiculous," said she, holding down her head. "There is no clergyman in the ship."

"But the captain of a vessel may act as a clergyman, under the circumstances," said I.

"I don't believe it, Herbert."

"But see here, Grace," said I, speaking earnestly but softly, for there were ears not far distant: "it is not likely that we should regard the captain's celebration of our marriage here as more than something that will strengthen our hands for the struggle with your aunt. Until we have been joined by a clergyman in proper shipshape fashion, as Captain Parsons himself might say, we shall not be man and wife; but then, my darling, consider this: first of all it is in the highest degree probable that a marriage performed on board a ship by her captain is legal; next, that your aunt would suppose we regarded the union as legal, when of course she would be forced to conclude we regarded ourselves as man and wife. Would she then *dare* come between us? Her consent must be wrung from her by this politic stroke of shipboard wedding, that to her mind would be infinitely more significant than our association in the yacht. She will go about and inquire if a shipboard wedding is legal; her lawyers will answer her as best they can, but their advice will be, Secure your niece by sending your consent to Penzance that she may be legitimately married in an English church by a Church-of-England clergyman."

She listened thoughtfully, but with an air of childish simplicity that was inexpressibly touching to my love for her.

"It would be merely a ceremony," said she, leaning her cheek in her hand, "to strengthen your appeal to Aunt Amelia?"

"Wholly, my darling."

"Well, dearest," said she, gently, "if you wish it——"

I could have taken her to my heart for her ready compliance. I had expected a resolved refusal, and had promised myself some hours both that evening and next day of exhortation, entreaty, representation. I was, indeed, hot on the project, and even as I talked to her I felt my enthusiasm growing. Secretly I had no doubt whatever that Captain Parsons was empowered as master of a British merchantman to marry us, and though, as I had told her, I should consider the ceremony as simply an additional weapon for fighting Aunt Amelia with, yet as a contract it might securely bind us too; we were to be parted only by the action of the aunt; this, I felt assured, for the sake of her niece's fame and future and for her own name, her ladyship would never attempt; so that from the moment the captain ended the service, Grace would be my wife to all intents and purposes, which indeed was all we had in view when we glided out of Boulogne harbor in the poor little Spitfire.

However, though she had sweetly and promptly consented, a great deal remained to talk about. I repeated all that Captain Parsons and all that Mr. Higginson had said, and when we had exhausted the subject we naturally spoke of our prospects of quitting the Carthusian; and, one subject suggesting another, we sat chatting till about nine o'clock, at which hour the stewards arrived with wine and grog and biscuits, whereupon the passengers put away their books and chess-boards and gathered about the table, effectually ending our *tête-à-tête*. Then Mrs. Barstow arrived, followed by Miss Moggadore. I took the former lady aside, leaving Grace in charge of the acidulated gentlewoman with the curls.

"Miss Bellassys tells me," said I, "that you have warmly counselled her to allow Captain Parsons to marry us. You are very good. You could not do us a greater service than by giving such advice. She has consented, asking only that the ceremony shall be privately performed in the captain's cabin."

"She is very young," replied Mrs. Barstow,—"too young, I fear, to realize her position. I am a mother, Mr. Barclay, and my sympathies are entirely with your charming sweetheart. Under such conditions as we find her in, we must all wish to see her married. Were her mother living, I am sure that would be her desire."

"Were her mother living," said I, "there would have been no elopement."

She inclined her head with a cordial gesture. "Miss Bellassys," said she, "has been very candid. As a mother myself, I must blame her; but as a woman——" She shook her head, smiling.

We stood apart conversing for some time, and were then interrupted by the head steward, who came to tell me that by orders of the captain I was to sleep in a berth occupied by one of the passengers, a Mr. Tooth. I went to inspect this berth, and was very well pleased to find a clean and comfortable bed prepared.

I had my pipe and a pouch of tobacco in my pocket, and thought I would go on deck for half an hour before retiring to bed. As I

passed the table on my way to the companion-ladder, Mr. Higginson rose from a book he had been reading, and detained me by putting his hand upon my arm.

"I have been thinking over the matter of marriages at sea, Mr. Barclay," he began, with a wary look round to make sure that nobody was listening. "I wish we had a copy of the Merchant Shippings Act for 1854, for I believe there is a section which provides that every master of a ship carrying an official log-book shall enter in it every marriage that takes place on board, together with the names and ages of the parties. And I fancy there is another section which provides that every master of every foreign-going ship shall sign and deliver to some mercantile marine authority a list containing, among other things, a statement of every marriage which takes place on board. There is also an Act called, if my memory serves me, the Confirmation of Marriage on her Majesty's Ships Act. But this, I presume, does not concern what may happen in merchant-vessels. I should like to read up Hammick on the Marriage Laws of England. One thing, however, is clear: marriage at sea is contemplated by the Merchant Shippings Act of 1854. Merchantmen do not carry chaplains; a clergyman in attendance as a passenger was assuredly not in the minds of those who are responsible for the Act. The sections, in my opinion, point to the captain as the person to officiate; and, having turned the matter thoroughly over, I don't scruple to pronounce that a marriage solemnized at sea by the master of a British merchantman is as legal and valid as though celebrated on shore in the usual way."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," said I.

"It is a most interesting point," said he. "It ought certainly to be settled."

I laughed out, and went on deck with my spirits in a dance. To think of such a marriage as we contemplated! and to find it in all probability as binding as the shore-going ceremony! Assuredly it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the gale that had nearly foundered us was to end in returning us to our native shores a wedded pair! I filled my pipe, and stood musing a bit, thinking of Caudel and the others of the little dandy, of the yacht, of the gale we had out-lived, and of twenty other like matters, when the voice of the captain broke in upon my reverie:

"This will be you, Mr. Barclay? I begin to know you now without candle-light, by your height."

"Yes, it is I, captain,—just stepped on deck for a smoke and a breath of this cool wind before turning in. Do you know, when I view the great dark outline of your ship sweeping through this tremendous space of darkness, and then think of the crowds of people asleep in her heart, I can't but believe the post of commander of a big merchantman, like this vessel, foremost among the most responsible under the sun?"

"Sir, you are right," replied the little man, in a voice that was almost oily with gratification. "Let us walk."

We started to measure the planks from the wheel to half-way the length of the poop.

"There is no doubt," said I, "that you, as master of this vessel, are, as you have all along contended, empowered to marry me to Miss Bellassys." And then I gave him the substance of what Mr. Higginson had said to me below.

"I was sure that Higginson would see it after thinking a bit," said he. "Of course I am empowered to marry on board my ship any couple that may apply to me. Have you spoken to Miss Bellassys?"

"I have."

"And is she agreeable?"

"Perfectly agreeable."

"Good!" said he, with a chuckle. "Now, when shall it be?"

"Oh, it is for you to say, captain."

"Ten o'clock to-morrow morning do?"

"Very well indeed," I answered; "but it will be quite private, Captain Parsons: it is Miss Bellassys's wish."

I slept right through the night, and when I awoke Mr. Tooth was shaving himself, and the cabin was brilliant with sunshine whitened to a finer glory yet by the broad surface of milk-white froth that was rushing past the ship. The ship was heeling to it as a yacht might; her yards were braced forward, and the snow at her forefoot soared and blew away in smoke to the sliding irresistible thrust of her sharp metal stem. The sea for leagues and leagues rolled blue, foaming, brilliant; wool-like clouds lovely with prismatic glitterings in their skirts as they sailed from the sun were speeding into the southeast; the whole life of the world seemed to be in that morning,—in the joyous sweep of the wind, in the frolicsome frothing of each long blue ridge of rolling sea, in the triumphant speeding of the ship sliding buoyant from one soft foam-freckled hollow to another.

I drew a deep breath. "Ha!" thought I, "if it were always like this, now, and New Zealand not so distant!"

I saw nothing of Grace till the cabin breakfast was ready. Most of the first-class passengers had by this time assembled, some of those who had been sea-sick yesterday issuing from their cabins; and I noticed a general stare of admiration as my darling stepped forth, followed by Mrs. Barstow. Her long and comfortable night's rest had restored her bloom to her. How sweet she looked! how engaging the girlish dignity of her posture! how bright her timid eyes as she paused to send a glance round in search of me! I was instantly at her side.

"The ceremony is fixed for ten, I think?" said Mrs. Barstow; and here Miss Moggadore arrived, as one who had a right to be of us, not to say with us.

"I am of opinion," said she, "that the ceremony ought to be public."

"I'd rather not," I answered. "In fact, we both had rather not."

"But so many witnesses!" said Miss Moggadore.

"Shall you be present?" inquired Mrs. Barstow.

"I hope to receive an invitation," answered Miss Moggadore.

"We shall count upon your being present," exclaimed Grace, sweetly; but the smile with which she spoke quickly faded; she looked grave and nervous, and I found some reproach in the eyes she lifted to my face.

"It seems so unreal,—almost impious, Herbert, as though we were acting a sham part in a terribly solemn act," she exclaimed, as we seated ourselves.

"There is no sham in it, my pet. Yonder sits Mr. Higginson, a lawyer, and that man has no doubt whatever that when we are united by the captain we shall be as much man and wife as any clergyman could make us."

"I consent, but only to please you," said she, with something of restlessness in her manner; and I noticed that she ate but little.

"My darling, you know why I wish this marriage performed," I said, speaking softly in her ear, for there were many eyes upon us, and some ladies who had not before put in an appearance were seated almost opposite and constantly directed their gaze at us, whilst they would pass remarks in whispers when they bent their heads over their plates. "It can do no possible harm: it must be my cousin, not Captain Parsons, who makes you my wife. But then, Grace, it may be binding too, requiring nothing more than the sanctification of the union in the regular way; and it may—it will—create a difficulty for your aunt which should go very near to extinguishing her."

She sighed and appeared nervous and depressed; but I was too eager to have my way to choose to notice her manner. It would be a thing of the past in a very little while; we might hope, at all events, to be on our way home shortly, and I easily foresaw I should never forgive myself after leaving the Carthusian if I suffered Grace to influence me into refusing the captain's offer to marry us, odd as the whole business was, and irregular as it might prove, too, for all I could tell.

IX.

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Barstow took Grace to her cabin, and there they remained. Miss Moggadore stepped up to me as I was about to go on deck, and said,—

"It is not yet too late, Mr. Barclay, and I really think it ought to be a public ceremony."

"Sooner than that, I would decline it altogether," said I, in no humor at that moment to be teased by the opinions of an acidulated spinster.

"I consider," she said, "that a wedding can never take place in too public a manner. It is proper that the whole world should know that a couple are truly man and wife."

"The whole world," said I, "in the sense of this ship, must know it, as far as I am concerned, without seeing it."

"Well," said she, with a simper which her mere streak of lip was but little fitted to contrive, "I hope you will have all happiness in your wedded lives."

I bowed, without replying, and passed up the steps, not choosing to

linger longer in the face of the people who hung about me with an air of carelessness, but with faces of curiosity.

Presently I looked at my watch: a quarter to ten. Mr. Tooth strolled up to me.

"All alone, Mr. Barclay? 'Tis a fact, have you noticed, that when a man is about to get married people hold off from him? I can understand this of a corpse; but a live young man, you know,—and only because he's going to get married! By the way, as it is to be a private affair, I suppose there is no chance for me?"

"The captain is the host," I answered. "He is to play the father. If he chooses to invite you, by all means be present." As I spoke, the captain came on deck, turning his head about in manifest search of me. He gravely beckoned with an air of ceremony, and Mr. Tooth and I went up to him. He looked at Mr. Tooth, who immediately said,—

"Captain, a wedding at sea is good enough to remember,—something for a man to talk about. *Can't* I be present?" And he dropped his head on one side with an insinuating smile.

"No, sir," answered Captain Parsons, with true sea-grace, and putting his hand on my arm he carried me right aft. "The hour's at hand," said he. "Who's to be present, d'ye know? for if it's to be private we don't want a crowd."

"Mrs. Barstow and Miss Moggadore; nobody else, I believe."

"Better have a couple of men as witnesses. What d'ye say to Mr. Higginson?"

"Anybody you please, captain."

"And the second?" said he, tilting his hat and thinking. "McCosh? Yes, I don't think we can do better than McCosh. A thoughtful Scotchman, with an excellent memory." He pulled out his watch. "Five minutes to ten. Let us go below." And down we went.

The steward was despatched to bring Mr. Higginson and the chief mate, Mr. McCosh, to the captain's cabin. The saloon was empty; possibly out of consideration to our feelings, the people had gone on deck or withdrawn to their berths.

"Bless me! I had quite forgotten," cried Captain Parsons, as he entered his cabin. "Have you a wedding-ring, Mr. Barclay?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, laughing, and pulling out the purse in which I kept it. "Little use in sailing away with a young lady, Captain Parsons, to get married, unless you carry the ring with you."

"Glad you have it. We can't be too shipshape. But I presume you know," said the little fellow, "that any sort of a ring would do,—even a curtain-ring. No occasion for the lady to wear what you slip on, though I believe it's expected she should keep it upon her finger till the service is over. Let me see, now,—there's something else I wanted to say. Oh, yes: who's to give the bride away?"

There was a knock at the door, and Mr. Higginson, followed by Mr. McCosh, entered.

"Mr. Higginson," immediately cried the captain, "you will give the bride away."

The lawyer put his hand upon his shirt-front and bowed. I

glanced at McCosh, who had scarcely had time to do more than flourish a hair-brush. He was extraordinarily grave, and turned a very literal eye round about. I asked him if he had ever before taken part in a ceremony of this sort at sea. He reflected, and answered, "No, neither at sea nor ashore."

"But, seeing that you are a witness, Mr. McCosh, you thoroughly understand the significance of the marriage service, I hope?" said Mr. Higginson, dryly.

"D'ye know, then, sir," answered McCosh, in the voice of a saw going through a balk of timber, "I never read or heard a line of the marriage service in all my life. But I have a very good understanding of the object of the ceremony."

"I hope so, Mr. McCosh," said the captain, looking at him doubtfully. "It is as a witness that you're here."

"'Twill be a fact, no doubt?" said Mr. McCosh.

"Certainly," said the lawyer.

"Then of course," said the mate, "I shall always be able to swear to it."

"Ten minutes past ten," cried the captain, whipping out his watch. "I hope Miss Moggadore's not keeping the ladies waiting whilst she powders herself or fits a new cap to her hair."

He opened the door to call to the steward, then hopped back with a sudden convulsive sea-bow to make room for the ladies, who were approaching.

My darling was very white and looked at me piteously. She came to my side, and slipped her hand into mine, whispering under her breath, "Such a silly, senseless ceremony!" I pressed her fingers, and whispered back that the ceremony was not for us, but for Aunt Amelia. She wore her hat and jacket, and Mrs. Barstow was clad as for the deck; but Miss Moggadore, on the other hand, as though in justification of what the captain had said about her, made her appearance in the most extraordinary cap I had ever seen,—an inflated arrangement, as though she were fresh from a breeze of wind that held it bladder-like. She had changed her gown, too, for a sort of Sunday dress of satin or some such material. She courtesied on entering, and took up her position alongside of McCosh, where she stood viewing the company with an austere gaze which so harmonized with the dry, literal, sober stare of the mate that I had to turn my back upon her to save a second explosion of laughter.

"Are we all ready?" said the little captain, in the voice of a man who might hail his mate to tell him to prepare to put the ship about, and McCosh mechanically answered,—

"Ay, ay, sir, all ready."

On this the captain went to the table, where lay a big Church Service in large type, and, putting on his glasses, looked at us over them as a hint for us to take our places. He then began to read, so slowly that I foresaw, unless he skipped many of the passages, we should be detained half the morning in his cabin. He read with extraordinary enjoyment of the sound of his own voice, and constantly lifted his eyes, whilst he delivered the sentences as though he were admonishing

instead of marrying us. Grace kept her head hung, and I felt her trembling when I took her hand. I had flattered myself that I should exhibit no nervousness in such an ordeal as this; but, though I was not sensible of any disposition to tears, I must confess that my secret agitation was incessantly prompting me to laughter of an hysterical sort, which I restrained with struggles that caused me no small suffering. It is at such times as these, perhaps, that the imagination is most inconveniently active.

The others stood behind me; I could not see them; it would have eased me, I think, had I been able to do so. The thought of McCosh's face, the fancy of Miss Moggadore's cap, grew dreadfully oppressive through my inability to vent the emotions they induced. My distress was increased by the mate's pronunciation of the word "Amen." He was always late with it, as though waiting for the others to lead the way, unless it was that he chose to take a "thocht" before committing himself. My wretchedness was heightened by the effect of this lonely Amen, whose belatedness he accentuated by the fervent manner in which he breathed it out.

Yet, spite of the several grotesque conditions which entered into it, this was a brief passage of experience that was by no means lacking in romantic and even poetic beauty. The flashful trembling of the sunlit sea was in the atmosphere of the cabin, and bulkhead and upper deck seemed to race with the rippling of the waves of light in them. Through the open port came the seething and pouring song of the ocean,—the music of smiting billows, the small harmonies of foam-bells and of seething eddies. There was the presence of the ocean, too, the sense of its infinity, and of the speeding ship, a speck under the heavens, yet fraught with the passions and feelings of a multitude of souls bound to a new world, fresh from a land which many of them would never again behold.

The captain took a very long time in marrying us. Had this business possessed any sort of flavor of sentiment for Grace, it must have vanished under the slow, somewhat husky, self-complacent, deep-sea delivery of old Parsons. I took the liberty of pulling out my watch as a hint, but he was enjoying himself too much to be in a hurry. Nothing, I believe, could have so contributed to the felicity of this man as the prospect of uniting one or more couples every day. On several occasions his eyes appeared to fix themselves upon Miss Moggadore, to whom he would accentuate the words he pronounced by several nods. The marriage service, as we all know, is short, yet Captain Parsons kept us an hour in his cabin listening to it. Before reciting "All ye that are married," he hemmed loudly, and appeared to address himself exclusively to Miss Moggadore, to judge by the direction in which he continued to nod emphatically.

At last he closed his book, slowly gazing at one or the other of us over his glasses, as if to witness the effect of his reading in our faces. He then opened his official log-book, and in a whisper, as though he were in church, called Mr. Higginson and Mr. McCosh to the table to witness his entry. Having written it, he requested the two witnesses to read it. Mr. McCosh pronounced it "arl reet," and

Mr. Higginson nodded as gravely as though he were about to read a will.

"The ladies must see this entry too," said Captain Parsons, still preserving his Sabbatical tone. "Can't have too many witnesses. Never can tell what may happen."

The ladies approached and peered, and Miss Moggadore's face took on an unusually hard and acid expression as she pored upon the captain's handwriting.

"Pray read it out, Miss Moggadore," said I.

"Ay, do," exclaimed the captain.

In a thin, harsh voice, like the cheep of a sheave set revolving in a block,—wonderfully in accord, by the way, with the briny character of the ceremony,—the lady read as follows:

"10.10 A.M.—Solemnized the nuptials of Herbert Barclay, Esquire, gentleman, and Grace Bellassys, spinster. Present, Mrs. Barstow, Miss Moggadore, James Higginson, Esquire, solicitor, and Donald McCosh, chief officer. This marriage thus celebrated was conducted according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England."

"And now, Mr. Barclay," said Captain Parsons, as Miss Moggadore concluded, "you'd like a certificate under my hand, wouldn't you?"

"We're not strangers to Mr. and Mrs. Barclay's views," said Mr. Higginson, "and I am certainly of opinion, captain, that Mr. Barclay ought to have such a certificate as you suggest, that on his arrival at home he may send copies of it to those whom it concerns."

At the utterance of the words "Mr. and Mrs. Barclay" I laughed, whilst Grace started, gave me an appealing look, turned a deep red, and averted her face. The captain produced a sheet of paper, and, after looking into a dictionary once,—*"Nothing like accuracy,"* said he, "in jobs of this sort,"—he asked, "Will this do?" and thereupon read as follows:

"SHIP 'CARTHUSIAN,'

"At Sea [such and such a date].

"I, Jonathan Parsons, master of the above-named ship Carthusian of London, towards New Zealand, do hereby certify that I have this day united in the holy bonds of wedlock the following persons, to wit, Herbert Barclay, Esquire, and Grace Bellassys, spinster, in the presence of the undersigned."

"Nothing could be better," said I.

"Now, gentlemen and ladies," said the captain, "if you will please to sign your names."

This was done, and the document handed to me. I pocketed it with a clear sense of its value,—as regards, I mean, the effect I might hope it would produce on Lady Amelia Roscoe. Captain Parsons and the others then shook hands with us, the two ladies kissing Grace, who, poor child, looked exceedingly frightened and pale.

"What's the French word for breakfast?" asked Captain Parsons.

"*Dejeuner*, sir," answered McCosh.

Parsons bent his ear with a frown. "You're giving me the Scotch for it, I believe," said he.

"It's *déjeuner*, I think," said I, scarce able to speak for laughing. "Ay, that'll be it," cried the captain. "Well, as Mr. and Mrs. Barclay don't relish the notion of a public *degener*, we must drink their healths in a bottle of champagne."

He put his head out of the cabin, and called to the steward, who brought the wine, and for hard upon half an hour my poor darling and I had to listen to speeches from old Parsons and the lawyer. Even McCosh must talk. In slow and rugged accents he invited us to consider how fortunate we were in having fallen into the hands of Captain Parsons. Had he been master of the Carthusian there could have been no marriage, for he would not have known what to do. He had received a valuable professional hint that morning, and he begged to thank Captain Parsons for allowing him to be present on so interesting an occasion.

This said, the proceedings ended. Mrs. Barstow, passing Grace's hand under her arm, carried her off to her cabin, and I, accepting a cigar from the captain's box, went on deck to smoke it and to see if there was anything in sight likely to carry us home.

Married! Could I believe it? If so,—if I was indeed a wedded man,—then I suppose never in the annals of love-making could anything stranger have happened than that a young couple eloping from a French port should be blown out into the ocean and there united, not by a priest, but by a merchant skipper. And supposing the marriage to be valid, as Mr. Higginson, after due deliberation, had declared such ocean wedding ceremonies as this to be, and supposing when we arrived ashore Lady Amelia Roscoe, despite Grace's and my association and the ceremony which had just ended, should continue to withhold her sanction, thereby rendering it impossible for my cousin to marry us, might not an exceedingly fine point arise,—something to put the wits of the lawyers to their trumps in the case of her ladyship or me going to them? I mean this: seeing that our marriage took place at sea, seeing moreover that we were in a manner urged—or, as I might choose to put it, *compelled*—by Captain Parsons to marry, he assuming as master of the ship the position of guardian to the girl and as her guardian exhorting and hurrying us to this union for her sake,—would not the question of Lady Amelia Roscoe's consent be set aside, whether on the grounds of the peculiarity of our situation, or because it was impossible for us to communicate with her, or because the commander of the ship, a person in whom is vested the most despotic powers, politely, hospitably, but substantially too, *ordered* us to be married? I cannot put the point as a lawyer would, but I trust I make intelligible the thoughts which occupied my mind as I stood on the decks of the Carthusian after quitting the captain's cabin.

About twenty minutes later Grace arrived, accompanied by Mrs. Barstow. My darling did not immediately see me, and I noticed the eager way in which she stood for some moments scanning the bright and leaping scene of ocean. The passengers raised their hats to her;

one or two ladies approached and seemed to congratulate her ; she then saw me, and in a moment was at my side.

"How long is this to last, Herbert?"

"At any hour something may heave in sight, dearest."

"It distresses me to be looked at. And yet it is miserable to be locked up in Mrs. Barstow's cabin, where I am unable to be with you."

"Do not mind being looked at. Everybody is very kind, Grace ; so sweet as you are, too,—who can help looking at you ? Despite your embarrassment, let me tell you that I am very well pleased with what has happened." And I repeated to her what had been passing in my mind.

But she was too nervous, perhaps too young, to understand. She had left her gloves in the yacht, her hands were bare, and her fine eyes rested on the wedding-ring upon her finger.

"Must I go on wearing this, Herbert?"

"Oh, yes, my own,—certainly whilst you are here. What would Captain Parsons say, what would everybody think, if you removed it?"

"But I am not your wife," she exclaimed, with a pout, softly beating the deck with her foot, "and this ring is unreal ; it signifies nothing——"

I interrupted her. "I am not so sure that you are not my wife," said I. She shot a look at me out of her eyes, which were large with alarm and confusion. "At all events, I believe I am your husband ; and surely, my precious, you must hope that I am. But, whether or not, pray go on wearing that ring. You can pull it off when we get to Penzance, and I will slip it on again when we stand before my cousin."

By this time the news of our having been married had travelled forward, conveyed to the Jacks and to the steerage passengers, as I took it, by one of the stewards. It was the sailors' dinner-hour, and I could see twenty of them on the fore-castle staring aft at us as one man, whilst every time we advanced to the edge of the poop where the rail protected the deck there was a universal upturning of bearded, rough faces, with much pointing and nodding among the women.

After all this the luncheon-table was something of a relief, despite the rows of people at it.

Nothing was said about the marriage. The privacy of the affair lay as a sort of obligation of silence upon the kindly-natured passengers, and though, as I have said, they could not keep their eyes off us, their conversation was studiously remote from the one topic about which we were all thinking. Lunch was almost ended, when I spied the second mate peering down at us through the glass of the skylight, and in a few minutes he descended the cabin-ladder and said something in a low voice to the captain.

"By George, Grace," said I, grasping her hand as it lay on her lap, and whipping out with the notion put into me by a look I caught from the captain, "I believe the second mate has come down to report a ship in sight."

She started, and turned eagerly in the direction of the captain,

who had quickly given the mate his orders, for already the man had returned on deck.

Mrs. Barstow, seated close to the captain, nodded at us, and Parsons himself sung out quietly down the table,—

"I believe, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, this will be your last meal aboard the Carthusian."

I sprang with excitement to my feet.

"Anything in sight, captain?"

"Ay, a steamer,—apparently a yacht. Plenty of time," added he, nevertheless rising leisurely as he spoke, on which all the passengers broke from the table,—so speedily dull grows the sea-life, so quickly do people learn how to make much of the most trivial incidents upon the ocean,—and in a few moments we were all on deck.

"Yes, by Jove, Grace, there she is, sure enough!" cried I, standing at the side with my darling, and pointing forward, where, still some miles distant, a point or two on the starboard bow, was a steamer, showing very small indeed at the extremity of the long, far-reaching line of smoke that was pouring from her. A passenger handed me a telescope. I levelled it, and then clearly distinguished a yacht-like structure, with a yellow funnel, apparently schooner-rigged, with a sort of sparkling about her hull, whether from gilt or brass or glass, that instantly suggested the pleasure-vessel. Turning my face aft, I saw the second mate and an apprentice or midshipman in buttons in the act of hoisting a string of colors to the gaff-end. The flags soared in a graceful semicircle, and the whole ship looked brave in a breath with the pulling of the many-dyed bunting, each flag delicate as gossamer against the blue of the sky, and the whole show of the deepest interest as the language of the sea, as the ship's own voice.

I approached the captain with Grace's hand under my arm.

"She has her answering pennant flying," he exclaimed, letting fall his glass to accost me, and he called to the second mate to haul down our signal. "I believe she will receive you, Mr. Barclay."

"Where do you think she's bound, captain?"

"I should say undoubtedly heading for the English Channel," he answered.

"Captain Parsons, what can I say that will in any measure express my gratitude to you?"

"What I've done has given me pleasure; and I hope that you'll both live long, and that neither of you by a single look or word will ever cause the other to regret that you fell into the hands of Captain Parsons, of the good ship Carthusian."

Grace gave him a sweet smile. Now that it seemed we were about to leave this ship, she could gaze at him without alarm. He broke from us to deliver an order to the second mate, who re-echoed his command in a loud shout. In a moment a number of sailors came racing aft and fell to rounding-in, as it is called, upon the main and main-top-sail braces, with loud and hearty songs which were re-echoed out of the white hollows aloft and combined with the splashing noise of waters and the small music of the wind in the rigging into a true ocean concert for the ear. The machinery of the braces brought the

sails on the main to the wind; the ship's way was almost immediately arrested, and she lay quietly sinking and rising with a sort of hush of expectation along her decks which nothing disturbed save the odd farm-yard-like sounds of the live-stock somewhere forward.

The steamer was now rapidly approaching us, and by this time without the aid of a glass I made her out to be a fine screw yacht of some three hundred and fifty tons, painted black, with a yellow funnel forward of amidships which gave her the look of a gun-boat. She had a chart-house or some such structure near her bridge that was very liberally glazed, and blinding flashes leaped from the panes of glass as she rolled to and from the sun, as though she were quickly firing cannon charged with soundless and smokeless gunpowder. A figure paced the filament of bridge that was stretched before her funnel. He wore a gold band round his hat, and brass buttons on his coat. Two or three men leaned over the head-rail, viewing us as they approached, but her quarter-deck was deserted. I could find no hint of female apparel or the blue serge of the yachtsman.

Old Parsons, taking his stand at the rail clear of the crowd, waited until the yacht floated abreast, where with a few reverse revolutions of her propeller she came to a stand within easy talking-distance, as handsome and finished a model as ever I had seen afloat.

"Ho, the yacht ahoy!" shouted Captain Parsons.

"Halloo!" responded the glittering figure from the bridge, manifestly the yacht's skipper.

"What yacht is that?"

"The Mermaid."

"Where are you from, and where are you bound to?"

"From Madeira for Southampton," came back the response.

"That will do, Grace," cried I, joyfully.

"We took a lady and a gentleman off their yacht, the Spitfire, that we found in a leaky condition, yesterday," shouted Parsons, "having been dismasted in a gale and blown out of the Channel. We have them aboard. Will you receive them and set them ashore?"

"How many more besides them, sir?" bawled the master of the yacht.

"No more,—them two only." And Parsons pointed to Grace and me, who stood conspicuously near the main rigging.

"Ay, ay, sir; we'll receive 'em. Will you send your boat?"

Captain Parsons flourished his hand in token of acquiescence; but he stood near enough to enable me to catch a few growling sentences referring to the laziness of yachtsmen, which he hove at the twinkling figure through his teeth in language which certainly did not accord with his priestly tendencies. There was no luggage to pack, no parcels to hunt for, nothing for me to do but leave Grace a minute whilst I rushed below to fee the stewards. So much confusion attended our transference that my recollection of what took place is vague. I remember that the second mate was incessantly shouting out orders until one of the ship's quarter-boats with several men in her had been fairly lowered to the water's edge and brought to the gangway, over which some steps had been thrown. I also remember once again

shaking Captain Parsons most cordially by the hand, thanking him effusively for his kindness, and wishing him and his ship all possible good luck under the heavens. The passengers crowded round us and wished us good-by, and I saw Mrs. Barstow slip a little parcel into Grace's hand and whisper a few words, whereupon they kissed each other with the warmth of old friends.

Mr. McCosh stood at the gangway, and I asked him to distribute the twenty-pound bank-note I handed to him among the crew of the boat that had taken us from the Spitfire. I further requested that the second mate, taking his proportion, which I left entirely to the discretion of Mr. McCosh, would purchase some trifle of pin or ring by which to remember us.

Grace was then handed into the boat,—a ticklish business to the eyes of a landsman, but performed with amazing despatch and ease by the rough seamen who passed her over and received her. I followed, watching my chance, and in a few moments the oars were out and the boat making for the yacht, that lay within musket-shot.

We were received by the captain of the yacht, a fellow with a face that reminded me somewhat of Caudel's, of a countenance and bearing much too sailorly to be rendered ridiculous by his livery of gold band and buttons. But before I could address him old Parsons hailed to give him the name of the Carthusian and to request him to report the ship, and he ran onto the bridge to answer. I could look at nothing just then but the ship. Of all sea-pieces I do not remember the like of that for beauty. We were to leeward of her, and she showed us the milk-white bosoms of her sails that would flash out in silver brilliance to the sunlight through sheer force of the contrast of the vivid red of her water-line as it was lifted out of the yeast and then plunged into it again by the rolling of the craft. Large soft clouds resembling puffs of steam sailed over her waving mast-heads, where a gilt vane glowed like a streak of fire against the blue of the sky between the clouds.

X.

But the boat had now gained the tall fabric's side; the tackles had been hooked into her, and even whilst she was soaring to the davits the great main-top-sail yard of the Carthusian came slowly round and the sails to the royal filled. At the same moment I was sensible of a pulsation in the deck on which we were standing; the engines had been started; and in a few beats of the heart the Carthusian was on our quarter, breaking the sea under her bow as the long, slender, metal hull leaned to the weight of the high and swelling canvas.

I pulled off my hat and flourished it; Grace waved her handkerchief. A hearty cheer swept down to us, not only from the passengers assembled on the poop, but also from the crowds who watched us from the forecastle and from the line of the bulwark-rails, and for some minutes every figure was in motion as the people gesticulated their farewells to us.

"Act the fourth," said I, bringing my eyes to Grace's face. "One more act, and then over goes the show, as the Cockneys say."

"Aren't you glad to be here, Herbert?"

"I could kneel, my darling. But how good those people are! How well they have behaved! Such utter strangers as we were to them! What did Mrs. Barstow give you?"

She put her hand in her pocket, opened the little parcel, and produced an Indian bracelet, a wonderfully cunning piece of work in gold.

"Upon my word!" cried I.

"How kind of her!" exclaimed Grace, with her eyes sparkling, though I seemed to catch a faint note of tears in her voice. "I shall always remember dear Mrs. Barstow."

"And what yacht is this?" said I, casting my eyes around. "A beautiful little ship indeed. How exquisitely white these planks! What money, by George, in everything the eye rests upon!"

The master, who had remained on the bridge to start the yacht, now approached. He saluted us with the respectful air of a man used to fine company, but I instantly observed on his glancing at Grace that his eye rested upon her wedding-ring.

"I presume you are the captain?" said I.

"I am, sir."

"Pray what name?"

"John Verrion, sir."

"Well, Captain Verrion, I must first of all thank you heartily for receiving us. Is the owner of this vessel aboard?"

"No, sir. She belongs to the Earl of ——. His lordship's been left at Madeira. He changed his mind and stopped at Madeira,—him and the countess, and a party of three that was along with them,—and sent the yacht home."

"I have not the honor of his lordship's acquaintance," said I, "but I think, Grace," I remarked, turning towards her, not choosing to speak of her as "this lady" whilst she wore the wedding-ring, nor to call her "my wife," either, "that he is a distant connection of your aunt, Lady Amelia Roscoe."

"I don't know, Herbert," she answered.

"Anyway," said I, "it is a great privilege to be received by such a vessel as this."

"His lordship 'ud wish me to do everything that's right, sir," said Captain Verrion. "I'll have a cabin got ready for you; but as to meals—" he paused, and added, awkwardly, "I'm afraid there's nothin' aboard but plain yachting fare, sir."

"When do you hope to reach Southampton, captain?"

"Monday afternoon, sir."

"A little more than two days!" I exclaimed. "You must be a pretty fast boat."

He smiled, and said, "What might be the port you want to get at, sir? Southampton may be too high up for you."

"Our destination was Penzance," said I, "but any port that is in England will do."

"Oh," said he, "there ought to be no difficulty in putting you ashore at Penzance." He then asked if we would like to step below, and forthwith conducted us into a large, roomy, elegantly—indeed,

sumptuously—furnished cabin, as breezy as a drawing-room, and aromatic with the smell of plantains or bananas hung up somewhere near, though out of sight.

"This should suit you, Grace," said I.

"Is it not heavenly?" she cried.

The captain stood by with a pleased countenance, observing us.

"I dunno if I'm right in calling you *sir*?" he exclaimed,—"I didn't rightly catch your name——"

"My name is Mr. Herbert Barclay."

"Thank ye, sir. I was going to say that if you and her ladyship——"

"No, not her ladyship," I interrupted, guessing that having heard me pronounce the name of Lady Amelia Roscoe he was confounding Grace with her.

"I was going to say, sir," he proceeded, "that you're welcome to any of the sleeping-berths you may have a mind to."

The berths were aft,—mere boxes, each with a little bunk, but all fitted so as to correspond in point of costliness with the furniture of the living- or state-room. We chose the two foremost berths, as being the farthest of the sleeping-places from the screw; and, this matter being ended, and after declining Captain Verrion's very civil offer of refreshments, we returned to the deck.

The steamer was thrashing through it at an exhilarating speed. The long blue Atlantic surge came brimming and frothing to her quarter, giving her a lift at times that set the propeller racing, but the clean-edged, frost-like band of wake streamed far astern, where in the liquid blue of the afternoon that way hung the star-colored cloths of the Carthusian, a leaning shaft resembling a spire of ice.

We chatted as we walked the deck. We had the after part of the little ship entirely to ourselves: the captain came and went, but never offered to approach. In fact, it was like being aboard one's own vessel; and, now that we were fairly going home, being driven towards the English Channel at a steady pace of some twelve or thirteen knots in the hour by the steady resistless thrust of the propeller, we could find heart to abandon ourselves to every delightful sensation born of the sweeping passage of the beautiful steamer, to every emotion inspired by each other's society, and by the free, boundless, noble prospect of dark-blue waters that was spread around us.

We were uninterrupted till five o'clock. The captain then advanced, and, saluting us with as much respect as if we had been the earl and his lady, inquired if we would have tea served in the cabin. I answered that we should be very glad of a cup of tea, but that he was to give himself no trouble: the simplest fare he could put before us we should feel as grateful for as though he sat us down to a Mansion House dinner.

He said that the steward had been left ashore at Madeira, but that a sailor who knew what to do as a waiter would attend upon us.

"Who would suppose, Grace," said I, when we were alone, "that the ocean was so hospitable? Figure us finding ourselves ashore in such a condition as was our lot when we thought the Spitfire sinking

under us,—in other words, *in want*. At how many houses might we have knocked without getting shelter or the offer of a meal! This is like being made welcome in Grosvenor Square; and you may compare the Carthusian to a fine mansion in Bayswater."

The captain contrived for "tea," as he called it, as excellent a meal as we could have wished for,—white biscuit, good butter, bananas, a piece of virgin corned beef, and preserved milk to put into our tea. What better fare could one ask for? I had a pipe and tobacco with me, and as I walked the deck in the evening with my darling I had never felt happier.

It was a rich autumn evening; the wind had slackened and was now a light air, and we lingered on deck long after the light had faded in the western sky, leaving the still young moon shining brightly over the sea, across whose dark, wrinkled, softly-heaving surface ran the wake of the speeding yacht in a line like a pathway traversing a boundless moor.

I slept as soundly as one who sleeps to wake no more; but on going on deck some little while before the breakfast was served I was grievously disappointed to find a wet day. There was very little wind, but the sky was one dismal surface of leaden cloud, from which the rain was falling almost perpendicularly with a sort of obstinacy of descent that was full of the menace of a tardy abatement. Fortunately, the horizon lay well open; one could see some miles, and the steamer was washing along at her old pace, a full thirteen, with a nearly-becalmed collier, ragged, wet, and staggering, all patches and bentinck-boom, disappearing rapidly into the weather over the starboard quarter.

It was some time after three o'clock in the afternoon that on a sudden the engines were "slowed down," as I believe the term is, and a minute later the revolutions of the propeller ceased. There is always something startling in the abrupt cessation of the pulsing of the screw in a steamer at sea. One gets so used to the noise of the engines, to the vibratory sensation communicated in a sort of tingling throughout the frame of the vessel by the thrashing blades, that the suspension of the familiar sound falls like a fearful hush upon the ear. Grace, who had been dozing, opened her eyes.

"What can the matter be?" cried I.

As I spoke I heard a voice apparently aboard the yacht, hailing. I pulled on my cap, turned up the collar of my coat, and ran on deck, expecting to find the yacht in the heart of a thickness of rain and fog, with some big shadow of a ship looming within biscuit-toss. It was raining steadily, but the sea was not more shrouded than it had been at any other hour of the day, saving perhaps that something of the complexion of the evening which was not far off lay sombre in the wet atmosphere. I ran to the side, and saw at a distance of the length of the steam-yacht—my own hapless little dandy, the Spitfire! Her main-mast was wholly gone, yet I knew her at once. There she lay, looking far more miserably wrecked than when I had left her, lifting and falling forlornly upon the small swell, her poor little pump going, plied, as I instantly perceived, by the boy Bobby Allett.

I had sometimes thought of her as in harbor, and sometimes as at

the bottom of the sea, but never, somehow, as still washing about, helpless and sodden, with a gushing scupper and a leaky bottom. Caudel—poor old Caudel—stood at the rail, shouting to Captain Verrion, who was singing out to him from the bridge.

I rushed forward, bawling to Captain Verrion, "That's the Spitfire! that's my yacht!" and then at the top of my voice I shouted across the space of water between the two vessels, "Ho, Caudel! where are the rest of you, Caudel? For God's sake, launch your boat and come aboard!"

He stood staring at me, dropping his head first on one side, then on the other, doubting the evidence of his sight, and reminding one of the ghost in Hamlet: "It lifted up its head and did address itself to motion as it would speak." Astonishment appeared to bereave him of speech. For some moments he could do nothing but stare; then up went both hands with a gesture that was eloquent of—"Well, I'm *blowed*!" "Come aboard, Caudel! come aboard!" I roared, for the little dandy still had her dinghy, and I did not wish to put Captain Verrion to the trouble of fetching the two fellows.

With the motions and air of a man dumfounded or under the influence of drink, Caudel addressed the lad, who dropped the pump-handle, and between them they launched the boat, smack-fashion. Caudel then sprang into her with an oar and sculled across to us. He came floundering over the side, and yet again stood staring at me as though discrediting his senses. The color appeared to have been washed out of his face by wet; his oil-skins had surrendered their water-proof properties, and they clung to his frame as soaked rags would. His boots were full of water, and his eyes resembled pieces of jelly-fish fixed on either side of his nose. I grasped his hand.

"Of all astonishing meetings, Caudel! But how is it that you are here? What has become of the main-mast? Where are the rest of the men? Never did a man look more shipwrecked than you. Are you thirsty? Are you starving?"

By this time Captain Verrion had joined us, and a knot of the steamer's crew stood on the forecastle, looking first at the Spitfire, then at Caudel, scarcely, I dare say, knowing as yet whether to feel amused or amazed at this singular meeting. Caudel had the slow, laborious mind of the merchant-sailor. He continued for some moments to gaze heavily and damply about him, then said,—

"Dummed if this ain't wonderful, too!—to find you here, sir! And your young lady, Mr. Barclay?"

"Safe and well in the cabin," I answered. "But where are the others, Caudel?"

"I'll spin you the yarn in a jiffy, sir," he answered, with a countenance that indicated a gradual re-collection of his wits. "Arter you left us we got some sail upon the yacht; but just about sundown it breezed up in a bit of a puff, and the rest of the mast went overboard, a few inches above the deck. Well, there we lay. There was nothin' to be done. Job Crew he says to me, 'What's next?' says he. 'What but a tow home?' says I. 'It'll have to be that,' says he, 'and pretty quick, too,' he says, 'for I've now had nigh enough of this gallivant-

ing.' Job was a-wanting in sperrit, Mr. Barclay. I own I was surprised to hear him, but I says nothin', and Dick Files *he* says nothin', and neither do Jim Foster. Well, at daybreak a little bark bound to the river Thames comes along and hails us. I asked her to give me a tow, that I might have a chance of falling in with a tug. The master shook his head, and sings out that he'd take us aboard, but we wasn't to talk of *towing*. On this Job says, 'Here goes for my clothes.' Jim follows him. Dick says to me, 'What are you going to do?' 'Stick to the yacht,' says I. He was beginning to argue. 'No good a-talk-ing,' says I: 'here I am, and here I stops.' Wouldn't it have been a blooming shame," he added, turning slowly to Captain Verrion, "to have deserted that there dandy, when nothin's wanted but an occasional spell at the pump, and when something was bound to come along presently to give us a drag?"

Captain Verrion nodded, with a little hint of patronage, I thought, in his appreciative reception of Caudel's views.

"Well, to make an end to the yarn, Mr. Barclay," continued Caudel, "them three men went aboard the bark, taking their clothes with 'em; but when I told Bobby to go too, 'No,' says he, 'I'll stop and help ye to pump, sir.' There's the making of a proper English sailor, Mr. Barclay, in that there boy," he exclaimed, casting his eyes at the lad, who had again addressed himself to the pump.

"And here you've been all day?" said I.

"All day, sir, and all night too, and a dirty time it's bin."

"Waiting for something to give you a tow, with a long black night at hand?"

"Mr. Barclay," said he, "I told ye I should stick to that there little dandy; and I wouldn't break my word for no man."

"You shan't be disappointed," said Captain Verrion, bestowing on Caudel a hearty nod of approval, this time untinctured by condescension. "Give us the end of your tow-rope, and we'll drag the dandy home for ye."

"Cap'n, I thank 'ee," said Caudel.

"You and the boy are pretty nigh wore out, I allow," exclaimed Captain Verrion. "I'll put a couple of men aboard the Spitfire. How often does she want pumping?"

"'Bout every half-hour."

"You stay here," said Captain Verrion, looking with something of commiseration at Caudel, who, the longer one surveyed him, the more soaked, ashen, and shipwrecked one found him. "I'll send for the boy, and you can both dry yourselves and get a good long spell of rest." He left us to give the necessary orders to his men, and, whilst the steamer launched her own boat, I stood talking with Caudel, telling him of our adventures aboard the Carthusian, of our marriage, and so forth.

I had got into the shelter of the companion whilst I talked, and Grace, hearing my voice, called to me to tell her why the steamer had stopped, and if there was anything wrong.

"Come here, my darling," said I. She approached and stood at the foot of the steps. "We have fallen in with the Spitfire, Grace, and here is Caudel."

She uttered an exclamation of astonishment. He directed his oyster-like eyes into the comparative gloom, and then, catching sight of her, knuckled his forehead, and exclaimed, "Bless your sweet face! And I am glad indeed, mum, to meet you and find you both well and going home likewise." She came up the steps to give him her hand, and I saw the old sailor's face working as he bent over it.

The steamer made a short job of the Spitfire; but a very little manœuvring with the propeller was needful, a line connected the two vessels, the yacht's boat returned with the boy Bobby, leaving three of the steamer's crew in the dandy, the engine-room bell sounded, immediately was felt the thrilling of the engines in motion, and presently the Mermaid was ripping through it once more, with the poor little dismasted Spitfire dead in her wake. I sent for the boy, and praised him warmly for his manly behavior in sticking to Caudel. Captain Verrion then told them both to go below and get some hot tea, and put on some dry clothing, belonging to them, that had been brought from the dandy.

"I'm thinking, sir," said he, when Caudel and the other had left, "that I can't do better than run you into Mount's Bay. I never was at Penzance, but I believe there's a bit of a harbor there, and no doubt a repairing shipway, and I understand that Penzance was your destination all along."

I assured him that he would be adding immeasurably to his kindness by doing as he proposed; "but as to the Spitfire," I continued, "I shan't spend a farthing upon her. My intention is to sell her, and divide what she will fetch among those who have preserved her."

Some time about two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the Mermaid, with the Spitfire in tow, was steaming into Mount's Bay. I stood with Grace on my arm, looking. The land seemed as novel and refreshing to our sight as though we had kept the sea for weeks and weeks. The sun stood high; the blue waters, delicately brushed by the light wind, ran in foamless ripples; the long curve of the parade, with the roofs of houses past it, dominated by a church, came stealing out of the green slopes and hills beyond. A few smacks from Newlyn were putting to sea, and the whole picture their way was rich with the dyes of their canvas.

The steamer was brought to a stand when she was yet some distance from Penzance harbor, but long before this we had been made out from the shore, and several boats were approaching to inquire what was wrong and to offer such help as the state of the Spitfire suggested. Caudel and Captain Verrion came to us where we were standing, and the former said,—

"I'm going aboard the dandy now, sir. I'll see her snug, and will then take your honor's commands."

"Our address will be my cousin's home, which is some little distance from Penzance," I answered: "here it is." And I pulled out a piece of paper and scribbled the address upon it. "You'll be without anything in your pocket, I dare say," I continued, handing him five sovereigns. "See to the boy, Caudel, and if he wants to go home you must learn where he lives, for I mean to sell that yacht there, and

there'll be money to go to him. And so farewell for the present," said I, shaking the honest fellow heartily by the hand.

He saluted Grace, and went over the side, followed by Bobby Allett, and both of them were presently aboard the little Spitfire.

"There are boats coming," exclaimed Captain Verrion, "which will tow your dandy into Penzance harbor, sir. Will you go ashore in one of them, or shall I have one of the yacht's lowered for you?"

Thanking him heartily, I replied that one of the Penzance boats would do very well, and then, looking into my pocket-book and finding that I had no more money about me than I should need, I entered the cabin, sent the sailor attendant for some ink, and, writing a couple of checks, asked Captain Verrion to accept one for himself and to distribute the proceeds of the other among his crew. He was very reluctant to take the money,—said that the earl was a born gentleman, who would wish him to do everything that had been done, and that no sailor ought to receive money for serving people fallen in with in a condition of distress at sea; but I got him to put the checks into his pocket at last, and, several boats having by this time come alongside, I shook the worthy man by the hand, thanked him again and again for his treatment of us, and went with Grace down the little gangway-ladder into the boat.

On landing, we proceeded to the Queen's Hotel, where I ordered dinner, and then wrote a letter to my cousin, asking him and his wife to come to us as speedily as possible, adding that we had been very nearly shipwrecked and had met with some strange adventures, the narrative of which, if attempted, must fill a very considerable bundle of manuscript. This done, I told the waiter to procure me a mounted messenger, and within three-quarters of an hour of our arrival at Penzance my letter was on its way at a hard gallop to the little straggling village of —, of which Frank Howe was vicar.

Time passed, and I was beginning to fear that some engagement prevented Howe and his wife from coming over to us, when, hearing a noise of wheels, I stepped to the window, and saw my cousin assisting a lady out of a smart little pony-carriage.

"Here they are!" I exclaimed to Grace.

There was a pause; my darling looked about her with terrified eyes, and I believe she would have rushed from the room but for the apprehension of running into the arms of the visitors as they ascended the staircase. A waiter opened the door, and in-stepped Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howe. My cousin and I eagerly shook hands, but nothing could be said or done until the ladies were introduced. I had never before met Mrs. Howe, and found her a fair-haired, pretty woman of some eight-and-twenty years, dressed somewhat "dowdily," to use the ladies' word, but her countenance so beamed with cheerfulness and good nature that it was only needful to look at her to like her. Frank, on the other hand, was a tall, well-built man of some three-and-thirty, with small side-whiskers, deep-set eyes, a large nose, and teeth so white and regular that it was a pleasure to see him smile. One guessed that whatever special form his Christianity took, it would not be wanting in muscularity. He held Grace's hand in both of his and seemed to

dwell with enjoyment upon her beauty as he addressed her in some warm-hearted sentences. Mrs. Howe kissed her on both cheeks, drew her to the sofa, seated herself by her side, and was instantly voluble and delightful.

I took Frank to the window, and, with all the brevity possible in a narrative of adventures such as ours, related what had befallen us. He listened with a running commentary of "By Jove!—You don't say so!—Is it possible?" and other such exclamations, constantly directing glances at Grace, who was now deep in talk with Mrs. Howe, and, as I could tell by the expression in her face, excusing her conduct by explaining the motives of it.

Mrs. Howe's air was one of affection and sympathy, as though she had come to my darling with the resolution to love her and to help her.

"She is very young, Herbert," said Frank, in a low voice.

"She is eighteen," I answered.

"She is exquisitely beautiful. I cannot wonder at you, even if I could have the heart to condemn you. But is not that a wedding-ring on her finger?"

"It is," I answered, looking at him.

He looked hard at me in return, and remarked, "A mere provision against public curiosity, I presume? For you are not married?"

"I am not so sure of that," I answered; "but my story is not yet ended." And I then told him of the marriage service which had been performed by Captain Parsons on board the ship *Carthusian*.

"Tut!" cried he, with a decided, Churchman-like shake of the head, when I had made an end. "That's no marriage, man."

"I believe it is, then," said I; "though, of course, until you unite us we do not consider ourselves man and wife."

"I should think not," he exclaimed, with vehemence. "What! a plain master of a ship empowered to solemnize Holy Matrimony? Certainly not. No Churchman would hear of such a thing."

"Ay, but it's not for the Church; it's the affair of the law. If the law says it's all right the Church is bound to regard it as right."

"Certainly not," he cried, and was proceeding, but I interrupted him by repeating that we had consented to be married by Captain Parsons in the forlorn hope that the contract might be binding.

"But without banns?—without license?—without the consent of the young lady's guardians? No, no," he cried; "you are not married. But it is highly desirable," he added, with a look at Grace, "that you should get married without delay. And now what do you propose to do?"

"Well, time may be saved by your publishing the banns at once, Frank."

"Yes, but you must first obtain the guardian's consent."

"Oh, confound it!" I cried, "I did not know that. I believed the banns could be published whilst the consent was being worked for."

He mused awhile, eying his wife and Grace, who continued deep in conversation, and then, after a considerable pause, exclaimed,—

"There is nothing to be done but this: we must revert to your original scheme. Miss Bellassys——"

"Call her Grace," said I.

"Well, Grace must come and stay with us."

I nodded; for *that* I had intended all along.

"I will find a lodging for you in the village," I nodded again.

"Meanwhile,—this very day, indeed,—you must sit down and write to Lady Amelia Roscoe, saying all that your good sense can suggest, and taking your chance, as you have put it, of the appeal your association with her niece will make to her ladyship's worldly vanity and to her perceptions as a woman of society."

"All that you are saying," I replied, "I had long ago resolved on; and you will find this scheme, as you have put it, almost word for word in the letter in which I told you of my plans and asked you to marry us."

"Yes, I believe my recommendations are not original," said he.

"There is something more to suggest, however. If Lady Amelia will send Grace her consent, why wait for the banns to be published? Why not procure a license? It is due to Grace," said he, sinking his voice and sending a look of admiration at her, "that you should make her your wife as speedily as possible."

"Yes, yes, I have heard that said before. I have been a good deal advised on this head. My dear fellow, only consider: would not I make her my wife this instant if you will consent to marry us?"

The pony and trap had been sent round to some adjacent stables, but by seven o'clock we had made all necessary arrangements and the vehicle was again brought to the door. I then sat down to write to Lady Amelia Roscoe.

It is some years now since all this happened. I have no copy of that letter, and my memory is not strong in points of this sort. I recollect, however, that after making several attempts I produced something which was brief almost to abruptness, and that it satisfied me as on the whole very well put, not wanting in a quality of what I might term mild brutality, for this was an element I could not very well manage without having regard to what I had to ask and what I had to tell. And let this reference to that letter suffice: though I must add that I took care to enclose a copy of Captain Parsons's certificate of our marriage, with the names of those who had signed it, affirming that the marriage was good in point of law, as she might easily assure herself by consulting her solicitors, and also acquainting her in no doubtful terms that the wedding-ring was on Grace's finger and that we regarded ourselves as husband and wife.

I had scarcely despatched this letter when Caudel was announced. He stood in the door-way, cap in hand, knuckling his forehead and backing a bit with a rolling gait, after the custom of the British merchant sailor.

"Well, Mr. Barclay, sir, and how are ye again? And how's the young lady after all these here traverses?"

I bade him sit down, pulled the bell for a glass of grog for him, and asked for news of the Spitfire.

"Well, sir," he answered, "she's just what I've come to talk to ye about. She'd started a butt, as I all along thought, otherwise she's as sound as a bell. There was a shipwright as came down to look at her, and he asked me what we was going to do. I told him that I didn't think the gent as owned her meant to repair her. 'I rather fancy,' I says, says I, feeling my way, 'that he wants to sell her.' 'How much do 'e ask, d'ye know?' says he, a-looking at the little dandy. 'I can't answer that,' says I, 'but I'm sure he'll accept any reasonable offer.' Says he, 'May I view her?' 'Sartinly,' I says, says I. He thoroughly overhauled her, inside and out, and then, says he, 'I believe I can find a customer for this here craft. Suppose you go and find out what the gentleman wants, and let me know. You'll find me at ——' and here he names a public house."

"Get what you can for her, Caudel," I answered: "the more the better for those to whom the money will go. For my part, as you know, I consider her as at the bottom; but, since you've pulled her through, I'll ask you to pack up certain articles which are on board,—the cabin clock, the plate, my books——" and I named a few other items of the little craft's internal furniture.

Well, he sat with me for half an hour, talking over the dandy and our adventures, then left me, and I went into the town to make a few necessary purchases, missing the society of my darling as though I had lost my right arm; indeed, I felt so wretched without her that, declining the landlord's invitation to join a select circle of Penzance wits over whom he was in the habit of presiding in the evening in a smoking-room full of the vapors of tobacco and the steam of hot rum and whiskey, I went to bed at nine o'clock, and may say that I did not sleep the less soundly for missing the heave of the ocean.

Next morning shortly after breakfast Frank arrived to drive me over to ——. Until we were clear of the town he could talk of nothing but Grace,—how sweet she was, how exquisite her breeding, how gentle. All this was as it should be, and I heard him with delight.

But to make an end, seeing that but little more remains to be told. It was four days after our arrival at —— that I drove Grace over to Penzance to enable her to keep an appointment with her dress-maker. Caudel still hung about the quaint old town, and had sent me a rude briny scrawl, half the words looking as though they had been smeared out by his little finger and the others as if they had been written by his protruded tongue, in which he said, in spelling beyond expression wonderful, that he had brought the shipwright to terms, and wished to see me. I left Grace at the dress-maker's and walked to the address where Caudel had said I should find him. He looked highly soaped and polished, his hair shone like his boots, and he wore a new coat, with several fathoms of spotted kerchief wound round about his throat.

After we had exchanged a few sentences of greeting and good will, he addressed me thus:

"Your honor gave me leave to do the best I could with the little dandy. Well, Mr. Barclay, sir, this is what I've done; and here's the money."

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his trousers, which but-

toned up square as a Dutchmen's stern after the fashion that is long likely to remain popular with the men of the Caudel breed, and pulling out a large chamois-leather bag, he extracted from it a quantity of bank-notes, very worn, greasy, and crumpled, and some sovereigns and shillings which looked as if they had been stowed away in an old stocking since the beginning of the century. He surveyed me with a gaze of respectful triumph, perhaps watching for some expression of astonishment.

"How much have you there, Caudel?"

"You'll scarcely credit it, sir," said he, grinning.

"But how much, man? how much?"

"One hundred and seventy-three pound, fourteen shillin', as I'm a man!" cried he, smiting the table with his immense fist.

I smiled, for, though I had bought the dandy cheap, she had cost me a very great deal more by the time she was fit to go afloat in than Caudel had received for her. But Grace was not to be kept waiting; and I rose.

"You will give what you think fair to the boy Bobby, Caudel."

He looked at me stupidly.

"Did I not tell you," said I, "that what the dandy fetched was to be yours, and that something of it was to go to the boy? As to those who deserted you, they may call upon me for their wages, but they'll get no more."

He seemed overwhelmed; and indeed his astonishment surprised me, for I had imagined my intentions with regard to the yacht were well known to him.

Grace and I returned to — somewhere about four o'clock, having lunched at Penzance. We alighted at the vicarage, and entered the fragrant little dining-room. My cousin and his wife were sitting waiting for us. Sophy on our entrance started up and cried,—

"Grace, here is a letter for you. I believe it is from your aunt."

My darling turned white, and I was sensible of growing very nearly as pale as she. Her hand trembled as she took the letter: she eyed me piteously, seemed to make an effort to break the envelope, then, extending it to me, said, "I dare not read it."

I instantly tore it open, read it to myself once, then aloud:

"Lady Amelia Roscoe begs to inform her niece that she washes her hands of her. She wishes never to see nor to hear of her again. So far as Lady Amelia Roscoe's consent goes, her niece is at liberty to do what she likes and go where she likes. Any further communications which Lady Amelia's niece may require to make must be addressed to her ladyship's solicitors, Messrs. Fox and Wyndall, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Thank Heaven!" I exclaimed, drawing the deepest breath I had ever fetched in my life.

"Now, Herbert, I am at your service," said Frank.

Grace was crying, and Sophy, giving her husband and me a reassuring look, with sisterly gentleness took my darling's arm and led her out of the room.

THE END.

TARTUFFE IN EBONY.

WHEN the earnest and learned Professor Anders, of a New-England college, was imperatively ordered by his physician to take a rest one winter, he decided on spending this vacation in the South.

He had always desired a nearer, more intimate view of the African race there, with which he was practically unacquainted. Theoretically he knew its members as he knew his Homer,—had heard, thought, and speculated about them since childhood. Both his parents had been active, devoted workers in the cause of abolition; and when the event for which they hoped came to pass, though with an undesired violence, the very motive and energizing power of living seemed to have left them, and they peacefully departed from this world within a short space of each other. The ardor of their supreme interest had naturally infused itself into the youth of their only child; yet he had reached middle age without having made acquaintance with the objects of the family devotion.

"Well, Louise," he said to his wife at their journey's end, with the first gleam of cheerfulness he had shown since the doctor's unwelcome mandate, "if we stay here in Summerville all winter, we might as well keep house, and have colored help about us. I should like to study closely those who, through all hardships and oppression, have maintained, as I hear, such childlike simplicity of character and such a fervent spirit of piety."

His wife smiled assent, as she did to most of his propositions, and shortly after this they left the hotel and established themselves in a large wooden house with wide piazzas and open fireplaces. It was soon found necessary to add a hall stove, as the piney breezes which blew through the house, though healthful, were sometimes cold; also to impress it on Rachel, the stout black woman they had hired, that it was, occasionally, well to shut a door in winter. A little gentle insistence on this point struck Rachel soon as a grievance.

"Dey's pow'ful fussy, dem Yankees," she grumbled to a visitor in the kitchen, built, like all old Southern kitchens, at some distance from the house. "Ef dey spec's me to shet dat door ebberry time I goes een an' out, dey got to git somebody else een de house. I got too much to do, anyhow. I ain't a mule, Brudder Simkins."

"Dat you ain't, sister," said Brother Simkins, soothingly. Mrs. Anders might not perhaps have agreed with him when she found Rachel obstinately demanding extra help.

"Why, Rachel!" she exclaimed, "I do so much in the house myself, and give out the washing,"—which Rachel had insisted upon. "Just to cook for two people is not work enough, surely, for a strong woman like you?"

"No, ma'am, Mis' Andus, *I ain't* strong. Ebber sence I had de meat-us cheat-us, ma'am, endurin' ob de wah, I's jes' dat weak an' fainty some days——" And the upshot of it was that Jemima, a brown girl,

was presently installed as housemaid. She was to Rachel as the new order to the old. Born free and sent to school for two or three years, she had learned reading and writing, in some degree, and a smattering of things at which Rachel tossed up her head.

"Ef I kain't play de melodium een chu'ch, en holler like a tomcat," said Rachel, "I kin cook,"—which was true, she being an artist in her line.

"Das so, my sister," agreed Brother Simkins: "whatsoebber we larned we larned. De nyoung uns now don't know nuttin,—dat's to say, troo an' troo. An' please God," sighing, "dey ain't got no manners."

Jemima had been imperfectly fulfilling the functions of chambermaid and waitress about a week, when an order from Mrs. Anders connected with window-cleaning elicited the information that she also was delicate.

"You certainly look strong, Jemima," objected Mrs. Anders, surveying the strapping damsel.

"It's dat mis'ry in my side invalidates me, ma'am. It jes' tuk me dis mornin' while I was accumulatin' de towels. Seusin' de libbutty, you needs a man, Mis' Andus, fur sich work as winders an' floors. 'Tain't fittin' fur female gals."

A waiting-man Mrs. Anders resolved she would not have; yet that day week found Brother Simkins,—otherwise Moses,—highly recommended by Rachel, acting in that capacity.

"Now, that makes four, counting the laundress," sighed Mrs. Anders. "I hope that will do. They do not seem equal to one good one with us."

"Oh, well," responded her husband, with optimistic cheerfulness, "conveniences there are greater, and wages higher."

"Yes," she argued, "but why should they idle three-quarters of their time? Rachel's two daughters and their children spend most of the day in our kitchen, and cousins and nephews come and go constantly. I wonder if all the people South-feed their cooks' family connections? I disturbed quite a little congregation in there just now, with Moses holding forth to them."

"Louise," said Dr. Anders, impressively, "we certainly have discovered a treasure in Moses. It is what I have dreamed of seeing developed in freedom from the fine inherent traits of the African people. Have you ever found such godliness and quaint simplicity of character in a white man? I hope to take him back with us."

"He seems honest and very pious," admitted Mrs. Anders.

"Oh, 'seems'!" cried the Professor, with an exalted scorn of easy credulity. "'I know not seems.' I wanted facts about him,—went to his pastor, a colored man, my dear, who speaks very well,—really very well,—and he tells me Moses is his right-hand man, and an example in the church for zeal and fervor."

Just at this point there entered the subject of this praise, a very black, elderly man, with an unusually solemn expression for one of his light-hearted race. "I's finish de floors an' de gyardin, Mis' Andus, ma'am," he announced, with the old-fashioned bow learned in plantation-

days, "an', knowin' ez you was de marciful man dat Scripters says am marciful to beasts, I was gwine ax you somefin."

"Well, Moses?"

"Well, ma'am, my Mas' Tom," here Moses's voice quavered, "das ole massa's nyounge's chile, he done dead yestiddy come tree days, an' efen you cud spar' me dis aft'noon tell to-murrer night to go in de country fur de fun'ril. Ole massa he brung me up 'cordin' to Rebbelations, not sparrin' de chile nur spilin' de rod, an', sence he gone to glory las' year, I has dat feelin' o' juty to his chillun." The moisture in Moses's eyes condensed itself into a slow tear.

"Very well, Moses, you can go; and you might," suggested Mrs. Anders, "bring me a few chickens from up the road."

The Professor followed Moses out, and there was a sound of chinking coin in the hall. Coming back, he said, with some reproach, "Astonishing, my dear, how you could think of chickens, and that poor fellow with tears of loyal grief in his eyes!"

"Well, Robert," pleaded his wife, "we were out of poultry in the yard, and, as Moses has already been away at a cousin's funeral this week, I thought I might make this absence useful."

Dismissing this point, Dr. Anders remarked, "Could anything be finer than his attachment to former owners, who were sufficiently hard on him, too, according to his own ingenuous account?"

"He appears to be very affectionate," said Mrs. Anders, absently. She was at the moment viewing from her window Moses's leave-taking in the yard. Rachel and three other women surrounded Brother Simkins, whose scriptural blessings and farewell osculations could be heard from afar. The only one holding aloof was Jemima, who coquetishly rejected the proffered salute and thus aroused the matrons' indignation.

"What's fittin' fur de mudders in Isrul's good enuf fur you, gal!" cried Rachel. "'Fusin' de brudderly kiss ob peace ob an elder in de chu'ch!"

"You better 'member de bars an' 'Lijah!" from another.

"Hush, my sisters," said Moses, meekly. "I forgives de nyounge gal, an' de peace ob de Lord be wid you all."

"Amen, amen, brudder!" but from Jemima no response.

He stayed away three days, but came back with ample excuses and a goodly lot of chickens.

The Professor's interest in him, as a type, grew daily; and, allowing for the ignorance of an illiterate man, he constantly discovered in him fresh treasures of honesty, simplicity, and genuine piety. Mrs. Anders shared her husband's enthusiasm, but could still perceive one trifling defect in his favorite. "He is a little lazier than the others, my dear," she said, one day. "Jemima is in a chronic fit of indignation because he puts his jobs on her; and have you observed how he coaxes stray acquaintances passing the gate to dig and weed for him, while he sits on a stone and talks to them?"

"He ought to have been a teacher, or a preacher," said the Professor, indulgently. "Every man's aptitude is not in his hands."

It was the day before this that Mrs. Anders had been amused by a

little scene in the yard. She saw Moses scrubbing the kitchen steps to the tune of "Salvation is free," when Jemima passed, and he stopped to ask, "How you'se feelin', Miss Jemima?"

"Wid my fingers,"—shortly. "Has you done clean dose knives Mis' Andus tole you?"

"I bin scrubbin' de kitchen."

"All day?"

"No, sister, not quite *all* day; but hit's pow'ful dutty,—hit's pow'ful dutty."

"An' I got dose knives to do?"

"Well, you see, Rachel she bin a-pesterin' me—she bin at me all mornin' to do de kitchen. She don' gimme no peace."

"Pears like Rachel pays you wages. Dat's reg'lar stealin' Mis' Andus's time."

Moses evidently objected to the word "stealing," for he arose to his feet to hurl back the charge. "I tries to do my juty. God knows I do."

"Fine 'juty,' comin' at eight in de mornin'! De doctor black he own shoes to-day. You's jes' in time for breakfas', an' den spen' de day scrubbin' for Rachel."

The last-named now appeared in the kitchen door, and Jemima explained, with a malicious laugh, that Moses accused her of pestering him and making him do all her work. Moses looked alarmed, and avoided Rachel's eye, who exclaimed, pathetically, "You ain't say *dat*, Mose Simkins, when you has four meals in my kitchen ebbery day, an' my poor knees won't let me scrub! an' you bin tree days scrubbin' dis room."

"Rachel!" pleaded Simkins, agonized, "do me jestic! Oh, my Lord! do me jestic,—plain jestic!"

"He says you bodder him," interjected Jemima.

"Me bodder him!" cried Rachel, fully aroused. "Ain't he hang roun' dis kitchen long's any wittels here?"

"Rachel!"

"Yes, you fait'ful to yo' meals, Mose Simkins; you ain't miss one o' dem. *Me bodder you!*"

"Oh, my Lord! do me jestic, woman,—plain jestic!"—with an appealing look at Jemima, who was immensely disappointed when Mrs. Anders's appearance cut short this promising encounter.

Jemima, though she played the organ in the church, had not yet forsworn all the vanities of a wicked world; and it was on her account that Moses felt called upon to administer a respectful admonition to his mistress. "Scusin' de libbutty, Mis' Andus, ma'am," he remarked, one morning, "Jemima done tole me you gib her dem ribbons fur dress up fur dat dance las' night. 'Tain't fittin' dat a nyoung gal dat sings in chu'ch should be so prancy. She's too much of a soundin' brass an' tinklin' cymbul now."

"Is dat 'bout me, Unc' Mose?" asked Jemima, entering with suspicious timeliness.

"Jes' in gin'ul,—jes' in gin'ul,"—hastily. "De jedgments ob de Lord am strange an' pow'ful, Mis' Andus, ma'am. Dere's a 'oman

ober de crik 'fused an' 'fused to jine our burial-siety, an' de udder night dat imp o' Satan bin stricken wid de lightnin' een her bed."

"It takes all *I* kin git," said Jemima, calmly, "fur what I needs w'ile I's libbin'."

"'Member dy Creator een de days w'ile you's nyounge," was Moses's solemn parting admonition.

"Moses is very good to take so much interest in you, Jemima," said Mrs. Anders, smiling; "or is it Rachel he is most interested in?"

"He better be intrusted wid he wife, I t'ink, ma'am."

"His wife! he never speaks of having a wife."

"Nebber speaks 'bout her to me neider, ma'am,"—with some significance. "She parrylize an' kain't walk, but she's dar."

"Paralyzed! Oh! poor thing!" And when she informed the Professor of this misfortune borne by their favorite, he gave both sympathy and substantial aid to Moses, and learned from that good man that his silence about domestic troubles came from dislike to "werry" those who were kind to him. So touched was the Professor by this delicacy that when Moses asked for a leave of absence for a "settin'-up" with a deceased brother-in-law and society-member, it was immediately accorded.

"Dat Mose gone ag'in, ma'am," cried Jemima, with indignation scarcely restrained by respect. "Dat mek four time dis mont' fur me to do he wuk!"

"He can't help it, Jemima," said Mrs. Anders, mildly, "if any of his family dies."

"Dey ain't *nobuddy* dead!"—vehemently. "De last place dat Mose was at, he done gone to he gramma's fun'ril so offen, dey had to git rid o' him."

"You must be mistaken,"—with coldness. "You remember his last absence was to pay respect to his former owners."

"He ain't got no formah owners. He ole massa bin kill' mos' witally een de wah, an' ain't hed no chillun. Unc' Mose gone up de road dat time fur see——" But here, sensible that her wrath was carrying her farther than she wished, she took breath, and concluded, "An' he ain't gwine git *me* fur jine de 'Ancien' Sons an' Daughters o' Malachi,' ef dey *does* wear w'ite frocks an' crape hats."

Jemima was prejudiced, Mrs. Anders reflected uneasily, and her word was surely worth less than honest Moses's own; yet these charges left an unpleasant impression. Partly to shake this off, she assented gladly when Dr. Anders proposed, it being a moonlight evening, that they should stroll down to the small frame building used as an African church. Services were held there every evening, and the neighbors complained that night was made hideous by the shouting, shrieking, and attacks of frenzy consequent upon "conversions." Such complaints the Professor regarded as wickedly intolerant. "What if the religion and morality of these warm-hearted, impulsive creatures do not always harmonize, as they claim?" said he. "It is so with other men likewise."

"It might be singularly so with *them*," murmured his wife, thinking of Jemima's remarks; but he did not hear, as they were now

slipping quietly into the little church and taking seats in an obscure corner under the gallery. A hymn was being sung—and well sung—by the congregation. The naturally correct ear and sweet voice of the African made the volume of sound that now sank and swelled harmonious and pleasing. This was an “experience” meeting; for, an elder inviting remarks, an old colored sister presently arose, and, after bobbing up and down in several directions and saying, “Good-ebenin’, bredrin ob de ‘Sons ob Zion;’ good-ebenin’, bredrin ob de ‘Modern Chillun ob Noah;’ good-ebenin, bredrin ob de ‘Ancient Sons an’ Daughters ob Malachi;’ good-ebenin’, bredrin ob de ‘New Jerusalem,’” delivered herself of many rambling remarks, which excited secret tittering among Jemima and the younger ones. Then the minister, a boyish-looking man, arose, and said that Brother Simkins, being absent on business (“Business?” thought Mrs. Anders), had left with him certain papers connected with the proposed festival for the benefit of the burial-society of the “Ancient Sons and Daughters of Malachi.” Brother Simkins, being president and treasurer of said society, had applied to the mayor for a permit to hold this festival, and had been charged twenty dollars for the same. On this the president had paid ten dollars, which had been collected last month, and begged that the congregation would generously contribute the rest, for which a collection would now be taken up. The plate was passed around while the minister read from the society papers as follows: “Our grand aim is to take all persons who desire to travel with us, as our grand aim is to reach Zion’s city, after we have done with the turmoil of this life, where the wicked cease from troublin’ and the weary is at rest.” Then the collection was passed up to him and counted in a business-like manner. “Brethren of the society, the surprisin’ generosity of some one here to-night in givin’ a five-dollar bill has made the amount complete, all to ten cents. Can’t you give just that much more? That’s right, Brother Green,” as a man stepped forward with ten cents. “Now just one nickel more! That’s right, sister,” perceiving a girl in the gallery, coin in hand. “If you don’t want to come down, just throw it down,”—which was done, and the coin picked up and handed to him. A final hymn, and the meeting broke up. Walking slowly, the crowd drifted past the Professor and his wife, expressing loud interest alike in “experiences,” the festival, and “blessed Brudder Simkins.” The minister, coming last, joined them. He seemed tired or dispirited.

“Our Moses is a shining light, it seems,” said Dr. Anders, pleasantly.

“Yes, yes, indeed,” was the absent reply. Then he broke out abruptly, “To labor in the vineyard here is more discouraging than with you, Dr. Anders.”

“What is the trouble?”

“I ought not to elucidate such matters, but I know you take an abiding interest. Our most fruitful meetings are followed by the worst backslidings. Complaints are brought me: only to-day a prominent planter asked me to help find some offenders among my people. A sick colored man on his place was visited secretly one night last week

by some friends bringing a Voodoo doctor. Among other charms, he was taken out and dipped three times in the river, and he died an hour afterwards."

"Deplorable superstition!" said Dr. Anders; "but it was unlikely to have been any of your people."

"His surmises point towards them, and so do his investigations,"—his polysyllables comforting him, even in despondency. "If it were not for Brother Simkins and others analogous, I should almost despair sometimes."

It did not cheer him on reaching Dr. Anders's gate to hear Rachel greet her mistress with the information that the poultry had all disappeared. "I bin to de meetin'," said Rachel, excited, "an' lef' little Sammy een cha'ge," pointing to an ebon grandson, "an' he tink he hear a squeakin' an' a squawkin', but he 'fraid to look, an' dey's gone, ebbery fedder."

The embarrassed "good-night" of the young pastor did not go to clear his congregation from suspicion. When he was gone, Rachel said, "I guess 'tis some o' dem gals dat gits 'ligion wid yellin', an' fits, an' carryin' out on men's shoulders. Dey gin'ully"—with sarcasm—"needs chicken soup after dat." Rachel herself was too stout for purely emotional religion.

"Too bad about those fine ducks and hens!" from Mrs. Anders.

"Oh, never mind," said her husband, adding, irrelevantly, "Poor things! One must not expect perfection anywhere."

Moses returned next morning, his face shining with fresh unction. He shook his head with a sad smile when his mistress told him why she must substitute money for the fat chickens she had intended as a donation to his festival. "De godly man is tried on dis yerth, like untoe de chillun in de fiery funniss. De Lord be wid dis house."

His duties suffered considerably for the next week from his devotion to the society affairs; but Dr. Anders approved of his zeal, and would not permit him to be checked.

It was the day before the famous festival that Dr. Anders returning from a walk met the young minister near his house, and stopped to speak to him. Moses's voice, as he weeded in the garden, could be heard singing,—

"I've shuffled off de debbil's chains,

Yes, I is,

An' I'm trabbellin' to Jericho-o-o."

"Heard any more of the Voodoo case?" asked the Professor.

"No; those affairs are mysteriously conducted,—very, very; and I have been interested in the festival. The mayor has just told me it is a mistake about the permit; there is no charge. Brother Simkins must have misunderstood; but it matters not: it is so much more in their treasury."

He passed on, and Dr. Anders, entering the house, stood with his wife near an open window, admiring the brilliant sunset. Two colored men, coming down the street, espied Moses in the garden, and called him forth for a conference. He went reluctantly, it appeared, glancing

at the house, where he saw no one, and saying to Jemima at the gate, "Nice wedder fur de siety, my sister. His hebben shine on de jest an' de onjest."

The two men seemed to Mrs. Anders to be making some demand which Moses evaded, and the voices grew loud.

"You pays me dat money," cried one, "or I pulls down de carpenter-wuk I put dar."

"An' you don' tief my paintin' for nuttin, neider," shouted the other.

Rachel, snuffing the battle from afar, joined them, and said, pacifically, "Pay de money, Brudder Simkins; our siety ain't poor, bress de Lawd, an' you's got money in de pus."

"Sister," said Moses, with mild firmness, "you's a 'oman, an' don't onderstan' bizness. What wid de permit, an' udder 'spenses, dar am sca'cely a cent in de pus."

"Sca'cely a cent!" cried Rachel; and "Sca'cely a cent!" echoed the crowd now collected. "Whar am de ninety-two dollars was een de pus las' siety-meetin'? Dar was a extra c'lection fur de permit."

"This is very singular," murmured Dr. Anders, held at the window by an interest real, if undignified.

The wrath of the crowd was now boiling over, and they appeared to lose all respect for their hitherto revered "Brudder Simkins." "Gi'e up de money! Gi'e up de money!" screamed one virago, shaking her fist close to his meek countenance. "We'll bade een blud, or we'll hab dat money!" yelled another.

"Sister Rachel Brown kin tell you," Moses explained, during an instant's pause, "dat de pus was light when she held it fur me."

Rachel bridled, as all gazed. "I hild it one day," she said, consciously, "kase I's 'gaged to marry Brudder Simkins when he sick wife die. I gin it up ter him, an' 'twas shet tight, an' mighty light."

Jemima advanced from where she had been standing grinning with selfish delight that she had kept clear of the "Ancient Sons and Daughters of Malachi" and their president.

"You b'lieve dat man?" she cried to Rachel. "'Tis only yestiddy he call you a ole fool, and ax me to marry him right away, kase a par-rylize wife's same's no wife; an' I tole him"—with a toss—"dat he's a ole raskil, kase I bin know dat when Mis' Andus lef' him go to fun'rils dat he been gone up de road to see a 'oman he bin marry dar las' week."

Rachel and Jemima glared at each other; but the fury of the crowd, diverted for a moment, broke out again in repeated threats to "bade in Simkins's blud" if the money were not forthcoming, and one sister swore she could "swallow him whole an' be happy." The arrival of a constable restored quiet without, but not to Dr. Anders's much-troubled mind. Moses was absent that evening; and Jemima, who waited in his place, told them that the "burial-siety" would have the case tried on the morrow, before a justice. She added, with sarcasm, "I spec' Unc' Moses done gone to anudder fun'ril dis ebenin'."

"That will do, Jemima," said Mrs. Anders, quietly.

The morrow came, but so did not Brother Simkins or the "pus," they having departed, never to be seen again in Summerville.

"The society members are all so furious about their loss," their minister dejectedly told Dr. Anders, "that they communicate to me things which are grievous to hear. The Voodoo party was headed by Simkins, and they say he used to carry rattlesnake charms and conjure enemies himself. That story, too, about a second wife up the road is, unfortunately, true; indeed, he is reported, on good authority, to have *five* in different parts of the State. I am afraid"—with a troubled smile—"that he would justify himself by some allusion to David or Solomon." Then he relapsed into gloom, and concluded, "I suppose you know by this time that it was he who took your fowls back to that woman up the road? He bought them from her for you in the first place, and paid her twice their value, in trust for himself. They tell me that he has committed much rascality under the name of his brother Cato, who lives in Charleston and is a very decent, honest fellow. I wish you had had him instead."

"We might leave a gift with that young man," said the Professor afterwards to his wife. "I should like to help him. His ministry must be a trying one, and I should like to be of some use before we leave."

"Do not intrust it to the treasurer of any society, then," she said, but, relenting, went on, "Think of going home next week! Oh, how pleasant it will be!"

"I have missed my classes," said the Professor, who would not even to his wife admit that what he most needed was to have a former ideal devotion restored by viewing its objects once more in distant perspective.

Jeanie Drake.

ENVY OF GRIEF.

THE tears streamed from her lovely, soft blue eyes,
Flushed were her cheeks, and bowed her slender frame,

As a great gust of bitter anguish came
And held her in its grasp; it slowly dies,
But only as the wind does, soon to rise

With greater fury, fanning all the flame.

Of her wild sorrow, till she could not tame

The fire that raged within her. I, grown wise

And old and weary, heard her sobbing sore,

And watched her with compassion where she sat.

Then came a sudden envy, as this truth

Flashed through my heart, that pitied her no more,—

Only the very young can grieve like that,

And I would take her sorrow with her youth.

Bessie Chandler.

MY FLORIDA.

THE Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, among his epigrammatic generalizations on human nature, says that to each John there are three Johns,—God's John, John's John, and my John: a suggestive way of putting the old truth that the thing seen depends upon the person seeing. To Florida there would appear to be many more than three Floridas, each observer seeing a Florida of his own, and reporting the Florida he has seen. It therefore behooves one who reports his impressions, opinions, or convictions of Florida to assume at the outset all responsibility for the same by stating, once for all, that he speaks of the Florida he has seen. One must not shirk the possessive pronoun. I speak of my Florida.

In the last two years I have seen a good deal of Florida; but I consider that I am thoroughly well acquainted only with the Florida in which I have lived and moved and literally had my being for months,—the lower half of the peninsula, which, commencing with Orange County, is now very generally known and set off by itself as South Florida.

Of course the first thing to be said about Florida concerns her climate; indeed, this might be the last thing and the middle thing and the only thing. Certainly climate is not all, but it is so much the chief, that its value is threefold in proportion to all other graces in the category of Florida's attractions. Outside of this trinity are many others, but this grace of climate alone will insure the future of Florida. The climate of South Florida is a revelation to the novice, a new and undreamed-of thing. One does not, save in the experience of it, imagine that the air—atmosphere seems the better word—could hold for one elements so friendly, so congenial, so nourishing; that in the viewless element we breathe could be so palpable an *animus* of good intent, a disposition to do one good. In other climes it has not seemed fanciful to speak of the air as malevolent, as unfriendly. Here it seems sheer fact and sober justice to call the air one breathes benevolent,—a friendly atmosphere that goes far toward making one feel welcomed, put at ease, waited upon, consulted as to convenience and taste; in short, made to feel at home.

On reflection, why should it not be so? When the facts geographical and physical are taken into account, what is there lacking that should be present in order to produce just this atmosphere? In South Florida, where the peninsula narrows, where there are no mountain-barriers to shut in and shut out all movements in the air, where only gentle undulations of pine forest roll between ocean and gulf, where breezes from southern seas come constantly from one side or the other, filtered through miles of pine forest which lend to these breezes their own healing breath and mix their tonic with the stimulus of the salt sea, where the porous earth retains no damp to chill in after-breaths,—where could anything unfriendly find a hiding-place?

Doubtless what I have just said will be deemed the product of enthusiasm, and a repetition of the first experience of many others. Exactly this it is, only it is not precisely a first experience; a second, if you please, three times as long as the first. It is, however, a real enthusiasm, if of slow growth and rather shy speech; but it is sincere. Also it is a repetition of that of many others, and as surely of many yet to come. No one has yet known how full and joyful a thing life can become, while it lacks the element which a truly friendly and nourishing atmosphere can contribute. When the constancy of a congenial climate has been experienced, enthusiasm may be forgiven, but the want of it, never. Climate is too vital a matter to be phlegmatic about.

I will not, however, ignore echoes which come to me, as I write, from the objectors and critics, whose chief equipment for their objections and criticisms is often found to be a dense ignorance of the subjects under their august consideration. There are, however, I believe, many sincere seekers for just such a climate as I have found, who have failed to find it for no better reason than that they have taken testimony in place of making experiment. To them *malaria* is a real thing, and *malaria in Florida* an awful fact.

Now the truth shall be spoken of "my Florida," the reader bearing in mind the significance which I fasten on those words, and the responsibility they limit and define. In my Florida every prospect pleases and only man is vile. If malaria exists, it is because man is there. What I mean is exactly this: that if a visitor or resident of Florida has malaria in his system by reason of his visit or residence in Florida, it is because he has not let Nature have her perfect work. Nature does her part, but man does not do his. In certain districts of river-bank and lowland still undrained there is need that when persons settle they should first observe the necessary precautions against the stagnations and accumulations in wet places, and overcome them by proper drainage and destruction. Men and women who are in too much haste to do this, who will go into hammocks on lowlands and live there, without proper protection or proper food, regardless of proper hours for labor and rest and exposure, these persons, whether from ignorance or indolence or out-and-out presumption on the forbearance of Nature, will still reap the rewards of the breaking of her laws. The part which Nature requires of man she will not do for him. In Florida that part is very small, but, such as it is, she requires it inexorably, and if she receives it not her punishment, if slow, is sure. The sin is that of the settler.

The settler's malaria is his own lookout. Perhaps the malaria of the tourist is a somewhat different thing, and should have some separate discussion. At least, since it is desired and intended that this paper shall be nothing if not critical, and not critical unless impartial, I will speak and make confession concerning the malaria of one tourist, whose case I know thoroughly. In those ranks—the ranks of the tourist—my name is numbered, and I speak from experience.

No one going into a new and suspiciously regarded country was ever so filled with a wholesome and unwholesome fear of "malaria" as was myself on my first visit to Florida. I say wholesome fear,

because that induces caution, and unwholesome fear, because that begets timidity. The former is good when caution passes into precaution; the latter wholly evil until it gives place to courage. On the whole, however, it is well to have both, if either; they better join hands and pace along together, twin shades, until they both fade into thin air, —i.e., the air of Florida.

But to return to our malarias. I had sampled this *bête noire* of the present day and generation pretty well at the North, and amid the bubbling bucolics of several famous rural retreats; my last draught was by night, at the nasty mouth of the Savannah River, whose contact here disgraces the beautiful town whose name it bears. All unconsciously I was well drugged with the poison when I reached my pines and orange-groves in early November; and here Nature, fiercely tender to bring it out of me, took me in hand. There was a hot battle between friend and foe, and all my nerves and tissues were their battleground. The enemy held on for his dear life and put out every flag he marches under; but my great nurse never left me by day or night. She waked me in the morning with the gentle flinging over me of her coverlet of gold, woven from the first rays of the rising sun, and then she brought me the tonic juices of her royal Pomona, and so she coaxed me to an earlier exodus from walls than I had before made, and wrought within me a keener appetite for an earlier breakfast than I had ever known in the "invigorating air" of our frigid North.

Well, after this early breakfast the genial loafing with other loafers and loaferesses, on broad piazzas, in or out of the yellow sunshine; and then a saunter to the boat-house and a dip of oars in the clear waters of the lake; the ramble through a corner of the orange-grove, 'cross lots to my pine-groves; the slow survey of busy workmen from the elevations afforded by the piles of fresh lumber, here assembled; all this, with no remembrance that the enemy exists. Then, the *dolce far niente* of the afternoons, whose brief hours pass swiftly into the sunset; that Florida sunset whose wonderful beauty is to be compared, world-known and world-knowing tourists tell me, to none anywhere save in some portions of Upper Egypt; and the long afterglow, found nowhere, I am sure, outside of Paradise; and then, following close, the flaming of stars, nearer, greater, and warmer than one dreams they could be; and perhaps the slow rocking of a crescent moon, until it cradles itself in the lake, where its reflection comes to meet it from beneath the quiet waters. At every step is the sense of this attendance of a healer at my side, until the last promenade upon the piazzas before a bedtime whose hour is set to not too great disproportion to that of the morning; and a final falling off to sleep with this same kind Nature brooding over me, with her stars above her orange-groves, out my window; waking, if at all, to hear the midnight soft snatch of after even-song, or the sweet prelude of the dawn-peep of the mocking-birds, and to be lulled back to sleep again, until the gold-dust comes against my eyelids in the morning.

Under this treatment Malaria could not make head; nothing was left for him to do but to fold up his tents like the Arabs and silently steal away, finding, no doubt, ample hospitality elsewhere.

Such is my experience with the malaria of Florida, as I have found it in literal fact.

Now, mark me, gentle critic. Suppose a tourist of another turn, *i.e.*, of another Florida,—his Florida not being mine,—suppose him in this same case, but fleeing from the pines and orange-groves in perhaps a fortnight after war is declared; by this time his unsleeping foe, who has fastened his evil attendance upon him in previous days, has arrived at the zenith of his activity and has all his signs of promise out. Terrified at these disclosures, his victim rushes away, with a tale, impossible to disprove, that he has “got malaria in Florida,”—the exact truth being that the malaria which he took to Florida in disguise he brings out of Florida unmasked. For Florida will not have, will not hide, will not harbor in her coasts, this alien; but she will, if she is left to have her way, lay violent hands upon him at once, will tear him from his hiding-place, will hunt him out of ambuscade, will make him stand out in open field and fight for his life, and then fly for it!

Such being my experience with this suspect, I have naturally come out of it with the conviction that the malaria “acquired in Florida” is the malaria imported to Florida, which Florida would treat in every case, were she allowed, as she did in mine. But if the owner of this precious malady hastens away in terror so soon as the foe is revealed, he will carry it with him; and very likely Florida will get the credit for its existence. Then it is that the devil scores another triumphant and mischievous lie on his list.

I believe Florida is the place to find out that you “have malaria.” It will come out there because it cannot stay there. There will be a fierce fight, but never an uncertain one; and if the visitor to Florida finds the right place, and stays there long enough, he and Florida will have formed a firm alliance against the enemy, and the enemy will fly.

Of course one must learn how to live in Florida: that means what to eat, when to exercise, when to rest; and, above all, he must have a real love for and joy in nature. He must have caution until he knows how to use precaution; and this not because there is more danger there than elsewhere, but precisely because there is less danger there than elsewhere. It is here, of all places, that Nature gives her maximum of security, her minimum of risk to her worthy lovers, and in this sense of safety with her at all hours lies the whole truth about the danger. One forgets that danger can exist, and, so persuaded, goes too far and too fast in presumption on her favor. This too easy familiarity she can, and she may, punish. It is best to make haste slowly in gaining her complete devotion. Do not, at first, give yourself too much to the unsheltered air of night. Have a wrap always at hand, for the first hint of chill. In short, be half as prudent here as you are anywhere else, and you will gain a whole world of new liberty, and have nothing to lose in exchange. I have spent days and nights on all waters in Florida,—the Wekiva, the St. John, the Indian River, on the open Gulf of Mexico, in the harbors of Key West and Marco, and upon the placid waters which float upon their surface the ever-verdant fleet of the Ten Thousand Islands,—under the sun by day and the moon and the stars by night, and have come out of it with a brown

face, a clear eye, no extra flesh, considerable extra spirit, with "an appetite that could eat the solar system like a cake," with stores of plunder laid in by the imagination for tame days ahead, and with a treasury of physical vigor to help me through our Northern summers.

So much, and too much, for the malaria of my Florida. The suspect should be treated as briefly by one who knows, as were the snakes of Ireland in the famous guide-book. An exhaustive treatise on the malaria of my Florida could be written in the one sentence, "There is no malaria in Florida."

Of course this oracle is complete only when the words are understood "by him who knows." *For him who knows how to receive it*, and to apply it, for him alone is this blessing, of the perfect air of Florida.

I have already indicated this right and reasonable individual, this one who shall find out a Florida similar to mine, as the one who finds the right place and stays there long enough.

These are all-important points, but points upon which one may not dogmatize with safety. It was determined when this paper was undertaken that "no names should be mentioned." Nowhere so much as in Florida are comparisons odious.

It is enough to say that in Florida there is room and the right place for you, whoever you are, *when you find it*. The thing is to find it. And here the only word I have to say is, *Find it yourself*. Do not ask any one the way. Do not go anywhere irrevocably on the recommendation or experience of any one else. Do not jump at the offer of land from some amiable land-agent, to build a house or plant an orange-grove on. Go, and continue to go, until you find the place that suits you. That place exists, and you will know it when you reach it; nor will the reports of any spies of Ascalon disturb your peace or unsettle your preference. It is all a matter of experiment. The only word I am willing to say on this subject is, *Come and see!*

As to the date of coming, and the date of leaving, I think the student of Florida has much to learn, if he be in search of health. The tourist, as such, has, like Death in the poem, all seasons for his own. He can take his trip of two weeks or two months any time between October and May and not miss much, whichever date he selects. In his case it does not matter, as nothing is at stake. But to the person who visits Florida with the purpose of finding out just what and all Florida can do for him in health, date and duration of time are matters of very great importance. On these points I can give only a conviction founded upon my own logic and observation, for I have not made acquaintance with my Florida as an invalid.

If I were an invalid and wished to test the whole value of the climate of Florida to myself, I would go in October and stay until September. I would spend September on the water, and go back in October; and thus I would live for three years. If I could not do this, I would go in October and stay until June. One should have the benefit of the growing time, and the time of maturity, in the midst of this bountiful Nature. All, and more, that spring and summer do for us at the North, they do for one here. We revive when Nature

revives ; we awake and become fresh in her awakening ; and nowhere does she awake as she does here. All her cordials are in the air for us to drink and to assimilate. Her sap and our blood run together. So it is everywhere, and so it is in Florida.

"But the heat?"

Well, here I accept figures ; and I find that the mercury runs no such race down here in the summer months as it does in the North. This is a great surprise, of course. It is nevertheless true ; and those whose permanent residence is in Florida have, without exception which I can recall, assured me that in point of comfort they greatly prefer the summer of Florida to that of the North ; and any place above Georgia is "the North" to the Floridian. A man largely experienced in summer resorts of both North and South told me he thought Florida would become a favorite summer resort "for Southern people," meaning residents of adjacent States. At first glance this seems a singular statement, but a second look at it will show us sound sense at bottom. The States above Florida, except on the direct Atlantic coast, are banked in by the great continent, which holds all the heat, and puts the close earth-damp into it, with all its vapors, and in very hot weather there, as farther North, we have a stifling heat, which is more oppressive in this quality than by reason of rise of temperature. In South Florida, in summer, as in winter, there are no barriers to the sweep of salt air. It plays from coast to coast continually. No one exposes himself unshaded to the meridian sun, and in the shade he gets constantly this breeze. A great fan waves by day and night from Gulf to Atlantic, from Atlantic to Gulf, without intermission.

On this point of *date* one must profit by his common sense and observation. It is clear that for one who seeks to escape the rigors of the Northern winter, any time later than November is too late to leave, and any time before the 1st of May is too early to return. But the mistake is the idea that it is the rigor of the Northern winter which is so harmful. The fate of invalids who have chosen the dates above named in their Florida experience will sadly bear me out when I assert that the excesses of cold are not so much to be escaped as are the damp chills and changes of the interval months between them and the warmth of summer. It would be better for the invalid to go to Florida in October and stay until December, and when chill vapors are frozen out of the air, and icicles depend from his Northern roof, to come back to them, and to fly away when the thaws set in, whenever that be. That he has done exactly the wrong thing so far, in this matter, is the very simple solution of the fact that so far he has not found Florida good for him. He will continue to reap nothing but disappointment from his repetition of the experiment so long as he waits until the chills of November are in his system, to go to Florida, and then leaves before they have had time to get out. November and March have slain their thousands in our dear New England and Middle States, but April and May their ten thousands. The sincere invalid must admit, if he be from one of these States, that he must escape, if at all, a winter of nine months.

Three classes of persons have visited Florida, from the beginnings

of her history,—the health-seeker, the fortune-seeker, and the pleasure-seeker; and Florida is to be viewed from the stand-point of each of these classes, for each will continue to come, and will increase in numbers. The limits of this paper, however, preclude any mention from the stand-points of profit or pleasure to be found in Florida, or any further discussion from the stand-point of health; although in a continued discussion of the climate of Florida each of these may be, or rather must be, legitimately involved.

The future of Florida does not depend upon her phosphates, in which there may or may not be millions of dollars to be resown within her soil. It does not depend upon her fruits, which industrious application of intelligence and care will make competencies to any man or woman who will persevere in their culture. It does not depend upon its vegetables, or its lumber, or anything else already proven, or proving, or to be proven, a resource of the country. Without any one of these Florida has a future as certain and as long and as increasing as Time, and that in her climate,—in her *air* alone.

The health-hunter, the fortune-hunter, the pleasure-hunter, aside, there will still remain the visitor to Florida,—the taker of little trips,—the tourist. He will come and go. He will come, two for one, each succeeding year. He will come just for fun. He will put up at a hotel while he samples the air of Florida. Take away from Florida her oranges, those golden globes of refreshment which are nowhere else the same thing; take away her ruby Japanese persimmons, whose delicate Jacque-rose-petal skin curls away at your touch to show its delicious crimson custard within; take away her royal Pomona (grape-fruit), those topaz-tinted cisterns of tonic juices; take away her sweet potatoes, her—shall we descend the scale to its bitter end?—her hog, her hominy, her Florida beef; take all away, and still the tourist will be there for his little trip. Somehow he will live, for as surely as he comes he will find the hotel and the hotel-man. They are there before him. They will be the last to leave.

But some of them will leave. The law of survival will prevail, and that with rapid strides. The fittest will survive alone. The reign of that Florida hotel-man who has preyed with his Florida fibrin, his condensed milk, his hog and his hominy, his canned vegetables and canned fruits, upon the helpless tourist, is over. His days are numbered, and the new dynasty has appeared. The fat Florida cow, who, fed generously, cuts up under the Florida butcher's knife into excellent roasts and steaks, or under the milkmaid's gentler hand gives down milk, rich and sweet and in due measure, so much for so much,—she has appeared, to give the lie to the old liar and the Father of them who says when he puts before you his cooked fibrin and his condensed milk, "This is all for love or money I can find in Florida," and you give him your money but not your love; this and much more testimony is at hand for the utter discomfiture and rout of the Florida hotel-man, be he Georgian, Yankee, or Cracker, who has flourished like a green bay-tree while you have shrunk away to proportions not worth mentioning. His day is over. The tourist will go farther and fare better. His thumbs prick at last.

The old hotel-tyrant of Florida is on the decline. Let him seek a place of repentance, space will be given him; but and if he will not repent and do works meet for repentance, he shall read his Tekel, Tekel, on his own deserted walls. The tourist will see to that.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

TO bring to the understanding of the general reader how the electric light is produced is no easy matter. In order that the untrained mind may realize natural laws and phenomena which are either unknown or unfamiliar to it, the necessity arises to introduce comparisons between them and the phenomena which are within its knowledge. This is not a strictly scientific method of proceeding, and, when employed in this article, any comparisons given must be limited only to the statement made: there must be no further deduction, whether such deduction be right or wrong.

Practical electricity is the application of a certain known force to practical ends, such as telegraphy, telephony, lighting, motive power, welding, chemical operations, medicine, and an infinite number of other purposes. Lighting and motive power only will be treated here. This subject divides itself into three parts: (1) the production of the force,—i.e., electrical energy; (2) the means of conveying it to the point or points where it is to be used; and (3) the apparatus for giving the desired results.

Although there is a variety of ways of producing electricity, from the rubbing of a piece of sealing-wax on the coat-sleeve to the vast engines employed at large central lighting-stations, yet here we will consider only such methods of producing the force as are in practical use on a moderate scale. The current for electric lighting may be obtained either from chemical batteries or from machines termed dynamos. The dynamo is an apparatus a portion of which has to be revolved in order to produce a current, and consequently requires some motive power, which is supplied from a steam-engine or some other source. It must be remembered that a steam-engine derives its power from the fuel in the boiler-furnace, or from gas, petroleum, or some other material, being consumed,—to use a common phrase,—for in reality it is simply the material changing its chemical state, no actual consumption taking place at all. It will thus be observed that the power obtained from all engines is derived, in the first instance, by a chemical process, and is, therefore, comparable with a complex chemical battery. It might be thought that, when the current is produced by water-power, chemical action is no longer the source of current-production; but this is not so, for the water which produces the power has been raised from low levels in the form of vapor to high levels, where this vapor is deposited in the form of rain, by the action of the sun's heat,—which is produced by chemical action. Therefore it may

be assumed that electricity can probably be produced only by chemical action, and that whenever any chemical action takes place electricity is produced. However, it is usual to speak of the electrical current being produced either by means of an engine of some kind, or from batteries, without entering into further refinements. The engines employed are usually steam or gas, and both are so familiar to every one that to describe them is unnecessary. The apparatus which is revolved by the engine and termed the dynamo, in which the current is actually produced, or, more strictly speaking, the apparatus in which the power derived from the engine is converted into electrical energy, will claim our attention after a brief reference to batteries.

Batteries are divided into primary and secondary. The former are those wherein the materials, part or the whole of them, become exhausted, and at this stage fail to supply electricity unless some or all of the materials are renewed. The secondary battery is one which becomes exhausted in exactly the same way as the primary, but the chemical contents are of such a nature that it is merely necessary to pass a current of electricity through the battery in order to reinstate it in its original condition. To give a practical instance: every one is familiar with the primary cell, consisting of a pot of weak sulphuric acid, in which are immersed two plates, one of copper, one of zinc, not touching each other in the liquid, but connected with each other outside the liquid by means of a wire the ends of which are joined to the plates respectively. Under these conditions the liquid bubbles like soda-water, which indicates that some chemical action is proceeding and some of the fluid is being converted into gas; a current also flows through the wire. This is a simple illustration of chemical and electrical action proceeding at the same time, which, as already stated, must necessarily take place, although not always self-evident. On disconnecting one end of the wire from one of the plates, the bubbling ceases, indicating that the action has been arrested. In the course of the wire an electrical lamp, a motor, or apparatus for indicating the presence of a current, or any other apparatus, may have been inserted; and all the results, so well known, which can be produced by means of an electrical current, may have made themselves manifest. But of course no appreciable quantity of light or power would be produced from such an experimental cell; a large number of such cells coupled together would be necessary in order to be of practical service; and this combination is termed a battery. In a short time the zinc plate in the cell is dissolved, and the power of the liquid becomes exhausted, when the production of the electric current ceases. But supposing these two plates, instead of being copper and zinc, are one lead and the other double oxide of lead, then, although the current produced ceases after a time, instead of requiring a portion of the contents of the cell to be renewed, it is only necessary to pass through it a current produced from some other source in order to renew its vitality. Such a combination is termed a secondary cell, and a number of these suitably connected form a secondary battery very commonly known under the name of an accumulator. An accumulator, therefore, is nothing more than a primary battery in which the chemicals can be renewed, as often

as required, by simply passing a current of electricity through it, such current in practice being produced by means of an engine and a dynamo. It may also be observed that the primary battery at the present moment is not a suitable means for producing electricity on a large scale, for, apart from expense, the necessity to replace new chemicals in the cells from time to time involves considerable trouble and inconvenience; whereas to replenish an accumulator by running an engine is a very simple matter.

To turn to the dynamo: no attempt can be made in an article of this kind to enter into a full description of this apparatus, which is made in an unlimited number of ways; but sufficient explanation will be given of its general principle to show how a current is produced from it,—the principle being the same in all types, no matter how the machine may be constructed.

Dynamos are of two kinds, one made to produce a continuous current and the other an alternating current. Although these currents are very different in their character, no difference is to be observed when they are employed to give light. A continuous current may be compared to a liquid wherein waves are continually progressing in one direction. The direction towards which these waves are moving is termed the positive direction, and that from whence they come the negative. Consequently, if a wire, with a current flowing in it, is attached to a lamp in such a manner that the waves move towards the point where the wire is attached to the lamp, it would be stated that that point is attached in such a way as to receive a positive current; and the other part of the lamp, where the current leaves it (since the waves will evidently move away from this point), is termed the negative. In this explanation the lamp must be regarded as a part of the wire modified in such a manner as to be capable of converting the current into light. Therefore, when a positive or a negative current is spoken of, it simply indicates direction. Notwithstanding this, positive electricity and negative electricity have a variety of phenomena peculiar to each.

The alternating current may be regarded as a fluid in which a wave proceeds first in one direction and then in the other, seesaw fashion; and in practice these changes of direction take place as frequently as from fifty to two hundred times per second. Instruments employed for continuous currents may contain iron and permanent magnets, but for the alternating currents the latter must be completely absent, and any iron employed in the construction of the instruments must be very soft and much subdivided, or it will become extremely hot.

The dynamo producing the continuous current consists of two parts, one stationary and one to be revolved. In the most usual type the stationary portion is a powerful electro-magnet, horseshoe in shape, the free ends of the horseshoe being termed poles. These poles are so arranged as to permit the armature to revolve between them. The axis of the armature consists of a spindle running in bearings, and is revolved by motive power, either by being connected directly with the engine or indirectly by means of a belt, in which latter case the spindle carries a pulley. Upon the spindle is placed a suitable frame-work,

and wire is wound upon this in a particular manner so as to form a continuous coil, which may (as it generally does) or may not surround some soft iron. When the armature is removed from a machine, it has somewhat the appearance of a short bolster with a spindle pushed through it. The bolster part, on close examination, will be found to consist of the coil of wire already mentioned. This wire-coil portion revolves between the magnet-poles. The spindle, at one end, carries a number of copper plates, placed radially and close together, so as to form in appearance a solid cylinder, termed the commutator. Each plate is insulated from the next and from the spindle. By insulation is meant that some substance through which the electricity will not pass is placed between plate and plate, and between plates and spindle. Upon this commutator rest two brushes, to which are attached the wires that lead to any point where electrical energy is required. Every plate in the commutator has a wire joined to it, the other end of the wire being in connection at certain points of the armature-coil. It will thus be seen that any current produced in the armature will flow to the copper plates and enter the brushes which press upon them, and so pass on into the wires (often termed cables, mains, leads, or lines) and travel to the point required. When the armature is revolved, the plates of the commutator successively pass the brushes, consisting of a group of fine copper wires or thin plates, which should be of considerable length, in order to give them elasticity and to allow for wear and tear. A portion of the current produced is employed to excite the electro-magnets. Permanent magnets may be used,—in fact, they are still used in France, for dynamos employed in light-houses,—but for general purposes the electro-magnets are cheaper and have many other advantages. A piece of soft iron, wound round and round with wire which has a current passing through it, becomes a powerful magnet; and the iron is then said to be “excited.” When the electro-magnet of the dynamo is excited, the armature is in an extremely powerful magnetic field; which means that it is strongly under magnetic influence. If the spindle is revolved under these conditions and the wires leading from the brushes are connected so as to form a closed circuit, it will be found that the power required to turn the spindle increases as the speed is raised. The best comparison to make is that of turning a fan in a barrel of treacle: the more quickly the fan is turned the greater will be the resistance to its motion. The very fact of revolving the armature, which is nothing more than a specially-wound coil of wire close to the poles of a magnet, produces a current of electricity in the coil; and the faster this coil is turned the greater will be the pressure of the current produced. The quantity produced is dependent upon the resistance of the circuit. The resistance is made up, in the simple case imagined, of the wire in the armature, the length of which is invariable, and the length of the wire joined to the brushes, which is variable. Evidently the longer this wire is, the more resistance will be offered to the passage of the current; and if the pressure were to remain unaltered for two different lengths of this wire, the quantities of current which would flow through it must necessarily vary with its length,—i.e., if the armature-

coil resistance is neglected. The resistance of the armature-coil is always very small, and may practically be neglected, so that the current flowing in the system may be considered proportional to the resistance of the circuit outside the machine. In an electric-light installation it would be practically proportional to the number of lamps in use at any time.

In a well-constructed dynamo, running at a given speed and intended to produce current for a certain number of lamps, the pressure should remain constant, whether one lamp or more is in use upon the circuit; and this is of great importance, for otherwise the light from the lamps will vary. When such self-regulation cannot be obtained, electrical governors are employed to secure constant pressure.

One form of alternating-current dynamo consists of a number of coils placed upon the periphery of a wheel, which are revolved before electro-magnets excited from a small continuous-current machine such as that which has just been described. The arrangement is such that an alternating current is produced in the moving coils. This current is collected by means of brushes, as in the last case; but the commutator consists of two rings of metal insulated from each other and from the machine, in connection, however, with the moving coils. The conditions for regular pressure and quantity of current produced are the same as in the last case. These descriptions of the two most usual types of dynamo are only of the most superficial kind, the aim being to give merely a general idea of their mode of action.

Having dealt with the production of the electric current, it becomes necessary to consider how it is conveyed to those points where it is required. After this, the apparatus used for obtaining practical results may be examined. In order that the current may travel, the circuit must be complete. The circuit may be compared to a system of hot-water pipes such as are used for warming hot-houses. In a hot-water system there are a boiler, a flow and a return circulating pipe, and pipe-coils at various points for giving off heat at places where warmth is required. In an electrical installation the dynamo replaces the boiler, flow- and return-pipes are represented by the two conducting mains, and the pipe-coils by lamps, motors, and other apparatus. In a hot-water system, it is perfectly evident that the quantity of water passing through every part of the main must be the same. It is so with the electric current: whatever may be the quantity of the current starting from the dynamo, the same quantity comes back to it. But it is not so with the pressure: this diminishes in proportion to the work the current does; consequently the pressure diminishes as the current advances on its path. The passage of a current through a conductor cannot be effected without loss,—i.e., diminished pressure. Loss means work done. If this work has a useful purpose, it is not a loss in the common sense of the word; but in all other cases it is waste. Any pressure of the current lost in a lamp produces a desired result. Since this is not so for the mains, the system must be constructed in such a manner that, except where practical results are needed, as little loss as possible shall occur in conducting the current from point to point,—which is effected by making the mains as large as possible. The size of the mains is

limited only by the consideration of their cost. To sum this up, the whole pressure of the current may be regarded as being lost in passing through the lamps, motors, and other apparatus in a well-designed installation.

The larger the section of a wire, the less resistance does it offer to the passage of the current. Therefore one wire double the diameter of another will offer four times less resistance. On the other hand, if the current passing through any wire is doubled, the loss of pressure in travelling a given distance will be four times greater than before; three times the current, nine times: *i.e.*, the waste increases as the square of the current. In electric lighting, the waste invariably consists in producing heat at places in the circuit where heat is not required; and if this is generated in too great a degree, by reason of the mains offering too much resistance,—that is, being too small in section,—a fire may result. To avoid the possibility of such an accident, the current is made to pass in its course, at suitable points, through short pieces of metal far more fusible in nature than the material of which the conductors are made. The cables and wires are usually of copper. The fuses, as a rule, consist of tin wire, and are generally called “safety-junctions.” Then, if the current rises beyond a certain limit from any cause, the safety-junctions melt and cut the circuit before any damage is done.

The only apparatus in connection with an electric-light installation that need be considered here are the arc lamp, the incandescent lamp, the motor, the switches, and the instruments for indicating the quantity and pressure of the current.

In the arc lamp the current passes through two carbon rods, which are separated from each other by a very short distance. In order that the current shall leap this interval, the rods are made to touch each other, and then they are separated: a flame, consisting of heated gases, passes between these carbon rods, which flame must not be mistaken for visible electricity. The powerful light is produced by the intense heat to which the ends of the rods are raised. Suitable apparatus is connected with these carbons, in order that they may be fed as they burn away. Otherwise the distance between them will increase, and eventually the current will cease to flow. This form of light is termed “arc” light, because the flame resembles in shape an arc or a crescent.

The incandescent or glow lamp consists of a very fine filament of carbon, hermetically sealed in a glass globe from which the air has been exhausted. The ends of the filament reach the outside of this globe by being attached within it to two platinum wires which pass through the glass to the outside, where they are dealt with in some convenient way whereby they may be attached to the circuit. The current consequently enters the filament at one end and leaves it by the other. The filament becomes white hot during the time that the current passes through it, and is not consumed, since it is not in the presence of air. The high resistance of the carbon filament necessitates a great loss of pressure in the current during its passage, and is converted into light-giving heat. If the pressure of the current is greater than that for which the lamp was constructed, too much cur-

rent will pass through the filament, and it will be destroyed. On the other hand, if the pressure is insufficient, the temperature to which the filament ought to be raised will not be reached, and the light will be far less than it should be under normal conditions. The light given by any lamp diminishes in far greater proportion than the equivalent fall in the pressure of the current; and the inverse is true. For instance, a lamp intended to give a certain light with a given pressure of current would give less than half its light with a fall of ten per cent. in pressure. On the other hand, a four-per-cent. increase of pressure above the normal would produce at least double the light intended.

A motor is identical with the dynamo. In the latter case, the armature is revolved and a current produced, but when a current is sent into a dynamo it will be found that the armature revolves: in other words, it becomes a motor. Here is perhaps the simplest way of conveying power that has thus far been discovered. If it is required to turn a lathe or other machine by power at any given place, it will simply be necessary to convey to that place two wires to conduct the current, and then attach a motor. Although heavy, a motor is compact, and a man can, without difficulty, move from place to place, on a properly-designed truck, such a machine up to the size of say ten horse-power. Apart from the rapidity and ease with which motive power may be installed wherever it may be desired, there are also eliminated the dangers, disadvantages, and complications which exist more or less in connection with the forms of motive power hitherto employed.

In order to light and put out a lamp, or to start and stop a motor, the current must be cut: to effect this, simple apparatus are used that break the metallic continuity of the circuit, this being all that is necessary. Such devices are termed switches.

Two instruments are employed to observe what is taking place upon the circuit. The one is termed an ammeter, equivalent to a water-meter, and indicates the quantity of current,—the unit being termed an ampère. The other instrument is called a voltmeter, and registers pressure,—the unit being termed a volt. There are also meters in use, equivalent to a gas-meter, whereby the electrical energy used during any given time is recorded. When current is supplied from a public installation by the unit (which in England is 1000 Watt-hours), the price per unit multiplied by ten gives the equivalent value for gas per thousand cubic feet, light for light, when glow-lamps are used. Thus, electrical energy sold at sevenpence per unit in London is equivalent to gas at six shillings and tenpence per thousand cubic feet.

There are two systems of distribution, one the series and the other the parallel. Of these systems there are many subdivisions of each, but only the simple methods need be referred to.

In the series system the conductor consists of one continuous circle. The lamps and other apparatus which are inserted form a part of this conducting ring. In this method high-pressure currents have to be used, because there is a successive fall of pressure as the current passes through each succeeding lamp or other piece of apparatus. The most

usual pressure adopted is that of one hundred volts. (The volt is the unit-measure of pressure.) Suppose, therefore, a circuit contained one hundred such lamps, ten thousand volts would be required in order that they might give their normal light. Such a pressure is fatal to life. A pressure exceeding five hundred volts with continuous current, and two hundred volts with alternating current, may prove fatal under certain conditions.

In the parallel system, which is free from danger, since high pressure is rarely employed with it, the flow and return mains may be supposed to be of equal length and laid parallel with each other. At various points along these mains, branch wires start, a lamp or motor being placed in the course of each branch, so that the current, in passing from one main to the other, traverses the lamp or motor. If this system is drawn on paper, it will have the appearance of a ladder, the lower ends of the sides, which may be taken to represent the mains, being connected to the dynamo and the top ends free. The rounds of the ladder will then represent the connecting cross-wires, each having in its course a lamp or any other piece of apparatus. Evidently, if the large mains, represented by the sides of the ladder, are of very low resistance, the current traversing the branches will simply be proportional to the resistance of each branch; and for lamps made to give equal light, placed in these branches, the resistances of the latter must be made approximately equal.

The resistance of the one-hundred-volt sixteen-candle-power glow-lamp most commonly in use at the present time is about one hundred and seventy times greater than that of the mains and branches leading to it. Consequently, if the flow- and the return-wire of such a lamp were to come in contact before reaching it, what is termed a short circuit would result, since the electric current, like steam and water, flows in the direction of least resistance. In this case the wires leading to the lamp will pass one hundred and seventy times more current than was intended, which would raise these wires to a white heat, or even fuse them, if no safety-junction is inserted in the circuit. If it exists, the fusible wire melts, and no mischief will be done.

In practice, one horse-power will produce one thousand candle-power in an arc-light; but an increase in the horse-power gives a far larger corresponding increase of light in the case of the arc lamp. For instance, seven horse-power will produce as great a light as fifteen thousand candles, or more. But, on the other hand, the light given by the incandescent lamp is directly proportional to the power of production; and, in practice, one horse-power will incandesce about eight sixteen-candle lamps of this type.

Although electricity was known to the ancient Greeks, the uses to which it might be applied have remained unknown for thousands of years. It was reserved to Ampère, Volta, Faraday, and a few others, to discover the laws which govern this force. The development of the science in its application to the practical needs of human life may be considered to date from the time of Faraday, whose career ended about the middle of the present century. In the past forty years electrical science has advanced in a degree probably unequalled by the progress

of any other science since the commencement of the world's history. The electric telegraph was discovered about fifty years ago. The transmission of messages across the ocean dates so recently as to be within the memory of those who can look back some thirty years. The electric light can only be considered to have entered the practical stage since 1880; and, though the advances during the last few years have been great, we know that greater achievements are in store for the present and future generations. It would be possible to speculate to an unlimited degree as to the future of science, but experience shows that the knowledge of to-day is as nothing compared with that of to-morrow. A few new facts often upset pet theories. One cannot but be reminded of the words spoken by one of the greatest of philosophers who ever lived, Sir Isaac Newton, who is reported to have said, when dying, "I seem only like a child playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

David Salomons.

ROSES OF LOVE.

THOUGH oft I pause by this small, grassy mound,
Gemmed with forget-me-not, shadowed by trees,
By soft rains moistened, swept by the sea-breeze,
And over which bird-notes in music sound,

Yet well I know, not here—not underground—
Rests the innocent child whom Memory sees,—
Memory made keen by Love; fairer than these
Fair scenes of earth are those that she has found.

But, when upon her grave I cast a rose,
Methinks, in that pure world where she is blest,
A heavenly blossom into being springs,

Yet tinged with somewhat mortal, and she knows
That some one, still in mortal garments dressed,
Seeks her remembrance, through earth's purest things.

Julian Hawthorne.

ROUND-ROBIN TALKS.

III.

THIS time there were ten of us. Steele Mackaye was there,—Mackaye the amateur artist, the professional actor and playwright. In his smoothly-shaven face no one reads the story of fifty years; there is the hardness of iron in his grasp, and in his heart the tender throbs of a woman. He has produced clever paintings; two theatres are monuments to his energy; and "Hazel Kirke," "Paul Kauvar," and a score of other plays perpetuate his name as playwright.

The rotund, double-chinned man, with a laugh in his voice, will be spoken of many years after he has ceased to make men happy. His chief object in life is to discover the best things to eat and the best way to cook them. He is against permitting French cooks to handle distinctively American dishes, and his name is John Chamberlin.

The man next the famous gastronome is Charles W. Brooke. When he left Philadelphia, nineteen years ago, he was known as "the wit of the Philadelphia bar." A searching probe in the cross-examination of a witness, a fiery or a flowery orator as occasion demands before a jury, a trained jurist before the bench, he displays moreover at the dinner-table a wit ready and unexcelled.

The smiling, smooth-skinned man in front of Brooke is not a priest, as one might suppose, but Edward Harrigan, the actor and playwright, who gave the delineations of Irish and negro characters a new and respectable place on the American stage.

Sitting over there, his pale face betraying no smile while he talks to John Chamberlin, is Dr. Edward Bedloe, the newly-appointed United States consul to Amoy, China, and confessedly the leading wit of the famous Clover Club of Philadelphia. His powers of mimicry are marvellous.

Listening to him is a pleasant-faced young man attired in a quiet manner but with scrupulous neatness. One who had never seen him before and who had read newspaper accounts of his appearance and behavior would scarcely imagine this to be E. Berry Wall, sometimes spoken of and always written of as "The King of the Dudes." He is a good-natured, open-hearted, average New York man-about-town, with far more common sense than most of his critics. He does not carry a big cane, or wear plaid clothing, or use a single-eyeglass, or punctuate his talk with "ahs." He has the muscles of an athlete, and can hold his own in a thoughtful discussion.

The stout, large-headed man near him is William E. S. Fales, a graduate of medicine and law, traveller, linguist, writer, and poet, but rejoicing most in the title of "Prince of Bohemia." For him there is no to-morrow, no yesterday. He is the flower of optimists, to whom his fellow-man is the most perfect thing created; the meat of to-day is always to him a feast for the gods, the drink of the moment nectar.

Talking to Brooke is Louis N. Megargee, the newspaper correspondent, who has a palate as well as a pen.

Melville Philips has figured in the Round-Robin talks before.

With Chamberlin at the table, much of the early conversation was naturally of a gastronomic character. The talk got under way as follows:

Stoddart.—This salmon was sent me by express from the Restigouche River: so you need not fear that you are holding discussion over a fish that has had a protracted residence in a market.

Mackaye.—I don't know which is better fun, catching a salmon or eating it.

Megargee.—I do. I was in doubt myself about the matter at one time, yet I fancy now that a fellow can outlive the passion for angling, but never the taste for the fish. Once the old fervor came back to me when I read that eloquent celebration of the joys of salmon-fishing by Andrew Lang, but the asterisk at the end of the article cooled me again. After pages of tumultuous description came the naïve confession that the author once caught a salmon, but that "it did not behave in any way like the ferocious fish in this article." That's as I've found it always.

Stoddart.—You remind me, Megargee, that this club is just now interested not only in salmon, but also in Mr. Andrew Lang. I should rather say, I suppose, that Mr. Lang has been good enough to exhibit a certain degree of interest in the club.

Philips.—I call it a Languid interest.

Stoddart.—And yet flattering, don't you think?

Philips.—He called us "living literary revellers," and spoke of you as "an author." Yes, that wasn't half bad. Personally, I'm grateful.

Harrigan.—What has our "merry Andrew of the brindle-hair" been doing?

Stoddart.—It seems that the eyes of the world are on us,—critical eyes. I don't wish to put a bad flavor in your soup, but be on your guard. Mr. Lang is after us with his lancet. Lately, in the *London Daily News*, he laid out the body of the first Round-Robin talk and dissected it.

Megargee.—Was none of it to his liking?

Philips.—Not a particle. He attacked us adjective and verb. A year ago, in the *Scots Observer*, an admirer said of Mr. Lang that he had always shown more sympathy with the Lovelaces than with the Casaubons. "Particle-hunting," said the writer, "has no charm for him." Now, it seems to me that Mr. Lang, in the article to which Stoddart refers, was out hunting for particles. He found some, to be sure, and doubtless he found us dull; but, I submit it to Stoddart, can all of us be Langs? There is only one "Admirable Crichton of modern letters."

Stoddart.—Philips, you are as deficient in the sense of humor as Mr. Lang. The case is this: Here we are, a dozen of us, say, on this side the sea, come happily together by chance, and presently falling over a fairish dinner into familiar chat. That is all; and we make

it clear that the chat is only froth, but we trust it isn't dull. Now, over on the other side of the sea sits the Hierarchy of Criticism, of whom it has been said that "he is capable of all save dulness," and quite naturally he finds us dull indeed. You see, we didn't dot our i's or cross our t's; and Hawthorne failed to quote some Greek, and Fawcett thoughtlessly omitted to recite some lines from Horace. As I recall it, there wasn't a hint of the dead languages in the whole symposium: so of course our little "Nox Americana" fell short of the lofty standard of Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Mr. Lang was in for making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you see; and I call that genuine humor. Quote that line again, Megargee, about the salmon, please.

Megargee.—Lang said he once caught a salmon himself, but that "it did not behave in any way like the ferocious fish in this article."

Stoddart.—Well, that's about the way with us, I take it.

Philips.—This same delightful Andrew Lang—no man alive is more clever—wrote once before in the *Daily News* that it is in reading the "Innocents Abroad" that "we discern the weak point of American humor when carried to its extreme. Here, indeed," he said, "is the place where the most peculiarly American fun has always failed. It has lacked reverence and sympathy." Now, I suppose there is just where we were weighed and found wanting. But were we posing as humorists? Stoddart, I never suspected that you—

Stoddart.—As a matter of fact, that really does appear to have been Mr. Lang's point of view. In a letter written to one of the club he avows that his sympathies were entirely with "the victims of the singular descriptions. Perhaps," he said, "the more as some one sends me a Chicago paper in which I am represented as a kind of literary Iago. People who write these personal things have no taste, and I wish they would be laughed out of existence!"

Philips.—Poor Mr. Lang! "A literary Iago"! Small wonder he pitied us. But why "Iago"?

Stoddart.—I can't fancy. But that is neither here nor there. And it seems to me, by the bye, that we are devoting an unconscionably liberal allowance of our time to Mr. Lang. If he were only here in person it would be quite otherwise; then I should toast him cordially, and say, "My dear fellow, beware lest much leader-writing lead you astray and utterly dry up within you that fountain of humor which sparkled so incomparably in ballade and villanelle." I might also express a private opinion I have as to the enormity of the offence of telling dull stories (of which we stand accused by Mr. Lang), as compared with that of misquoting a fine line of verse in order to score an almost imperceptible point (of which I accuse Mr. Lang).

Mackaye.—Make that clearer, Stoddart, won't you?

Stoddart.—It was simply this. Referring to the poem recited by Mr. Dawson, Mr. Lang said lightly that it was about "'Helen's rape on a dull Asian sward,'" and then continued that "The isle of Cranæ is not Asian, nor dull, perhaps, however well or ill furnished with sward it may be." Now, that ill-abused line, as Mr. Dawson wrote

it, and as it appeared in *Lippincott's*, told of "Helen's rape on a *dun* Asian sward,"—a fine and true phrase so far as *dun* is concerned, and a safe reference to the general fact, if not the specific act, with regard to the geography of the Paris escapade; for Troy is rumored to have been in Asia, and there were three distinct rapes of Helen. Mr. Dawson is too much a lover of good verse not to have held in remembrance Mr. Lang's own lines of kindred import:

Ah, long light lingered, late the darkness fell
That night, upon the isle of Cranae.

Philips.—Still, don't you think, Stoddart—

Stoddart.—Oh, come, let's drop it, and hark back to salmon. How did you like that one, Chamberlin?

Chamberlin.—Its flavor was deliciously delicate. No fish deteriorates more rapidly than the salmon after leaving the water. You can only obtain its true flavor by cooking it within twelve hours after its capture. But then that applies to all fish. Were it otherwise, you of the North would have an opportunity to rave over the pompano and red snapper of the South, and, greatest of all pan-fish, the hog-fish, which is found only near Fortress Monroe, and will not bear transportation.

Brooke.—Speaking of fish reminds me of Billy Florence's account of the meanest practical joke I ever heard of. He returned from a fishing-trip in Canada bringing with him a salmon weighing sixty pounds with which he had battled over two hours. He determined to make it the chief feature of a dinner to which he invited twenty friends, including E. A. Sothern. When the clams came, each guest placed one to his lips, replaced it in its shell, and moved his plate away in silence. The soup, which was hot as Tophet, each man declared to be too frigid for consumption. But Billy beamed again when the salmon was served. He carved it with an air of pride, but each guest placed his napkin to his nose and pushed his plate away, and Sothern drawled, "Billy, what sort of a joke are you playing us?" Poor Florence almost cried with vexation. He did not know until afterwards that Sothern had instructed every man in his part.

Mackaye.—A most scurvy trick.

Chamberlin.—Infamous! Stoddart, this woodcock is very plump, but only a French cook would swathe the bird in bacon and then roast him.

Stoddart.—How should it have been cooked?

Chamberlin.—Split, and broiled very rare,—blood-rare; the blood should follow the knife, as with a canvas-back duck. But if you want to have a novelty in birds, send down to Richmond and procure some sora. They are larger than reed-birds, and more delicate in flavor. They become so fat in September that they can scarcely fly, and boys kill them with sticks. You must get them up here by special express, as they are difficult to keep in good condition. I have never seen one on a Northern table.

Stoddart.—Chamberlin, tell me something I am curious to learn.

Your name is identical with the preparation of terrapin, but you never serve it or eat it in the summer months. Yet in the terrapin country along Delaware Bay the natives say that the turtles are far better then than when hibernating in the winter. Last July at Atlantic City I ate some of the finest terrapin I ever tasted.

Chamberlin.—I must confess it puzzles me. But I have heard similar statements before. Admiral Norris Peters, a most competent authority, has told me he has obtained delicious terrapin at Cape May in July. I have yet to try the experiment. The rule in Baltimore is that you must not eat terrapin before November nor after February. Ninety-nine people out of one hundred who are terrapin-eaters will tell you with much smacking of their lips that they have just eaten "some real diamond-back terrapin." Why, diamond-back terrapin are found even along the shores of Long Island, and in large quantities; Delaware Bay gives an enormous yield of the same species of turtle; and I have had them sent to me from Louisiana. These are all true diamond-backs. That term means nothing more than that the tortoises have diamond-shaped markings on their shells. But the one supremely noble member of this very large family is the diamond-backed terrapin which comes from Chesapeake Bay. What food there is in the waters of the Chesapeake which gives its terrapin a distinctive flavor no one has been able to tell.

Stoddart.—How can we tell the difference?

Chamberlin.—By your pocket-book. When you can purchase the finest Delaware terrapin at from fifteen to twenty dollars a dozen their brethren from the Chesapeake command from thirty-five to forty dollars, and sometimes even as high as seventy-five dollars. Apart from this, to tell the difference before plunging the creature into the pot requires the very keen eye of an expert.

Brooke.—How do you prepare terrapin?

Chamberlin.—Oh, the actual cooking is simplicity itself. They are merely thrown into boiling water, and you can tell when they have been there sufficiently long by feeling the claws between thumb and finger. If this pressure breaks the meat it is time to remove the pot from the range, otherwise the meat will become stringy. The boiled terrapin can easily be opened with a knife. Then the meat should be picked out carefully, care being taken not to break the gall-bag, and the joints should be cut with a pair of sharp scissors, in order to have them in portions sufficiently small for convenient eating. When the meat has cooled it should be placed in a crock and put in a refrigerator. The sooner it is used after it has become cold, the better. But it is only after the actual cooking of the terrapin that the cook's ability is put to the test.

Mackaye.—Of course now you refer to the dressing, and there, naturally, French cooks excel.

Chamberlin (shaking his head violently).—I do not believe there is a French cook living who knows how to prepare terrapin. I cannot tell why, but it is an absolute fact that a colored woman has a peculiar knack in dressing the dish. Of course there are many American housewives who do it well, but for some inexplicable reason—possibly from

a false idea of economy which impels them to make a little go a great way—they will use flour and eggs, and both of these are abominations in the preparation of terrapin. The boiled and cooled meat should be placed in a chafing-dish. It should be sprinkled lightly with salt and black pepper, and for every terrapin at least one-quarter of a pound of the very best butter should be added. When the alcoholic flame has melted the latter, the sauce should be enriched with not more than one tablespoonful of the very richest cream and a similar quantity of the rarest old brown sherry obtainable. This combination should be allowed to simmer only until it has become thoroughly heated, for you must bear in mind that the terrapin is already cooked. When it has reached this stage, serve it upon dishes which are too hot to bear the touch of a finger, and then, when you have placed it in your mouth, thank Heaven that you have been permitted to live.

Stoddart.—Enough of terrapin. Mackaye, tell us something about the new play you are writing.

Mackaye.—No; let me rather tell you of a romance of my early life, which is brought back to me to-night by reason of this day being the anniversary of my first meeting with the woman in the case,—the party of the other part, as I suppose my friend Brooke would say.

Brooke.—This promises well.

Mackaye.—When quite a young man I for some years studied art in Paris. One day while walking along a narrow street in the Faubourg St.-Antoine, I saw in the door-way of a little charcoal-shop the sweetest vision of feminine loveliness and youthful grace my eyes had ever feasted upon. I crossed the street, and, lifting my hat, addressed my princess as respectfully as ever subject spoke to his queen. I can't tell you what I said, but that evening I was received by her father and presented to him. "I am an American," I said, "and come from New York." He answered, eagerly, "Then you must know a friend of mine who lives in Venezuela."

Wall.—That shows how much some foreigners know about American geography.

Mackaye.—The acquaintance thus begun resulted in my becoming almost one of the family. The devotion existing between the father and daughter was absolutely ideal. His name was Adolphe Laguerre. He was a dealer in objects of art. After I had known him some time he told me his story. While on a sketching-tour through Saxony, he had met and fallen in love with a young girl, a German princess, who was being educated in a convent. She eloped with him, and was promptly discarded by her family. Their married life was a dream of happiness; but soon after the little girl came the young mother died. It was a sad blow to the artist, and aged him prematurely. He had but one motive now in life,—to bring his daughter up to do credit to the princely blood which flowed in her veins, and to give her a dowry at which the noble family which had disowned her mother could not sneer. For this he pinched, and starved, and toiled. When he had told me this much, perhaps he read in my face that, judging from his surroundings, the day of the accomplishment of this last desire would be long deferred, for he spoke in a rather vague and mysterious way

of having secured possession of a work of art valued at three hundred thousand francs.

Fales.—There is poetry in Mackaye, after all.

Mackaye.—The girl was the perfection of grace and beauty. I became devoted to her. Together we visited the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Versailles, my duchess in disguise clinging to my arm. We led a really idyllic life. I was desperately in love. Suddenly came news of the breaking out of the civil war in America, and an imperative summons from my father to return home. The parting with my little princess was terrible.

The night before the day on which I was to sail, M. Laguerre informed me in feeling tones that he had determined to grant me the privilege of gazing upon the most wonderful gem in the field of art, his daughter's dower. He had kept it in hiding for years, he said, for fear it might be stolen, and permitted no eyes but his own to look upon it. Then followed a most impressive scene. Providing himself with a candle, he preceded me to the top of the house, to a room immediately under the eaves. As he unlocked the door, he turned to me and bade me, in a voice full of awe, to remove my hat and bend my head when entering the room. When he had closed the door behind him, to my astonishment he fell on his knees, made the sign of the cross, bowed his head, and for a few moments remained in silent prayer. In one corner of the dingy attic stood a rough-looking box, beside which M. Laguerre placed the lighted candle. He unlocked this box and from it lifted another of ebony carved most wonderfully. As he was about to open it, he commanded me to kneel, and, muttering a prayer, lifted the lid. My amazed eyes fell upon one of the greatest works ever executed by the hands of Michael Angelo. It was a crucifix carved in ivory, representing the passion of the Christ. One side of the figure expressed the agony of the man; the other side portrayed the ecstasy of the Redeeming God. As the old man pointed out this sublime treatment of the divine subject, tears of reverence trickled down his cheeks, and I could not determine whether they were a tribute to the Redeemer or to the artist. The next morning I sailed for America. I never saw the Laguerres again. That's my story.

Bedloe.—Delightful, but at the same time disappointing. What is the sequel?

Mackaye.—There is none.

Stoddart.—No probing, gentlemen, into any one's secrets. I must thank you, Mackaye, for a charming narrative.

Mackaye (moodily).—Let us change the subject. Why is Brooke so melancholy? He looks as though my tale had resurrected some memory. Brooke, tell us who is the greatest lawyer in America.

Brooke (arousing himself).—Ex-Judge William Fullerton, of this city. He is aged now, but, in my opinion, as an all-around jurist he has no equal. By the way, that question reminds me of a very remarkable lawyer who has just been restored from the oblivion of public forgetfulness. The newspapers have contained a two-line announcement that Sheriff Daniel E. Sickles has appointed John

Graham a deputy. That is merely a complimentary appointment, for Graham is aged and rich, and this selection is simply Sickles's method of showing his gratitude to the man who defended his life.

Fales.—This sounds like another romance.

Brooke.—Scarcely that. John Graham was selected as principal counsel to defend Sickles from an indictment of murder. He was and is a man of most eccentric habits and character; defiant; full of enthusiasm and ability. He was attached to Sickles by ties of friendship, and he gave to the preparation of his speech a care which I believe is unprecedented in the annals of jurisprudence. He had so celebrated a clergyman as the Rev. Dr. Chapin to coach him in appropriate Biblical quotations; the most prominent actors of the day, notably James W. Wallack, Jr., provided him with illustrative lines from Shakespeare, and this work was further supplemented by Edward House, then of the *Tribune*, and Joe Howard, the newspaper correspondent. The speech proved a marvellous mosaic, and in its delivery Graham outrivalled the greatest effort of Rufus Choate. It brought about Sickles's triumphant acquittal. But Graham reached the climax of his career in that trial. After that he descended the mountain, and gradually faded out of the recollection of a new generation. But in his day he was the Edwin Forrest of the New York bar. He has no successor, and never will have one. He will be handed down in the history of his profession as the only man deserving to be called the Chevalier of the American bar. Now, years after the enactment of that tragedy in Washington, Sickles brings his friend, with whom life's fitful fever is nearly o'er, back to public view by a complimentary appointment.

Mackaye.—A most graceful tribute indeed to a most lovable man.

Chamberlin.—I am glad to hear one lawyer speak well of another.

Stoddart.—Bedloe, for a gifted man you are very serious to-night. Are you preparing a pun?

Bedloe.—When you speak of my being gifted, Stoddart, you don't give me sufficient credit for my labor and industry.

Stoddart.—Labor and industry! What have they to do with the matter? They can secure neither talent nor wit.

Bedloe.—No, but their counterfeit can be obtained by labor and industry. At least that is my experience. Success as a wit, humorist, or funny man, like success in business, is gained by plodding pursuit rather than by genius.

Brooke.—This sounds like the beginning of a dissertation on "chestnuts."

Megargee.—On that subject the doctor is eminently fitted to talk.

Bedloe.—I always did like that bad joke of Megargee's. Mr. Brooke is right: originality is not necessary to a wit or humorist. The truth is that original wit is frequently a fatal bar to success as a funny man.

Harrigan.—But, doctor, do you mean to say that none of your wit is original?

Bedloe.—In society he who assiduously repeats the old funny stories

and jokes, which, having come down to us through many dead generations, may well be called classical, will soon reap the reward of his industry in the reputation of a funny man, and in invitations to dinners and other social assemblies where entertainment is desired. When he has gained this reputation, people will smile when his name is mentioned and laugh the moment he opens his mouth, and thus his pathway as a humorist will be made easy by expectant hilarity which will not allow itself to be disappointed. If I might be pardoned for taking liberties with the names of gentlemen who are not about this board, I could illustrate my point by mentioning a number of men famous as dinner-table wits. The fame which David W. Sellers, for instance, has deservedly achieved is based upon one story, that of "Colonel Ca-yarter, of Vahginia, sah." I have never met him at a social gathering where he has not been called upon for that story, and it is enjoyable. With recitations the same rule holds good. I have heard our common friend who sits here, Brooke, recite "The Bells of Shandon" at least one hundred times, and the last rendition is always the best to me. At the last meeting of the Clover Club he attempted to cast aside this corner-stone of his elocutionary edifice, but when he uttered the first line of a new recitation a shout went up from every one at the table and he was not allowed to continue.

Brooke.—Wall, tell us how we should dress.

Megargee.—I believe Brooke is turning dude in his old age.

Mackaye.—Dress is a shell, and unworthy the consideration of men who wish to reach the kernel.

Fales.—Dress is a mocker; strong plaids are raging.

Wall.—Men who affect to despise dress are not honest. We all have a vanity in that direction, although it may find its expression in different forms. According to the manner of the people he has been longest associated with, Buffalo Bill is one of the best-dressed men I ever saw. And in this I have the endorsement of my friend Oscar Wilde. Yet when he walks along Broadway, all stare and some laugh at his wide-brimmed hat and the long, curling hair beneath. I would not recommend a hod-carrier to mount his ladder attired in a swallow-tailed coat; and yet if it is wrong for me and you to give some degree of attention to the details of our apparel, why should we not all dress in the garb of the Quaker? To dress well may not be the chief end of man, but the character of his attire certainly has a great influence on his position, and consequently on his state in life. Every one knows that Horace Greeley wore a shocking bad hat, but because he was a great man that was admitted to be his privilege, and no one jeered at it. It was looked upon as distinctively his, and during the Presidential campaign in which he figured as a candidate the Greeley hat became a feature of the canvass. Yet if any one at this board wore such a tile he would be hooted out of town.

Mackaye.—Wall, what constitutes perfection in dress, anyhow?

Wall.—I don't imagine that I am better qualified than another to declare what constitutes perfection in dress, but I think that among gentlemen there will be no dissent from the proposition that the best-attired man is he who dresses with quiet elegance and whose apparel

does not instantly catch the eye by some glaring detail. I wish to say a few words upon a subject that I don't clearly understand, and that is what is meant by the much-used word "dude." I don't know how it arose, and it is so variously employed that I am utterly at a loss to comprehend its meaning. So far as my observation goes, it appears to be most generally applied to young men who wear very small hats and very large and very loud clothing, and who are never without canes as thick as themselves. These youths are unquestionably the worst-dressed persons who disfigure Broadway.

Stoddart.—But, Wall, if you do not know what is meant by the word dude, to whom can we go for information? There is a popular idea that you are the "King of the Dudes."

Wall (laughing).—Yes, I believe that I was once supposed to enjoy that title; and it brought me much undeserved and undesirable publicity. If I am not mistaken, Blakely Hall, of the New York *Sun*, was the originator of it. I am sure that he did not mean anything unfriendly, but owing to some one-time extravagances of mine in dress and equipages and horses—foolish extravagances, if you wish—he saw an opportunity to exploit me in a series of articles which exhibited the cleverness of his pen and did not lessen the contents of his purse. In that way, so far as my recollection goes, the term King of the Dudes was created and applied to me. But you must bear in mind that I am now a "back number." Whether it is because I am getting along in years, or because other men pay more attention now to dress than I do, or because people become tired of hearing one person talked about in connection with the same thing, or for some other reason, the title has passed away from me, and I have laid down the sceptre of my inglorious kingdom without a regret.

Harrigan.—May I ask if your successor has been named?

Wall (with mock sadness).—I believe he has.

Harrigan.—And his name?

Wall.—I must not name him, but I understand that after considerable effort upon his part in the matter of dress, but more especially in the perfection of his equipages, the young men who frequent Delmonico's have deposed me from my high estate, and have given to this gentleman the title of King of the Dudes. His eccentricities of dress brought him some notoriety, but I do not think he would have been given the name but for the absolute correctness of his turnout in the Park. The tandem is now recognized as the very swellest method of driving; and when my friend shows to admiring eyes a pair of gray horses swinging in single file before a Whitechapel cart which has been perfectly balanced, its brasses bright, the harness well brushed, and a tidy-looking groom behind, whose hat is ironed, whose breeches are well pipe-clayed, whose tops are pink, and whose boots are shining, we have presented to us a picture of a perfect gentleman's sporting turnout, and to this he largely owes his present position.

Falea.—I believe I will reform my attire at once and buy me a silken sash.

Stoddart.—You had better read us a poem.

Falea.—Well, then, here is my latest:

THE LOST AMATI.

Long years ago, amid the sunny hills
Where Arno dashing makes the maddest mirth,
A master lived whose melody enraptured,
And ever will, the children of the earth.

He lived and loved, not in the stately course
With which are wooed the daughters of the North,
But with that tropic fire in whose fierce force
All other thoughts but love are driven forth.

The time-worn tale! She whom he loved so well
Unworthy proved of worship and of trust.
How long he suffered who shall ever tell?
And then his heart was gathered unto dust.

A century passed. One of an alien race,
Sojourning idly in the master's room,
Himself an artist of the highest place,
One day discovered in a cupboard's gloom

A fair Amati. Near it lay a scroll,
Tear-stained, on which when once unrolled he read
The sweetly sombre song which swan and soul
Sing when life's silver sands are almost sped,—

The song which stirred the Paradiso's walls,
And passed with our first parents through the gates,
And even now in half-heard cadence falls
From him who hapless loves or hopeless waits.

He grasped the bow. The place so full of peace
In music burst as loud and clear was thrown
A psalm full of joy without surcease,
With weird, wild throbbings for an undertone.

But when he reached the tragic final chord
Which told the story of a broken heart,
As if 'twere stricken by a spirit sword,
The violin in fragments fell apart.

Harrigan.—That moves one's soul.

Stoddart.—Hello! Harrigan has awakened. Tell us now the secret of success in play-writing.

Mackaye.—Great heavens! he is sure to comply, for he has not one grain of modesty.

Harrigan.—I will do it, if only to teach you what you most need to learn. The secret of success in play-writing lies largely in fidelity to nature. A play succeeds when the spectator can put himself in the place of a leading part and see himself doing what is being done. It fails when the audience feel that the spectacle before them consists of so many men and women doing something they have been told to do. A bad play in this respect is very much like a Chinese drama. A man walks out and puts a chair down, on whose front is the sign, "This is a fortress;" he is followed by a second with a table bearing the notice, "This is a tall tower;" this in turn is followed by men and furniture, until a symbolic picture is perfected. It may do well with

the Mongolian mind, but to an American it is sleepiness and stupidity in condensed form.

Brooke.—I am glad Mackaye is listening. This may do him much good.

Harrigan.—The best study for a playwright is the city, its streets and its people. It is an inexhaustible quarry of dramatic materials. People have laughed at the queer names in my plays and asked me how I coined them. I never did, but took them from live people. In fact, a man does not dare to use the oddest names he runs across. I recall at random from my memory such singular appellations as Mr. Devil, Mr. Icehole, Mr. Heiligeist, Mr. Jesus Emanuel, Mr. Hell, Mr. Jibbles, and Mr. Goozle. Just fancy using them in a play or a novel! Then, again, what a world of wit and epigram is forever being struck out by the people at large! I do not mean slang or cant, but the bright thoughts and sayings you hear on the street, the horse-car, and the ferry-boat. I hear it to-day, and a year hence I read it in our humorous publications and hear it upon the boards. It comes from the poor and industrious rather than the rich and indolent, and, besides serving to brighten daily life, it is an invaluable aid to any one who desires to reproduce society as it actually is in either dramatic or literary shape.

Stoddart.—Let Megargee tell us now why he is a newspaper man.

Megargee.—It is because I can't help it. I have had numerous opportunities to swim in various channels of business, in which I was promised fortune, but I never had courage enough to forsake my love, and I will confess that I am delighted with my own cowardice. I am fond of the life which has permitted me to listen to a murderer's confession in the morning, give an account of a hanging at noontime, record the utterances of a minister of God in the evening, and at midnight drag a cabinet minister from his bed and do him the favor of sending broadcast through the world his views upon some public question. Is there money in it? No, not beyond the every-day wants of life. Is there fame in it? No, only for the other fellow. Then what is there? I can scarcely tell. There is a fascination about it which I cannot depict, and which causes one enamoured of the life to sink all financial considerations. Among my familiar acquaintances are a number of men who are ranked as millionaires, and I suppose they would be amused to hear that I actually pity them, and could we swap places I would not make the exchange. It is foolish, perhaps, but true. I pity them for not knowing how to live. I pity them for not knowing how to enjoy properly that which they have. I pity them for having cares and burdens which they have not the faculty of putting upon other shoulders. I pity them for being rich, only rich, nothing more,—with nothing more to recommend them. If they could only retain their riches and become newspaper men, how happy they might be! but, unfortunately, when one has riches one would not be a newspaper man.

Stoddart.—Lest some one present should be tempted to hand Megargee his pocket-book and thus drive him from his profession, I now adjourn the club.

J. M. Stoddart.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

THE public-school system in our country is a university in a broad but, thus far, not in a high sense of the term. While including everybody, it has not risen above its "trivium," or first story of the university structure; whatever there is higher than that is of alien architecture and not unaptly represented by a few Gothic spires on the roof of a huge industrial establishment. The method and form of the higher progress, as yet, belong to a system very different from public schools,—were the outgrowths of other needs in by-gone years, and, while well adapted, then and now, to the special requirements which created them, are not in harmony with universal education and can never become its lofty halls.

The universities arose as mediævalism declined. In the seclusion of scholastic life, and holding common labors in high contempt, their students were prepared for intellectual leadership or elegant leisure. They have given to European empire its learned professions and have created its national literatures; they have conferred omnipotent benefits *upon* all classes, but when the point is reached where higher culture is to be formed *within* all classes it is not to the university of the past or the present that we can look.

The possibilities of the university idea, and of all higher education administered by its methods, were realized when the supply of professional men became ample for the needs of civilization. To make men and women powerful in other pursuits was not its mission. For their purpose it has ever been in spirit unsympathetic, in methods unsuited, in arrangements ill adapted. The need of a higher education of another order and differently administered has become continually more evident, and the lack of it now stands side by side with other great facts which, taken together, indicate that we are upon the verge of another evolutionary epoch, if indeed we are not already caught in its great whirls.

What the Academy, Serapion, and Athenæum were to the age of dialectics, or the ecclesiastical schools to the age of faith, the university has been to the age of reason. Just as the two former respectively flowed into, but did not define, the education of the age succeeding each, so we may reasonably conclude that in the age of economics now dawning, higher education will not be shaped exclusively, nor principally, by the scholastic scheme. The incompatibility of that scheme with industrial pursuits, and the possibility of an education of the highest order leading to other results than polite inanities and expensive tastes, are growing convictions. In our humble opinion, that education is highest, at all times, which shapes human faculties unto the most successful combat with their environment, and gives to the mind a regnancy over the forces and materials with which it has to do. In times when intelligence endows every life, it is not sufficient that the thrones of culture be held by the conventionalities of learning and

decorated with a tinsel of brilliant conceits. True, among men this has had an effectiveness all its own, and still has in a diminished degree, but it must lessen as the individualism of the majority becomes more and more ennobled, and we may safely predict that much now termed higher education will, to no distant generation, appear beggarly when compared with those beautiful fabrics of truth from the looms of God, with which the mind may clothe itself.

Higher education is no longer restricted to the few; that has passed, as the time has long passed when but few could afford to have light in their dwellings, or dwellings fit to be illuminated. In the future, the masses must be educated beyond the three R's, for the number of pursuits requiring trained perceptions and extensive knowledge has increased from a few select professions to hundreds. How is this education to be achieved? I answer, Not by the scholastic scheme, with its university uppermost and its stalactitic appendages of college and high school. This statement is based on two reasons:

First, the study of abstract truth and intellectual formulæ, as a sole occupation, sublimates the fancy and creates in the manual worker a distaste for his future, instead of stimulating him to it.

Second, the scholastic scheme makes it impossible for the worker to co-ordinate his industrial with his intellectual training, when his proper development and personal necessities both require that they should proceed together.

The first of these reasons is based on psychological and experimental evidence which we will not take time here to discuss. To the second we devote the remainder of this article; for the restrictions implied in it are so stringent that beyond a certain point, and that, too, far short of what is adequate, they render school provision useless. If there was a free high school established in every square of a city, still, higher education would fail to form the minds of the large majority.

It could never reach the large majority. Its conditions are too selfish and exacting for that. It is not satisfied with a part, it must have the whole or nothing of the time, energies, and faculties of its pupils. This is an imperious outrage, and an assumption of supremacy which exceeds all rightful limits. From infancy to full manhood and womanhood, the pupils are cut off from all acquisitions which the school does not furnish, and these are of the nature of half-mastered text-books partly scholastic and partly nondescript. A pitiful minority is brought either by public taxation or private munificence to the end of the course, and there, enveloped with the perfume of flowers, the strains of orchestral music, and the airy phantoms of Commencement rhetoric, is pushed off the stage and into the middle of life's hurly-burly, without muscle, or buckler, or the power of self-maintenance. The "great majority," finding that there is no higher education provided for it which is in conformity with life's real conditions, retires from its pursuit, to make the best that it can of life uneducated. A wrong is here enacted; for in no system of education at the public expense, and in no institution of private endowment, designed to broaden the popular intellect, has this or any system a right to exist, if

it divorces a pupil from the acquisition or knowledge of an industry by which he must make his living. Education is for humanity, and should not be placed beyond the reach of any who aspire to it or can be induced to achieve it.

The present demand is for a division, by which one allotment of the student's time shall go to the mind school and another to the experience school. We have been trying long enough—ever since education has been extended to all classes—to make inflexible conditions of livelihood conform to an artificial and arbitrary system of teaching, and since not one out of a hundred possible candidates pursues its doubtful benefits to the final diploma, we may pronounce it a failure, and such it must be until higher education relinquishes its exclusive demands and conforms to that which cannot conform to it.

A boy or girl must "leave school" and "go to work," because neither can go to work without leaving school. The school session covers the same hours as the work session. This, although universal, is not a necessary arrangement. In the lower grades, where children divide their time between school and childish recreation, there is no objection to it, for it interferes with nothing; but for all higher grades it is most objectionable, except in purely professional schools, because it is at war with existence.

For the masses, education is not professional, and cannot be made so: it is life-nurture, and should evolve a more robust mental life for all. There is no good reason why the ministrations of school should be cut off from any at the age of fifteen or twenty years; no good reason why they should not be continued as long as the mind continues to feed. If we were as sensitive to the mind's needs as to the body's, this point would need no argument. The stomach enforces its natural demands by sanctions which no one cares to dispute. As long as it lives, it demands the ministrations of a cook and will have them; but because the mind does not gnaw, and ache, and twist itself up with pain when stuffed or starved, it is school-stuffed for ten years more or less and school-starved for the remainder of life. When the stuffing is on it is absolute, and when it is cut off the starvation is equally so, and thus, before mental life has fairly begun in best earnest, the last examination has been passed, and all systematic feeding is suddenly cut off; thereafter the aspirant may browse along the highways, like an ownerless animal. Intellectual orders should be as universal on the plateaus of life as on its upward slopes. In all grades of childhood there should be an equitable division of opportunities for school and play, while for youth, and reaching as far into maturity as may be desired, systematic study, with the aid of instructors, should be made coexistent and move abreast with industrial pursuit, rather than tandem as at present.

In carrying out this idea, a new type of college or university must arise for the people. It may be based on public or private foundations, or on both: It should embody the best grades of ability, it should be clothed with the highest dignities of culture, and it should reach to the summits of education; but its courses, instead of covering four or six years, should be made extensible to ten or twenty years, or a lifetime,

according to individual time or opportunity. The exclusive mid-day session or mid-day lectures in such an institution would necessarily be inadmissible. The hours of instruction and study must be taken from those not demanded for business or toil. The general diploma must be made attainable in parts, grade by grade and branch by branch, instead of a whole as now.

The ascent may be long, but the steps should be made easy, and every step upward marked by official recognition. Small acquisitions must be provided for in the scheme, and duly accredited. His university grade book should be as well adapted to the possibilities of the modest aspirant as is his savings-bank account, and made a twin with it. Where would be the thrift of the country, its business solidity, and the respectability of its millions, if there were no bank certificates for less than a thousand dollars? But there are no letters of credit in education which do not cost double that sum in time or money. Our banking system, moreover, rates everybody; those who have not bank accounts, by the absence of them, with as much certainty as those who have, by the dimensions of them. A society university open to all would just as truly rate each individual in an intellectual sense, and promote better standards of social distinctions.

Is it a vagary or nonsense to look for a better when a system of education has conspicuously failed to meet and cannot amplify so as to cover the wants of younger generations? and have we not a right to say that a higher education, which educates one person illegitimately and leaves the ninety-and-nine uneducated, is unsuitable to the very core of its organizations and methods? Our colleges and high schools are reservoirs of instruction, walled in by restrictions of arbitrary and predetermined form. We gather the higher waters of culture into them, and then say to the grain and trees of the surrounding plain, Come up here and refresh yourselves. Can the grain and trees drag their roots from the soil in which they grow? Of course not. Could they live anywhere but in soil? Of course not. And yet a tree can live with its roots in the air as easily as the human race can live with its roots separated from the soil of its industries. We do not need reservoirs for education: we need canals of irrigation. Pull away the dams, and let the healing waters flow in streams, which shall ramify from exalted mind, through all the soil of man's nourishment and endeavor.

It may be nothing more than "the baseless fabric of a vision" which we seem to see in the future,—a mere cloud-picture, like that which deceives the desert traveller with the semblance of spires and roofs and minarets; or it may be something real, suggested by what is now taking place, and by known laws which the atoms obey when they crystallize out of the intangible depths of human want. Be it what it may, we seem to see in the solution of a momentous problem, and growing out of the agitation incident thereto, a society university, in which art and science shall flourish on co-ordinated terms with labor.

The signs of the times are unmistakable, and they all point to the result indicated. Evening schools are now a permanent feature of

public education, and show a rapid growth. Institutes, privately endowed or maintained by subscription, for evening classes and for lectures in science and arts, are common everywhere. Library associations and lyceums are working in the same field. The Chautauquan University, founded less than ten years ago, has an enrolment of one hundred thousand members, who are making the most of life's odd hours and moments by gathering concertedly the best thoughts of the world. Social clubs for home study are yearly organized; and to such a degree has the interest deepened in this mode of mental activity, that some of the chartered universities show signs of a tendency to grow downward into the soil of humanity as well as continually upward into the cloud-mists of reputation and empyreal glory. They have issued prescribed courses of study, making the students who take them at home, in a special sense, members of the university, and have appointed a kind of examination itinerancy to gather up the results and establish promotions. The first wave of the "university extension" movement has reached us from England, for during the present summer a society for the "extension of university teaching" has been organized in Philadelphia and a council of fifty appointed to promote it on the English plan. It begins its work during the present autumn, and promises to be the most interesting step yet taken in the line indicated by this paper.

Schools of manual training are institutions of to-day. A few years ago no one thought of them as facts, but facts they are now, and likely to be significant ones. We believe in them and in their capabilities of usefulness; but we believe more in the power of the need that has called them into being than we do in the schools themselves. The sentiment by which these schools have been begotten, and which is destined to multiply and nourish them, is a feeling that existing schools are inadequate for life's uses and hold their pupils too remote from life's industries and powers; the idea emphasized is that in some way knowledge and skill must be made co-attainable, and, if it is not possible at present for a youth to be making his place in the industrial world while attending school, then he must be so schooled as to give him the vantage-arm when the struggle for place shall come.

Evidences are cumulative that methods of education are in process of incubation which shall put an end to the arbitrary severance of a person from school studies and instruction because he assumes the task of self-support. What they suggest amounts to more than a probability that the present experiments in education, made coexistent with industry, shall extend, develop, and harden into a system of academic privileges of recognized character and solidity for everybody.

The difficulties in the way of such development are those peculiar to all readjustments of methods to changed conditions. Conditions are constantly changing, so gradually and silently, so ceaselessly growing away from what is, towards that which is to be, that institutions are forever out of adjustment. Reformers, in seeking new adjustments, are more afflicted with a sensitiveness of the needs of reform than with the shrewdness to perceive and the genius to execute what the new adjustments require. Sometimes much change is required, sometimes only a

very little; for the real significance of reform is seen not so much in its departure from old methods as in the adaptation of methods to new conditions.

Reform is not the whittling of an old model into a new shape merely; it is the cutting of new models out of old ones, after the drafts of new thoughts and needs, whether the cutting be much or little. Reforms are not of necessity revolutionary or destructive. It is only the needed reform too long delayed that produces disaster; and happy is that people who by eternal vigilance keeps its institutions closely adjusted to its conditions and needs. Is it not evident that education is now far out of adjustment with life? Does not the mad race of children through the schools and out of them completely, before they have begun to do anything useful in life, indicate it? Is it not a long way out of adjustment, when there is such incompatibility between the two that school life must end before industrial life can begin? Is not the cruel straining of immature faculties in the brief period of childhood evidence of it, when those same things which nauseate the child with meaningless verbiage might otherwise be made the recreation of maturer years? Does not the fact that less than eight per cent. of all school-children finish the grammar-school course show how slight is the connection between school and the real intellectual life of the masses? Does not the rapid growth of evening schools and special devices and manual training schools for the education of workers, affirm it?

Granted that these and other evidences justify the feeling shared by thousands, that the adjustments of higher education and industry are not what they should be, can anything be done to make them better? Not only can there be, but there assuredly must be, if our social and political institutions continue to grow. It is only a question whether educational methods shall be kept moving harmoniously with life's requirements, or, by leaving things to set themselves right, be dragged along far in the rear with destructive snaps and jerks.

Something like this appears to me to be the outgrowth of present tendencies and the dictate of growing necessities: in every city and centre of population, a system of education, in the first place rationally reformed in the lower grades by methods made sympathetic with the powers of children, and topped out in a very different manner from the present. Instead of one or two high schools, driven in the old scholastic circles, a large number of schools or colleges appear, not built together for architectural effect, but variously located in situations accessible from all parts. Each of these appears as a distinct school, with its own grades and classes, its own government and officers and methods, and yet all interwelded into a university system, governed as a whole by a council or board of regents. Upon every one of its buildings I see written UNIVERSITY, and beneath this, on one building, "School of Commerce," on another "History and Political Science," on another "Language and Literature," and on others "Manual Training," "Mathematics," "Chemistry," "Engineers and Architects," "Physics and Astronomy," "Biology," "Pedagogics," "Geology and Mining," "Drawing and Ornament," "Electrical

Science," etc. The several elements of the system are contractible and extensible according to need, and to a certain extent transferable from section to section. Their courses begin very low down, and advance by easy grades through a correspondingly long series. Among these schools, a person may go where he will, and accomplish one grade or many successively in the same school, as his needs, tastes, or aptitudes may prompt; but everywhere he sees avenues of culture open before him which he may pursue through life, instead of brief courses surcharged with much that he cares nothing for, which must be completed as a whole before he is permitted to earn his bread, and end when his best powers begin to live.

In the early hours of the day, when the mill-wheels are whirling, and the roar of the street is on, the instructors will have their leisure, and but few to teach; but toward evening and at night, when everything has grown silent in the hives of labor and all is dark in the temples of money, the university life of a great community will be glowing in a thousand lights.

In the illumination which is diffused by these sanctuaries of thought and action, we may see the condition of mankind in a transforming process, and the slow steps of civilization quickened. We may see genuineness taking the place of mere pretence, and those who bear the appearance of culture as a mere gloss—a poor covering for the weakness of their faculties—working culture into the fibre of their being instead; a new social enjoyment created, contesting with the theatre, social frivolities, and vicious pleasures, for the leisure hours of life.

We may all be firm believers in the doctrine of total depravity, so long as the gates of degradation are thrown wide open when the shops close, and the fountains of intellectual life become dry before sunset. Sentiments and tastes grow in the gardens of leisure, and, with most people, are largely night-blooming flowers. They determine what the pleasures of life shall be; they determine character; they determine also heredity. The hours of man's cessation from labor are the hours of his free moral agency; then his personal choices lead him; then comes the elevation of his sentiments or the degradation of his sensations. Here our university meets him just where he stands invested with the perilous freedom of his inclinations; here Wisdom confronts him with "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace," unto which he may be drawn by his associations, or by his own longings, until gracious tastes are formed. Let those who would improve the race provide for its leisure; its industry will guard itself: the spirit of mischief does not waste much time with a man when the man is busy.

In such a university, the way would be open for the training of faculties in the line of their natural activities. Can anything be worse than the taking of fifty different temperaments, with modes of action quite different, and bending them on the same wheel, and requiring them to do exactly the same thing in exactly the same way, and scoring as blockheads those to whom the thing and the way are not natural? If a committee should be appointed to draft a scheme for promoting delusion, a person cannot conceive of their ability to report

a more effective one than the system of recitation and examination estimates in vogue.

The particular delusion in this case is the supposition that school success is a prophecy of life's success; and a great deal of respect is prepaid for promissory ability which is never redeemed at maturity. School demands are fashioned so unlike life's demands that the fulfilment of one has but little to do with the other.

Healthy ambitions are in the line of life's achievements, sound respect is paid to the same, and school achievements taken from the recitation records are exalted, because erroneously supposed to be in the same line. They ought to be, but they are not. It is this fact which has made our ears so familiar latterly with the names of a half-dozen or more apostles of educational reform, whose spirits now pervade the earth after their bodies have fallen to dust. The mere ghosts of some men are brighter than the luminosity of a whole generation of flesh and blood. The spirit forms of these men are visibly brooding over our school systems and watching the long lines which slowly sway and swing to the echoes of the call they made in life for an education that should educate the actual powers of humanity unto actual uses.

The baby, when first opening his eyes upon the world, appears to be able to do nothing but wail and wonder. The wail is numerously attested, the wonder seems to be. By seeing and hearing, he learns faces and voices; by sitting, he learns to sit upright; by walking and talking, to walk and talk. Everything that calls some new faculty into exercise gives him pleasure until the art is mastered. His play is a mastery of new toys which, to him, yield curious effects. He revels in his achievements until school life begins, and that he does not like a bit. Why not keep the development, begun in early babyhood and relished in childhood, right along through school? There is nothing there to be acquired, or should not be, that is foreign to experience; nothing that should not awaken the joy of conscious power. The answer is obvious. Children must be put through the sublime categories of learning while their bones are soft and they are too young to work.

If schools were brought into parallelism with life, instead of being made introductory to it, most of the objections which exist would no longer possess validity. The energy employed could then do useful work, instead of wasting itself against the resistances created by irrational velocities. There would then be time for the mind to acquire, and to appropriate what it acquired symmetrically; its ideas would take the form of orderly crystallizations, rather than fall into chaotic residuum from hasty boiling.

Time is a factor which cannot be eliminated from any vital or dynamical process, and there is not time within the first dozen, fifteen, or twenty years of existence for training the mental faculties of men and women to the extent attempted; consequently, vast sums are wasted yearly in futile driving. High rates of speed are always obtained by an enormous outlay of power. If a ship is driven through the water at the rate of twenty miles per hour, doubling the fuel might send her

forward a mile or two faster, but a thousand tons of coal consumed in her furnaces could not double her speed: its power would be wasted merely in churning up the sea.

We have been trying the little experiment of driving mental faculties along four or five times as fast as is natural for them to move against their resistances. We have adopted this unnatural velocity, with its attendant friction, frothing, and hubbub, because people must work, and school must end before work begins. The cost of the experiment has been prodigious.

According to statistics from the National Bureau of Education for the year 1888, the capital employed by institutions conferring degrees, in pulling about twelve thousand graduates through an average course of thirty months, is, in round numbers, two hundred and eighty-five million dollars. Secondary schools, so far as reported, raise this sum to three hundred and forty million dollars, and the public-school system runs it up to two thousand seven hundred million dollars. Considering that much was not reported to the Bureau, we may fairly assume that the education of the country requires for its maintenance a round two billion eight hundred million dollars. Of this, fully twenty-one hundred million dollars, or three-fourths of the whole, is applied to mind less than fourteen years of age, and practically none of it to mind over twenty-five years of age, since only a few older than that may be found, as stragglers or belated ones, in the professional schools and in schools for freedmen.

Think of it! Twenty-eight hundred millions of capital in education and none of it available to any one after the limits of youth are passed! Much of it wasted in untimely efforts to force the minds of children against the unyielding resistances of immaturity. None of it, or anything else, applied to keeping up intellectual momentum in later years. All of it concentrated in the initial propulsion with which youth are fired, like cannon-balls, into the face of destiny.

Is it any wonder that failure is so conspicuous, when school is a thing long passed from a person at the time when his sense and judgment begin to mature? Would it not be well to turn some of that force against the objective resistances of life's environment, instead of wasting it against the subjective resistances of childhood? Would it not be well to devise some means for keeping up the activities that can, at best, be awakened only in youth? Is it not time to consider, seriously, methods by which the faculties which are sprouted in the morning may be watered and kept green, rather than be left to wither unrefreshed beneath life's scorching mid-day suns? Finally, let no one pronounce against the feasibility of a move in this direction because a complete scheme cannot be evolved or put into action in a year or a lifetime. Not one, but many generations must fall in the wilderness before any goal of glorious promise is reached. Evolution is a slow process. Nature ordains her types a long time before they are realized. Nearly a thousand years ago, England needed a school for the education of clergy and law-givers. It was established, and a long line of graves showed where son slept with sire in death, while it was still diminutive; but to-day that university, founded by no one knows whom, sits in a

thousand seats on two continents. New universities, like the Johns Hopkins or the University of California, are as old as Oxford or Cambridge. The white locks of age lie over their new-born brows. They are new only in the sense that houses are new which are built from quarries of the eternal hills and in accordance with architectural principles that are as old as the hills themselves.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And but little thought was theirs of the silent antique years,
In the building of their nest.

Let us be wiser than the birds in this respect, and, knowing that nothing of great or lasting importance can be started *de novo* and perfected in a single term of the human series, be moved to set in the world the correctives of great abuses and the potentials of great blessings, and be content with that privilege, even if the wrong shall not be subdued, nor the blessing fully unfolded, until after the rise and fall of many generations.

Posterity has a right to claim even greater things of us than those for which we thank our ancestry. A century ago, the idea of educating every man's child was a stupendous vagary, but some one was just dreamer enough to think it, and others were courageous enough to hold the ideal fast and steady until it materialized and became a sanctifying fact.

To-day, a university system which gathers society within its walls, and sends the direct influence of its power daily into the mature vigors of life and labor, may be only an ideal, but if the regnancy of mind shall rule the future, and reason wear the purple, if thought and labor are destined to guard the throne on either side, then Education and Labor must walk hand in hand throughout the world.

Sydney T. Skidmore.

A SONNET.

"I LOVE you"—ah! 'tis but a little thing,—
A sentence short, three tiny words,—and still,
Not poet's art, nor yet musician's skill,
Such wondrous happiness can bring
As these. O mystery-breathing spell,
Come to this heart of mine, and tell
The stories garnered through the years,
The hope made manifest, the tears
Checked at thy whisper, tender, sweet,
Soft as the wood-dove's cooing, and complete
As life's fulfilment, or the grand dream
Of selflessness for love, God's master theme.
O soulful words, my spirit touch, and bring
The joy of life's celestial wakening.

M. G. McClelland.

LE PRIX DE ROME.

I.

PARIS is to-day the art centre of the world. Its supremacy is chiefly the result of the Republic's liberal and judicious preservation of the institutions founded by monarchial France for the encouragement of the fine arts. L'École des Beaux-Arts, founded in 1648, its libraries, museums, ateliers, and instruction free to the art students of the world, and the Salon, inaugurated in 1699, international in competition and recompense, influence the art life of every land; while the Prix de Rome, dating from Louis XIV., strengthens the native talent by inciting perpetual competition and inviting the imitation of other countries. The Prix de Rome is an annual prize offered by the government. From a *concour* open only to native Frenchmen under thirty years of age, one painter, one sculptor, one architect, one engraver, and one musician are sent annually to Rome for a period of four years. To win the Prix is the ambition of every young artist, and while France may have great painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and musicians who have never enjoyed its advantages, nearly all have competed, thereby profiting by the discipline it imposes. The *concours* are held every spring,—the artists' in the Beaux-Arts, the musicians' at the Conservatoire. The examinations are most rigid. The painters' and sculptors' *concour* lasts seventy-two days, while the architects' and engravers' consumes one hundred and twenty days. Pupils of the Beaux-Arts, a student with a letter from any master, may compete in the preliminary contest, which is confined to drawing exclusively. Two hundred are generally enrolled, and from this list twenty are chosen. They number, with those who have had medals from the Beaux-Arts, consequently exempted from the preliminary contest, about forty, and compose the second *concour*, which includes composition and painting from life. The subject of the composition is given by the Beaux-Arts. From this *concour* ten are chosen. The accepted compositions are then locked up, and the elect enter *en loge* for the final trial. Much of the tragedy and comedy of the art life of Paris is concentrated in the term "*en loge*." The loges are small cell-like chambers in a retired wing of the Beaux-Arts. A couch, a table, a chair, and an easel complete their furniture, and here work, dine, and sleep, under strictest surveillance, during two days' captivity, the chosen ten from whom but one of each branch of art can secure the prize. The compositions of the second *concour* are vaguely defined, to give the designer wider scope in the final picture. Any marked deviation from the accepted composition, however, counts a demerit in the final decision. Despite the severity of the surveillance, deceptions are practised, and tales of sketches smuggled into the loges on cuffs and collars, designs carried in the hollow of a cane, etc., are among the traditions. But a student's work is generally so well known that only the boldest and most skilful deception escapes the jury. During

the second concours they are permitted to consult with their masters or get suggestions from any source. Some years ago, this latitude led to the fall of a bright young man. He consulted his master so assiduously, working out his composition in his atelier, that it resulted in being more the master's than the pupil's work. The result was a surprise to the jury, but, allowing it to be an inspiration, the young man was admitted to the loge. Thrown on his own resources, he was haunted by the memory of the canvas in his master's studio, and, convinced of his inability to reproduce it, he made his escape, secured the coveted picture, and, wrapping it around his body under his clothing, carried it back to the loge, where he destroyed the canvas upon which he had been working and stretched on the same frame the master's work. He was awarded the Prix, and sojourned a year at Rome before the fraud was discovered. The jury concluded that it was then too late to rectify the error, and he was permitted to continue, but, scorned by his companions, he soon disappeared. Many have competed repeatedly for the Prix, and a distinguished painter worked eight years, which represents five hundred and seventy-six days' concours.

II.

The most casual glance at the advantages of the Prix justifies the labor its competition exacts. On quitting Paris for Rome the government gives each winner six hundred francs (one hundred and twenty dollars) to defray the expenses of the journey. Each is allowed annually three thousand five hundred and ten francs (seven hundred and two dollars), payable in monthly instalments, and within prescribed limits they are reimbursed for the materials they use. At the expiration of four years each receives six hundred francs from the funds of the Academy of France at Rome, to return to Paris. During their sojourn at Rome they are exempted from military service, and are forbidden to marry, to return to France without special permission, to voyage from Rome without authorization, or to work for money. In the splendid palace, the Villa Médicis, purchased by Napoleon I., the Prix de Romes live *ensemble* and lead the ideal life of the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The villa is under the control of a director, who must be a painter and a member of the Institute of France. He is appointed by the Chief of State for a period of six years, and is chosen from three candidates presented by the Beaux-Arts. The director has the same social position as the ambassador, and in the latter's absence he discharges his duties. Only an artist of fortune can accept the honors of the position, which requires much entertaining, to sustain which the salary is insufficient. There are never at one time more than twenty students at the villa. They dine at a common table, but each has his chamber and atelier. Like white Gothic temples, the ateliers are scattered amid the splendid foliage of the ancient gardens. The course of study is prescribed. The students have free access to the libraries and museums of the villa, and every day except Sunday and *fête-days* the living model poses two hours. The art treasures of Rome

are at their disposal, and they are permitted to travel into Italy, Sicily, and Greece. The musicians, who are sent but once in two years, may spend half their time in Germany. Every facility to attend concert, oratorio, and opera is provided. Architects on starting for Greece receive eight hundred francs (one hundred and sixty dollars). Anything more ideal, more inspiring, than the daily life at the Villa Médicis could scarcely be conceived. Relieved of every material care, the students pass their four years in daily commune with the best expressions of the best thoughts of all ages, for the perception and appreciation of which they have been prepared by a life of study and the inherited traditions of centuries. It was in the Villa Médicis that Gounod wrote "*Faust*." The social life is as delightful as the artistic. Saturday evening the villa receives its friends, when classic music, brilliant repartee, and the cultured ease of an ideal gentlemen's club prevail. Scarcely a great artist or musician comes to Rome without partaking of or contributing to the pleasures of the Prix de Rome. It is an old custom for each pensioner at the end of his sojourn to leave the portrait of a comrade, and from the thickly-covered walls of the dining-room smile or frown famous men. Exceedingly curious is an immense folio filled with autographic caricatures. The great events are the *banquet d'adieu* given to the pensioner on his final leave-taking, and the annual exposition of the work accomplished during the year, to which Queen Margaret, the ambassadors, and the culture of Rome lend their presence. The exposition is then transferred to the Beaux-Arts at Paris, where it is examined by the committee and the result sent to the Director at Rome. In return for this princely encouragement, the government exacts yearly from each pensioner one picture, statue, design, engraving, or musical composition, the nature of which is defined. The last year's envoy, an original work, is the property of the state, while that of the previous years is returned to the executors. The gallery of the Beaux-Arts is crowded with the masterpieces of the Prix de Rome, and in them may be traced the art growth of France since Louis XIV. The envoys of the musicians are deposited in the library of the Conservatoire and given a public rendition. While the Prix de Rome absorb the advantages of their life at Rome, they have and continue to impregnate all they encounter with the spirit of the modern French school. Their influence on the young Italian painters is perceptible, and, following upon the footsteps of France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Spain, and many other countries have established similar schools at Rome.

III.

Into this atmosphere stray yearly hundreds of American art students. Full of artistic disposition, often of talent, but without training, tradition, or governmental encouragement, they come knowing vaguely what they seek or how to seek it. The United States is the only country in the world that does absolutely nothing for the encouragement of art. The poorest republics of South America send students to Paris and Rome. Despite our government's in-

difference, fifteen hundred art students were enrolled the past year in the studios of Paris, and the display of the American artists at the Universal Exposition of 1889 was the second redeeming feature of the United States exhibit. So much accomplished without encouragement, what might not be done by judicious appreciation? "There can be no art without tradition, and you are too young a nation for either," has long been the cry of foreigners, a cry so industriously repeated by Americans that it would seem that we are threatened with another century of exclusive mechanical progress. America has no art, and never will have until the government recognizes it as a factor of civilization. The stranger on entering the *salle* of Holland, Italy, Spain, or Russia at the last Universal Exposition felt at once the atmosphere, the life, of the country; but if "*États-Unis*" had not been written over the entrance to the *salle* occupied by the art exhibit of the United States, who would have suspected that they were in the section representing the land of a Washington, a Jefferson, a land of unrivalled scenery, a people who in less than a century have spanned an ocean with a cablegram and made the human voice audible at incredible distance? There will never be an American school of art until the government establishes a national school at home. Too many students come abroad, too many artists remain in Europe too long, remain, as many of the great painters of France frankly confess, until they lose whatever individuality they may have had and become such close imitators of their masters that they are French, Italian, or German rather than American artists. A national school would save many a would-be artist from a life of misery and preserve him to a calling for which he is better qualified, since it would enable him to find out at home that God made him for a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick-maker, rather than for a starving servant of the Muses on the ragged edges of the Olympus of Europe.

We have passed a century of commercial mechanical progress unsurpassed in the history of nations. With triumphal arch or mansard Eiffel tower the country agitates the celebration of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America. What more enduring monument, what more convincing evidence of American civilization, could crown the landing of Christopher Columbus than the establishment of a National School of Art? "It has always been surprising to me," said Bouguereau, "that America, so liberal to patronize foreign art, remains so obdurate to the needs of her own artists. The Prix de Rome is an institution of unquestioned value, and, I should think, practical for America. However, I would say, let the artists be sent first to Paris, thence to Rome."

Talks with Meissonier, Gérôme, Benjamin Constant, Paul Dubois, Director of L'École des Beaux-Arts, L. Olivier Merson, and many other artists and critics cognizant of the needs and possibilities of American art, resulted in the unanimous opinion that to preserve our individuality a national school *must* be established at home. No one feels this necessity more than the American art students abroad. For many years various plans have been discussed and repeated futile efforts made to bring the matter before Congress. The immensity and the cosmo-

politanism of the country make the solution of the question a delicate matter. But the hour has come when it must be solved. The interest in art has spread with marvellous rapidity within the past ten years, and there is scarcely a city of twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand inhabitants that has not an art school of private enterprise.

The national school could scarcely find a better model than the Beaux-Arts of France. "We have not the men in America to control such a school," said an American artist who has for many years been absent from his native country. True, we have no Bouguereaus, Gérômes, Lefebvres, Bonnats, or Meissoniers; but had France in the infancy of L'École des Beaux-Arts? In this as in all previous crises, America has men equal to the emergency. All they want is opportunity to assert themselves. Permission to both sexes to attend the lectures, copy from the models, and receive corrections from the masters should be easily obtained; but to become a regular member of the school, examinations should be compulsory. Each Congressional district should be entitled to send candidates annually to the examinations for admission. Prizes ought to be given by the government,—not empty badges or knots of ribbon, but substantial purses to enable the winners to live during their apprenticeship. As we have many artists of merit who have never had any advantages, and who are too old in years and method to submit to the preliminaries of the national school, a national *Salon* should be established, with government prizes which would send one painter, one sculptor, one architect, and one engraver abroad for four years. An artist who has already asserted himself is the best judge of his own needs, and the winner of the *Salon* prize should not be confined to any school or country, but follow the bent of his own inclinations. During his sojourn abroad, the government should demand yearly a work of art for the decoration of our public buildings, galleries, parks, etc., and after the expiration of his pension the government should help him to live and test the practicalness of his progress by giving him public commissions. Our history is rich in original, unworked material, our scenery the marvel of travellers, and where more spacious cities waiting the hand of art? A national school established at home, an American Villa Médicis at Paris to which the prize students of the home school could be sent would soon follow. From L'École des Beaux-Arts and Le Prix de Rome women have always been excluded, and the question of their admission to study in the one and compete in the other is now pending before the French government. An American school of art without equal provisions for women would not be in keeping with our national progress.

Skilful in execution, we have yet to assert strongly the creative faculty in music; but it will come shortly and take its place in the national school.

Now is the accepted time for the moneyed element of Congress, that has dozed during interminable sessions, to combine brain, purse, and power and immortalize the fourth centennial of America's discovery by the foundation of a National School of Art.

L. R. McCabe.

THE PUBLIC AND THE STAGE.

THE statement in the newspapers not long ago that a Society of American Dramatic Authors was to be founded in New York must have been received by a good many persons with something like incredulity. That there were Americans who wrote for the stage could be inferred from the presence of their names, now and then, upon play-bills; but that there was more than a baker's dozen of them, or that their calling justified even the doubtful honor of organization, no one would be likely to imagine. Yet if I were to give here a list of those eligible to membership in such a society it would be respectable in length if in nothing else. There are, in point of fact, a great many men, and not a few women, who make a very fair living out of dramatic authorship; and the more successful of them attain something like wealth, or what at least is wealth from the point of view of the professional writer, who early learns the hard truth that the rewards of his labor are in large part unsubstantial. No other form of literary work, indeed, is so profitable as play-writing, assuming that the playwright has found his market and has succeeded in pleasing his public. Without mentioning names, it is safe to conclude that a comparison between the best-known novelists and the best-known playwrights both in England and in America would certainly not be to the disadvantage of the former; and yet I dare say that the pecuniary rewards of the compounder of melodrama are greater than those of the most exquisite artist in fiction.

It is easy to see why this should be the case. The playwright appeals to a larger audience than the novelist does. Hundreds of people will spend a dollar for a seat in the theatre where one will spend a dollar for a new book. Americans may read more than any other people; we have been told that often enough to induce belief, although I, for one, confess that I am still incredulous. But we certainly are not numeficent in our patronage of literature. The great majority of novel-readers seldom get beyond the circulating library or the cheap pirated reprint. Fortunately, there is no way of enjoying the drama in this economical fashion. The manager therefore has the advantage over the publisher in quick and tolerably certain returns on his investment; and it is this fact which places the playwright in a position much more satisfactory than that of the novelist. Why, then, under such apparently favorable conditions, should there not be an American drama worth the respectful attention of intelligent people?

It would indeed be natural to suppose that a literary calling in which the substantial rewards are great and immediate would attract our brightest and cleverest minds in large numbers. To write a play is to set the imagination a delightful task. Our best literature—leaving out of account those works of philosophy, of theology, of history, or of science which have survived the process of time, in part because of some merit remote from their subject—may roughly be divided into poetry, fiction, drama, and criticism. I include under the last head the criticism of life as well as the criticism of books. With these qualifications the division may stand as a fairly accurate one. The drama, then, is one of the four great forms of literary expression; and in all literatures it has been deemed at one period or another worth the attention of the finest

minds. The explanation of the preference for this form of art is essentially a simple one. Whenever the drama has been a symbol of the life of the people it has inevitably been interpreted by genius; for genius, however far above the heads of the crowd it may be, is but an inspiration out of popular aspirations. In Shakespeare's time the theatre meant all that the press means to-day; and that was one reason why Shakespeare became a dramatist. Now our public look to the stage mainly to be amused in the lower and not the higher sense. Where our literary art is earnest, where it seeks the embodiment of ethical or æsthetic ideas, is in fiction and in criticism. Although it is quite true that in any literature which is to have the quality of permanency art must come first and morals afterwards, it is not to be denied that the greatest artists have always had reserves of something which (for a want of a better name) must be called moral enthusiasm. English fiction—perhaps the most characteristic form of literary expression of the present century—has had this enthusiasm behind it. There are those who say that fiction is dying, too. They may be right; but it is much further yet from a state of absolute torpor than the drama, which is permeated with very little enthusiasm of any sort.

For pecuniary rewards, which are great in the case of a successful play, are not the only, nor indeed the chief, incentives to authorship. If they were, then I fear that the literature of the world would be very much less splendid than it is. The *sacra fames* exists for other things than gold. Even in the humblest of the literary professions the underpaid workers will admit that there is a fascination in their work which chains them to it. There are many easier ways of getting rich than by the pen. It is true that fiction and criticism and some poetry have brought a comparative degree of wealth to the few and have given a living to the many; but I am not now speaking of the great names of literature. Judging the profession by the average of its members, the fact remains that poets and critics and novelists make less money than playwrights make; and yet we have more good poems and more good essays and more good novels than we have good plays. It is obvious, then, that the question of money is not the reason for the failure of our drama as a vital force of art. Nor is that failure due to any lack of material. The Society of American Dramatic Authors, as I have said, will have no difficulty in finding persons eligible for membership, although their names may be unfamiliar to the general public. Furthermore, the plays that have never been produced are probably as many as the novels that have never been published. One New York manager confesses to having read and rejected seven thousand manuscripts. It is impossible to believe that all the seven thousand were worse than some of the pieces which have run hundreds of nights, and still retain one's respect for the human intellect. That condition of mind in which a writer can get below the level of "Natural Gas" or "We, Us & Co." would offer a curious opportunity for pathological investigation. I do not know how many new plays are produced at English and American theatres in a year. Two facts, however, will help us to make a rough estimate. The most important of these is that the theatrical business has grown to enormous proportions: in the United States alone there are probably something like three hundred travelling companies. The other fact is that the great majority of these companies give employment to modern playwrights. It might naturally be imagined that under such conditions as these the drama would be in a state of growth rather than in a state of decay. But few of the plays which are thus written and produced have any serious

value. They are pot-boilers, pure and simple, and they smell vilely of the pot. Moreover, such of them as may have been intelligently conceived and deftly constructed in the first place have been sacrificed to the exigencies of the moment. There may be a suspension-bridge, or a steam-engine, or a yacht, or other mechanical device, about which some scene must be written; there may be an actor whose personal eccentricities must be taken into consideration. All this is merely writing to order, and is more a commercial than an artistic matter.

This inferiority in our modern English plays does not necessarily imply an inferiority in natural ability on the part of the playwrights. In originality, in freshness of treatment, in literary skill, and above all in stage technique, they are, it is true, immensely inferior to the French writers, and even to some of the German writers; but yet in those who show the least amount of training there are flashes of genuine power. Our drama, indeed, affords in the main a painful example of wasted energy, of talent in the rough, so to speak, which the fortunate possessor does not know how rightly to cultivate. The lack of training of which I have spoken is one reason for this. But a more important (in my mind an overshadowing) consideration is the state of the public taste. Water cannot rise higher than its source, and the drama cannot be sustained above the heads of those to whom it makes appeal. We Americans like slang and vulgarity and horse-play; and this is what we get on the stage. We sympathize with tawdry sentiment and cheap pathos; and so we have it served to us, with a native or a foreign label. I do not know that our playwrights are altogether to blame. It is well enough to remember the demands of art; but the demands of bread-and-butter—such is our human weakness—have the first claim. Only the fortunate few can live to write; others must write to live. Thus it is that literature in any form is in the main a reflection of the public taste. If, then, our dramatic literature be poor and bad—and many persons think it so poor and so bad that it does not deserve to be considered as literature at all—the primary explanation is found in the intellectual apathy of theatrical audiences. For the fact that we Americans and Englishmen have little ability to discriminate, so far as the drama is concerned, seems to me to be indisputable. Nowhere else do we show quite so much bad taste. Whatever reason we may choose to assign, we must begin with this assumption. One has only to take up any daily newspaper and look at the theatrical advertisements in its columns to realize what sort of dramatic fare it is that we feed on chiefly. We may have advanced in many essential respects during the century which is soon to draw to a close; but a discriminating appreciation of the drama is not one of them. Would Charles Lamb be a constant theatre-goer if he were living in this year of grace? And are Goldsmiths and Sheridans likely to be common so long as we throng to hear the bad puns and "topical songs" which the compounders of Gaiety burlesque provide?

These are questions, it seems to me, which answer themselves; for my own part, I do not see how any close observer of the stage can say yes to a single one of them.

Edward Fuller.

SOME OF THE FALLACIES OF THE WOMAN-SUFFRAGISTS.

AFTER the fashion of artists who write upon their pictures, "This is a horse," I would remark that I am not proposing to offer any arguments against woman-suffrage (being tolerably persuaded that women should vote). But, having an eye for fallacies and other absurdities, I am moved to point out a few such in the arguments used by many devotees of the cause.

To begin, then: many enthusiasts will tell you that they favor woman-suffrage, "of course, because they are in favor of all reforms,"—with a vague notion that this is an evidence of breadth and progressiveness. But I wish these good people could be brought to pay a little more attention to etymology.

To re-form is simply to make over. It is by no means certain that we could not make over for the worse; few of us are pessimistic enough to believe that. A Gothic cathedral might be torn down and re-formed after the pattern of a big barn, but that would hardly be an improvement from an artistic point of view. Whoever professes himself in favor of "all reform" may reasonably be asked why he does not pull his house down every year and build another, or throw away his shoes as fast as they are made easy by a day's wearing and get new ones.

To stick to what is old merely because it is old is very narrow-minded, but to run after what is new for no better reason than because it is new is shallow-minded; one is no *larger*-minded than the other; it only looks so to people who can't see through it. The only truly liberal attitude is to "prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

That women have not voted hitherto is no reason why they should not vote now; but neither is it any reason why they should; it simply doesn't amount to a row of pins one way or the other when we are reasoning about the matter. When we are talking for Buncombe the case may be altered, of course.

What these reformers really mean is, that they favor all reforms for the better. It is to be hoped they do; but it should be proved that a step is for the better before it is taken; and here is where another stitch of logic is often dropped.

I quote the following remarks from a speech by Miss Mary F. Eastman before the New York Woman's Suffrage League on December 8, 1888:

"I think they always put the arguments on the wrong side of that question. I say, why shouldn't women vote? Why shouldn't every human being express himself at the ballot-box as he expresses himself at the fireside or in society?"

"That begin with an M," said the dormouse.

"Why with an M?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" said the dormouse.

"Alice was silent."

But so clever a little girl as Alice must have known something about the burden of proof, and should not have been silenced so easily.

The burden of proof is always with an innovator. We don't believe in effects without causes, and the existence of any state of affairs argues some reason for it. The reason may be foolish and trifling, of course; it may have been the merest feather-weight that turned the scale; but no one need be required to prove that there is a reason, any more than the law requires a man to prove that he is honest.

Now, "a human being" doesn't exactly express himself at the ballot-box as he might in society.

In the first place, he expresses himself anonymously, and his vote counts one,—a philosopher's no more, a fool's no less. Whereas in society the two opinions might carry differing weight.

Then if each man voted his individual opinions he would probably vote into the air. To effect anything, men commonly vote the average opinion of their party, which must be struck among a million opinions of all shades of value. The more individuality a man has, the less will this average opinion coincide with his own.

There is an immense amount of cant talked about rights. All rights have corresponding duties and responsibilities. If we could drop for a little while the discussion of women's right to the ballot, and give all our attention to the question whether it is their duty to vote or not, we might make considerably more headway,—bearing in mind that "besides the right to vote there is such a thing as the right *not* to vote," and that this right is a valuable one, which, once lost, could never be regained.

For forms of government let fools contest:
That which is best administered is best.

I am extremely sceptical about every man's feeling a thrill of emotion whenever he casts a vote,—after his first. Except where principles are directly at stake, voting is simply business. But it involves an obligation to give time and thought and work and money. It is possibly not too large an estimate to say that, in one way or another, politics demand an average of six months out of every man's life.

Now, it is not political economy to insist upon two people doing what one could do equally well, or upon twenty millions doing what ten millions could do. It isn't unreasonable to wish to be quite certain of our ground before we demand, as a sacrifice to the fetish of equal rights, six months out of every woman's life, which might yield so much greater return, to herself and to the country, if spent in other directions, say on science or art.

There seems to be some unfortunate fatality which leads a speaker who is arguing that women should vote because they are just as intelligent as men, to illustrate by some such anecdote as that of the lady who recently said to her coachman, "John, are you going to exercise the franchise to-day?" whereupon John inquired, "Which of the horses is that, mum?"

The lapse of logic here is irritating enough to make one want to shake the speaker. (How that sort of thing used to impress me when I was a girl, though!) If she wants to convince her audience that women should vote because they are intelligent, why should she relate an anecdote to remind them that intelligence has nothing to do with it, and that the test is something quite different,—making the argument null and void? The story would be just as telling on the other side.

Of course intelligence ought to be the test. But the first step toward making it so is to disenfranchise the ignorant and incompetent before we enfranchise any one else,—for instance, to take away John's vote until he has learned what exercising the franchise means. (Though why in the world it is any more intelligent to say that than "vote," only the shade of Dr. Johnson can understand.)

Miss Willard relates how, when her brother went to cast his first vote, she

watched him wistfully from the window, feeling even then what a pity it was that the country did not see how she was robbing herself,—“to take only half the home training, when she might have had the whole.”

It does seem so; but there is a reverse to this, to which some weight ought to be given. It is not only the training of homes like the Willards' that the country gets by universal male suffrage, but home training and street training of a far different kind.

In “Our Country,” Dr. Strong points out that “Emigration has fed fat the liquor power, and there is a liquor vote; emigration furnishes most of the disciples of Mormonism, and there is a Mormon vote,” etc.,—that there is a Roman Catholic vote, a German vote, an Irish vote, a Socialist vote, a colored vote; all so many menaces to our institutions.

Every woman who reads this is apt to think impatiently, with Miss Willard, that it is folly that she should be debarred from helping to stem this tide and balance it with intelligent, patriotic votes. But this might also have occurred to her,—that, dangerous as these elements are, they are robbed of much of their danger by the fact that only half of these classes, the male half, can exert any direct influence.

One may regard herself as a martyr if she likes, but as long as she is “paired” with a possible anarchist who is kept from doing mischief by lack of a vote, while intelligence has many other channels of influence, there is a gain to the country which must in honesty be set against the loss.

Of course the fallacies of the opponents of woman-suffrage are more various and absurd, but they have been shown up so often that these people have very few legs left to stand on when they ask such conundrums as, “Should a woman leave her baby crying in the cradle while she goes to vote?”

Any one giving the subject serious attention would be forced to own that she shouldn't. But a baby might be kept from knowing that his mother had gone to vote. If he could be persuaded that she had gone shopping, or calling, or marketing, or “round the corner to buy him some candy,” he might remain quiet till she came back.

Of course that sort of thing would be jesuitical, and might subsequently injure the baby's morals. I only suggest it.

M. Helen Lovett.

A ROUND, UNVARNISH'D TALE.

I HAVE always held my own opinion about dogs, in spite of Sir Walter Scott, Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Rhoda Broughton, and my neighbor, whose disturber of the peace howls by night and yelps by day. The horse is a noble animal; the cow is indispensable; the sheep furnishes warmth to the body and mutton to the inner man; the cat has her merits; the circus is the elephant's excuse for being; even the derided goat is useful in ridding the earth of discarded leather and rejected tomato-cans; but the dog? Let him occupy a pedestal in the imagination of poets and the fond credulity of tramp-dreading femininity, and the dog is adorable.

Such have been my sentiments always; nevertheless, in a moment of idiocy, I was persuaded to adopt a dog. I adopted him in his infancy, that I might train him up in the way he should go, and thus make sure of his incorruptible affec-

tion. He was not handsome, even as a puppy, but what we counted upon was fidelity. "We" were two lone women, and even a dog's protection might be some comfort in a part of town where the policeman is about as periodical as Biela's comet. Our neighbor puts her faith in a good, sharp dog, and is never long without one. She has had them of all sizes and ages, and of various breeds, but she has never had one superior to temptation when conveyed in a bit of fresh meat dressed with arsenic. Her dogs all die suddenly, and her premises are invariably robbed the night of her faithful guardian's death. But that, of course, is the fault of the depredator: he should not have tampered with the dog. If you will bring the unprejudiced mind of a genuine dog-lover to bear upon the case, you will perceive that the dog, under the influence of arsenious poison, had his sense of duty perverted. Of course he knew that it was expected of him to die in defence of his owner's property,—all good dogs know that; it was no unwillingness to yield up his life, since he would have eaten the meat even though he were told that it was poisoned; it was simply a mistake that he died for the benefit of the marauder. Since it is human to err, we should excuse the dog; for, indeed, more than enough has been written to prove the dog superior to man in the virtues of fidelity, courage, and magnanimity. When I read these records of canine character I feel, I confess, meaner than a dog, but not meaner than my dog! humility's self cannot sink to such a depth as that. But I am persuaded that all the truth has not yet been written. When the subject shall be inquired into dispassionately, it will be discovered that there are dogs *and* dogs,—the exaggerated dog ideal, and the inexpressible dog real. Most persons who own a dog, while descanting eloquently on his virtues, will maintain the reticence of a horse-trader as to that particular dog's faults; but I will tell the absolute truth about my dog: he was a brute; he was also a fraud. There was nothing superhuman about him except his strength.

And yet we did handsomely by that dog from the very beginning. We gave him a name that was in itself a warning: he was of a tawny color, and we called him Tiger, that he might be reputed fierce. The street-urchins added our patronymic, and Tiger McBlank, as he grew up, became a terror to the neighborhood. The brawny butcher coveted him, and asked us to name his price. This so flattered us that we declared the money was not in circulation that could purchase our treasure. Then the butcher, perceiving that there was no bargain to be made with us, rejoiced us still further by the assurance that such a dog was worth his weight in gold, which was saying a great deal in the canine's favor, for Tiger McBlank had attained a formidable size. Of course we never did sell Tiger; it was Tiger who sold us, for it was a pure fiction that he belonged to us; he made it clear, early in his career, that we belonged to him, and he would suffer us to see our friends only under certain restrictions that operated to make us almost outcasts from society. Now, I had dreamed of the dog ideal, that should make a refined distinction between friend and foe, a dog that should be gentle towards ladies and patient with children,—I had read of such,—but Tiger McBlank was not that kind of a dog.

Still, we felt so safe with that dog. We defied the tramp that we had lived in dread of; nay, we wished the tramp would come, that we might defy him to his face.

We had our wish. It was a dark night, and we two women were alone in the house when the door-bell rang. We weren't thinking of tramps when we opened the door, but Tiger McBlank probably was, for he came bounding into

the hall, and we do not know which we saw first, our four-footed guardian, or the inebrilate biped with both hands outstretched to steady himself by the jambs of the door.

We were two woman and a dog against one tramp, so we felt confident that we could hold the fort. Each of us put out a hand and grasped Tiger McBlank by the collar, wishing to be rid of our unwelcome visitor peaceably if possible. The man glowered at us and glowered at the dog, and long refused to go away. When at last he stumbled down the steps, the dog, before we could shut the door, gave a spring that left his collar in our hands, empty of himself. In vain we called to him; obedience was a virtue Tiger McBlank had never learned; but when we looked to see the tramp dragged to earth, what was our dismay, what our humiliation, to perceive our tawny monster (of ingratitude) fawning upon the disreputable stranger with every demonstration of affection!

The next morning Tiger McBlank was presented to the covetous butcher, and we now put our faith in a rusty pistol that won't "go off" as Tiger did. Our friends are no longer afraid to visit us.

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

BOOK-TALK.

THE NEW CÆSAR.

Literature never leaves herself without a witness among men, and in this rapid age she needs a new one often. The old ones soon wear out. In the last twenty years there has been quite a little squad of them. There was Bret Harte, to begin with. We heard that "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was a great story; we disbelieved the rumor, read the story,—beginning it, so to speak, with our nose in the air, and ending it with our knees on the floor. Bret Harte was a real, rejoicing genius; and "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "Brown of Calaveras," "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar," and, best of all,—almost a perfect story,—"The Outcasts of Poker Flat," made his calling and election sure. No novelist has done better work in the limit of fifty pages than Bret Harte did in those five tales; and, no matter what he did or may do afterwards, his country will never cease to be grateful to him for them. The vigor with which he conceived character, the vividness with which he portrayed it, the terseness and color of his descriptions, and his humor and pathos, give importance to our literature. The pace was too good to last, but it is a great record.

John Hay went up like a rocket. He has not come down in the proverbial fashion, but he has disappeared. It is true, he is said to have written "The Bread-Winners;" but he is one of the few who have denied its authorship. Meanwhile, we must be content with "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches." Following Hay, there was an interval, disturbed only by a doubtful alarm with reference to Joaquin Miller. Miller wrote some real poetry, and at least one good book,—*"The Modocs,"* but something stopped him just this side of becoming a classic. We are speaking here not of the steady good men, who can be relied upon to produce something respectable at regular intervals, and who worked up gradually from modest beginnings, but of those who leaped into the throne at the first jump and set out by achieving a feat that no one had achieved before. To the best of my recollection, Robert Louis Stevenson should be our next example. He was always a master of style, and decorated

his subjects with a delicious romantic fancy. There is a touch of the Oriental—of the Arab—in him. His most brilliant *tour de force* was the Jekyll-Hyde story, but he has done nothing that is not praiseworthy; and “Treasure Island,” “Kidnapped,” and “The Master of Ballantrae” can be described only with superlatives. Fortune was lavish in this decade: it saw the birth of “King Solomon’s Mines” and “She.” The first is one of the most captivating and satisfying tales of adventure ever written. The other is a large, rich, poetical conception, adequately worked out for the most part, but deficient in spots. “Cleopatra” is a noble and dignified story, excellent as to style, and most conscientiously studied; but “the first fine careless rapture” is missing. Meanwhile, poor Hugh Conway made one strong bid for fame in “Called Back,” and then subsided forever in a heap of rubbish. Shall we include the author of “The Quick or the Dead?” in our enumeration? I prefer to let the reader decide the question: at all events, our chief dependence, during the last few years, has been on Haggard and Stevenson. And yet we must not forget Stockton, a real genius in his own charming, fairy way; we should be poor without the incomparable archness of “Pomona,” “The Lady, or the Tiger?” and “Negative Gravity.” Besides, Stockton is a true American, and that counts for much.

But it was beginning to be obscurely felt that something new was due about this time. We were not quite infatuated with Realism, and we had been inoculated with some conscientious scruples as to Idealism. What was to be done? Would nobody pull us out of the hole? We did not know exactly what we wanted; nevertheless, the want was felt. Persons of experience told us that we were merely suffering from our normal disease of fickleness and frivolity. They blamed our morbid hankering after novelty, and bade us be thankful for what we had got. Just as we were beginning to feel humiliated, the impossible happened, in the good old way; and the wise persons hastened to declare that it was just what they had expected.

It was reported that a story with a new kind of flavor had been printed in an English magazine. It was written by somebody with a queer name,—no one could remember it exactly. It was an Indian story in Irish brogue,—Krishna Mulvaney, or some such title. We heard the report with the same cynical smile that had greeted “The Luck of Roaring Camp.” One never learns by experience in these matters. But presently the Sunday newspapers reprinted the story (there is no international copyright law) and credited it to *Blackwood’s*. The author’s name was outlandish enough,—Rudyard Kipling. But *Blackwood’s* has a reputation for good stories, and, under protest, we tackled this one. Yes, it was good, . . . it was very good, . . . really it was out of the common! Who was this Rudyard Kipling? Why had we never heard of him before? Had he written anything else? Could he write anything else as good? In a week or two out popped a yellow-paper-covered volume called “Plain Tales from the Hills,” by the Rudyard Kipling aforesaid. It contained, in a space of less than three hundred pages, some twoscore stories, all of India. We sat down to them forthwith,—read all day and took the book to bed with us,—read till all hours, slept impatiently, and finished them next morning. It was impossible to read them fast: they had too much in them; they were all wool and a yard wide. Having finished the volume, we spent the rest of the day in going over it, attempting to taste again here and there some remembered sweetness, and generally being beguiled into re-reading to the end. The third

day, after sleeping upon and analyzing our sensations, we came to the conclusion that Rudyard Kipling was the name of a man destined to be celebrated. And when we learned that he was only half-way through his twenties, we contemplated the future with security and satisfaction.

If Mr. Kipling recalls any one, it is Bret Harte: there is a similar self-possession and sagacity in the style; he is never crude; he has the literary touch; whatever he writes becomes literature through his manner of putting it. He is manly and masculine, and consequently has an intense appreciation of the feminine in nature; he never touches a woman but we feel the thrill of sex. Thomas Hardy has the same faculty in this regard; but Mr. Kipling here surpasses Bret Harte, who seems not to like women, or not to respect them, and has contributed no lovable or respectable woman to literature. Mr. Kipling has been brought up in the best society, which is better (for a writer) than to get into it after being brought up. He has also been brought up in, or born in, a literary atmosphere; I must return to this; he is a born writer; he knows just how a story must be told; just what not to say; just how to say what is said. He is as easy and conversational as a man lounging among friends in his own smoking-room; but he never makes a mistake of tact, his voice never rings false, he has more self-control than his reader. He has a great imagination, of the least common sort; say, as different as possible from Mr. Haggard's. It is so quiet and true that its power is concealed; we think all the time that we are reading about real people. But the silent insight and human sympathies of the writer show us more of the people in question than we should ever have found out for ourselves; but he manages this insight and sympathy of his so skilfully that they seem to be our own, and we are pleased both with the story and with ourselves.

Humor, of course, Mr. Kipling has,—the grave humor of a man of the world, a gentleman. It lurks for the most part in the background, giving a general feeling of security against nonsense of any sort; it is in the tone of the voice rather than in the turn of phrase. But he is a humorist only in his characters. Mr. Howells and Mr. James are funny in what they say about their characters; Mr. Kipling has altogether too much regard for the people of his imagination, and too little self-consciousness, to be guilty of this bad taste. He gives you what they are, and the humor is in the veracity and relief of that presentment. Private Mulvaney prattles on, with his black cutty-pipe between his teeth. Does Mr. Kipling slip behind his back and make mouths at us and wink? Does a gentleman play such pranks? Mr. Kipling behaves precisely as he would in Private Mulvaney's presence. Mulvaney's native quality shines forth of itself, and tells us more, and tells it better, than any one could tell about it. One of Bret Harte's chief faults is a habit he has of talking about humble events and persons in a solemn-grandiloquent style, using long learned words and sedulously euphonious phrases, with a view to making us smile at the ludicrous contrast between the vulgar thing and its elegant garments. "Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company." That sort of thing is easily manufactured, and therefore is as well dispensed with. Mr. Kipling always uses the simplest and shortest word that will hold his meaning. It seems as if he would a little rather not make a point than make it; the points he does make therefore arise from the foundation of things. And they generally come when we

were not looking for them. He begins one of his tales thus: "No man will ever know the exact truth of this story; though women may sometimes whisper it to one another after a dance, when they are putting up their hair for the night, and comparing lists of victims. A man, of course, cannot assist at these functions. So the tale must be told from the outside,—in the dark,—all wrong." No writer would not be glad to have written that little overture.

Most of the tales in this volume are episodes in the life of English society in India. It is a peculiar society: traits of character come out there, somewhat as they used to in our own California days of '49; but the conditions, other than the attrition of incongruous elements, are as different as they well can be. But there are also stories of the Indian natives themselves, and they are written from an inside point of view; they are the first of their kind. Mr. Kipling is a remarkable observer, and there are no signs of juvenility about him, except the evident pleasure he takes in writing. He seems to love it as Balzac loved it. He lives in the world and is a part of it, and yet he sees and loves everything as a writer. His mind is full; there are a dozen unwritten stories in his head for every one that he writes. "But that is another story," is a frequent remark of his,—rather too frequent. He gives the impression of unlimited resources and reserve material. Bret Harte never gave that impression, and, as a matter of fact, his scope was narrow and his material got used up. Nor could he write a novel. Now, one fancies that Kipling might write a novel; it will not be constructed like a French drama, but it will be moving and memorable, and anything but commonplace. The concluding tale in this volume is called "To be filed for reference," and is the story of an Englishman of education and ability who gave up civilization and lived with a native woman, drinking himself to death. But MacIntosh Jellahedin had penetrated into the secret recesses of the Indian nature and character, and he wrote a book. "This," says MacIntosh, on his death-bed, to the narrator, "is my work,—the Book of MacIntosh Jellahedin, showing what he saw and how he lived, and what befell him and others; being also an account of the life and sins and death of Mother Maturin. . . . I bequeath to you now the monument more enduring than brass,—my one book,—rude and imperfect in parts, but, oh, how rare in others! . . . You will mutilate it horribly. You will knock out the gems you call 'Latin quotations,' you Philistine; you will butcher the style to carve into your own jerky jargon; but you cannot destroy the whole of it. I bequeath it to you. . . . It is yours unconditionally, the story of MacIntosh Jellahedin, which is *not* the story of MacIntosh Jellahedin, but of a greater man than he, and of a far greater woman. Listen, now! I am neither mad nor drunk! That book will make you famous."

Mr. Kipling adds, "If the thing is ever published, some one may perhaps remember this story, now printed as a safeguard to prove that MacIntosh Jellahedin and not I myself wrote the Book of Mother Maturin. I don't want the 'Giant's Robe' to come true in my case."

The tales in this volume were written before the public had got its eye on Mr. Kipling. For the last few months it has been glaring upon him most unmercifully. We shall see whether he emerges from that most trying of ordeals as modest, simple, and strong as he was before. If he does, great things are to be expected of him. To be neither puffed up by fame nor frightened by it is given to but few.

Julian Hawthorne.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT'S will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

Science.—**THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS**, by Isaac Taylor (Scribner & Welford). Although it is still accepted by certain scholars and is yet taught in most text-books, the old philological theory of an "Aryan race" originating in Asia—a theory fathered by Prof. Max Müller and still proudly promulgated by him—is now practically exploded. Canon Taylor, in the present interesting and authoritative little volume, written expressly for the general reader, shows how recent anthropological researches, and in particular the discoveries in pre-historic archaeology and geology, and the measurements of the craniologists, have, in the past decade, wrought the indicated change in the opinion of scholars as to the origin of the Aryans.—**LECTURES ON LANGUAGE AND LINGUISTIC METHOD IN THE SCHOOL**, by Prof. S. S. Laurie (Macmillan & Co.). A thoughtful and most sensible plea for a wiser method of studying language, and teachers will profit by the reading of it.—**THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY**, by George Lawrence Gomme (Scribner & Welford). A useful and comprehensive treatise, having special reference to the origin and form of the village survivals in Great Britain.—**THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE**, by E. Ray Lankester, LL.D., F.R.S. (Macmillan & Co.). An important collection of scientific essays and addresses. The author discusses vigorously the question of state aid to science.

History and Biography.—**FOUR YEARS IN REBEL CAPITALS**, by T. C. De Leon (The Gossip Printing Co., Mobile, Ala.). A clear and inside view of life in the Southern Confederacy from its birth to its death.—**HEROES AND MARTYRS OF INVENTION**, by George Makepeace Towle (Lee & Shepard). Readable sketches of the careers of such notables as Watt, Davy, the two Stephensons, Fulton, and Howe. A book for boys.—**CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY**, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan & Co.). The seventh volume of a delightful series, dealing picturesquely with the important periods of the Rebellion and the Restoration (1642-1678).—**SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**, by Horace E. Scudder (Taintor Bros. & Co.).

Poetry.—**SHADOWS AND IDEALS**, Poems by Francis S. Saltus (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo). The author of this posthumous publication was a richly-gifted young man who very foolishly "scattered his shot." Not all of it was small shot, as one sees clearly here in bits of verse like "The Cross Speaks." A motto on the title-page, taken from Victor Hugo, reads, "L'Art a des frontières, la Pensée n'en a pas." It was the weakness of Mr. Saltus that his art was boundless and his thought confined.—**SELECTIONS FROM ROBERT BROWNING**, arranged by Mrs. Albert Nelson Bullens (Lee & Shepard). One misses few favorites in the volume, which includes some of the shorter pieces

from "Asolando."—**THE SEA-KING**, by J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D. (Palmyra, N.J.). An unconscionably long and distressingly dull narrative in verse.—**POEMS OF THE PLAINS AND SONGS OF THE SOLITUDES, TOGETHER WITH THE RHYME OF THE BORDER WAR**, by Thomas Brewer Peacock (G. P. Putnam's Sons). A third edition.—**BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT**, compiled by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D. (The National Publishing Co.). The compiler has sought diligently for all that is precious and popular in English literature, and he has naturally found a large body of entertaining reading.

Fiction.—**FABIAN DIMITRY**, by Edgar Fawcett (Rand, McNally & Co.). Always Mr. Fawcett has a story to tell. This one is not his best, by any means, but it is through and through refreshingly readable. Once before the author made clever use of a kindred theme,—the transmission of a maniac tendency. This time, instead of murder in the hero, it takes the form of kleptomania in the heroine.—**THE BLIND MUSICIAN**, translated from the Russian of Vladimir Korolenko by Aline Delano (Little, Brown & Co.). A tender and melancholy tale of a blind boy's gradual emancipation from bitterness of soul at the hardness of his fate, told in the genuine and rare Russian manner.—**WRITTEN IN RED**, by Charles Howard Montague and C. W. Dyar (The Cassell Publishing Co.). A detective story.—**WERE THEY SINNERS?** by Charles Bellamy (Authors' Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.).—**RARAHU; OR, THE MARRIAGE OF LOTI**, by Pierre Loti, translated by Clara Bell (W. S. Gottsberger & Co.). An excellent rendering.—**MYSTERY EVANS**, by Beth Baker (De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.).—**THE BANK TRAGEDY**, by Mary R. P. Hatch (Welch, Fracker Co.).—**THE TOLTEC CUP**, by Nym Crinkle (Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Co., New York). A disappointing story. It sets out strongly and weakens to the end.—**MRS. REYNOLDS AND HAMILTON**, by George Alfred Townsend (E. F. Bonaventure, New York).—**THROCKMORTON**, by Molly Elliot Seawell (D. Appleton & Co.).

Essays, etc.—**VIEWS AND REVIEWS: ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION**, by W. E. Henley (Charles Scribner's Sons). Here is ample proof of the fact that journalism is not wholly devoid of conscience. From what he terms the "shot rubbish" of fourteen years of back work, Mr. Henley is able to recover a most respectable body of luminous and stylish criticism. He covers broad ground in a gallant galloping gait.—**NORTHERN STUDIES**, by Edmund Gosse (A. Lovell & Co.: one of the Camelot series.) A collection of critical papers on Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish poetry and poets.—**DEUTSCHE LITERATURGESCHICHTE**, by Carla Wenckebach (D. C. Heath & Co.). An admirably arranged text-book, compact and complete.—**THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL; OR, EUROPE AND AMERICA IN HISTORY AND IN PROPHECY**, by C. L. McCarthy (Lippincotts). A book informed with a fine Christian spirit and an enthusiastic purpose,—the brotherhood of the race.—**PRACTICAL SANITARY AND ECONOMIC COOKING, ADAPTED TO PERSONS OF MODERATE AND SMALL MEANS**, by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel (The American Public Health Association). A prize essay, full of useful hints.—**SWAMPSCOTT: HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE TOWN**, by Waldo Thompson (Thos. P. Nichols, Lynn, Mass.).—**THE FIRST READER**, by Anna B. Badlam (D. C. Heath & Co.).

CURRENT NOTES.

WE are not worse in morals in our day and generation than in the time of our fathers; but we are not so good, however, but there is room for improvement. In our business relations, home relations, in health, in sickness, there is a chance, and bushels of grave errors to eradicate. Success in business prevents an incalculable amount of suffering, sickness, and premature death. And yet many fail of that success because they do not hold to good sterling principles of conduct. In the day when all sorts of subterfuges are resorted to for the sake of coining money fast, even a homœopathic dose of some such a sterling principle as "never misrepresent" would, at least, contribute to the well-being of the purchaser of commodities.

Sell what you have for what it is. People will find their way to the places where they get what they purchase *always* and pay a good price willingly. In every country and in every clime the surest road to permanent success is "honest dealing." If a dealer perform his obligations to the buying public, conscientiously and honestly, then the buyer is under certain duties to himself and his. Cheapness of articles or a chance of making a bargain may be the seed-time of all sorts of ills. Especially is this true in relation to the purchasing of food for family consumption. The bargain-tables, or cheap counters, may be loaded with sickness or death for the family. Vital power is diminished and one aggravating symptom after another exhibits itself until recourse is made to the medicine-chest or the advice of a physician.

We take too much medicine, employ too many doctors, seek too much outside help. Half of our diseases are preventable or dissipated by attention to common-sense rules of health. There is no earthly blessing so great as health, and it should be preserved, as it is our duty and for our interests. Success and enjoyment of life depend entirely upon it. If the public only knew that two-thirds of the food-products used daily upon their tables had been submitted to the nefarious adulterators' arts, and were weighted with ingredients that would carry sickness and distress into their homes, by demanding the best and purest, and insisting upon substantiating proof, much of the worry of life could be avoided, and disease, which is rapidly on the increase, be placed under control. Why are we such stupid people? Why do we submit to the grossest of impositions—the imposition of misery and disease—on the part of those whom we pay to prepare our food-products? We should and must insist upon purity of food if we would have a healthy nation. Published statements are often unreliable, but let the truth of that statement be attested to by the voice of men of standing and prominence, and who are fitted by profession to judge of the merits of a food-product, the public need not fear to support them. This is true of all articles of diet manufactured by the "Price Baking Powder Co." Their "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder" has been tested by all leading chemists of the United States, and unanimously stated to be pure, wholesome, nutritious, without any drug taint.

THE DANISH DRAMA OF TO-DAY.—Many Englishmen find a curious difficulty in realizing that the three Scandinavian kingdoms are three indeed,—distinct in polity, in language, and in manners. Sweden, as the largest country of the three, is apt to swallow up her sister kingdoms in the popular imagination. During the past year, for example, how many English journalists have written of Henrik Ibsen as “the Swedish poet”! It would be no greater error to speak of Calderon as “the Portuguese dramatist,” and a much smaller one to call Hawthorne “the English novelist;” for Hawthorne wrote English, while Ibsen does not, and could not, write Swedish. To prevent all misapprehension, let me beg the reader to note at the outset that the subject of this article is the Danish drama. It has nothing—not even language—in common with the Swedish drama. The Norwegian drama, on the other hand, is written in a language which differs from Danish no more than American differs from English. The plays of Björnson, Ibsen, and Kielland are acted in Copenhagen with only a few verbal alterations. In producing an American piece in London, we should probably substitute “station” for “dépot,” “in the train” for “on the cars.” The Danish actors make a few substitutions of this nature; otherwise they speak the text of the Norwegian author exactly as he wrote it. But it is not with the Norwegian dramatists that I am here concerned, except in so far as they have influenced their Danish contemporaries. The Norwegians have already made a European reputation, while the Danes are without honor save in their own country, and have not quite made up their minds whether to be proud or ashamed of their own—or rather of each other’s—productions. I have no such hesitation. The contemporary Danish drama seems to me remarkable in itself, and trebly so when we think of it as the product of a land which numbers in all less than half the population of London. It is original, actual, national. It shows the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

The history of the Danish drama for the past forty years falls into three periods. From 1850 to 1870 the field lay fallow. Between 1870 and 1880 the seeds of a new literature were sown. From 1880 onward—the period to which this article especially refers—the crop has been sprouting vigorously. A few more years of such fertility, and the Danish drama may in turn send seeds abroad to fecundate the theatrical soil of other nations.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

THE VICTIM OF EXCESSIVE INDUSTRY.—Some men work because they love work and hate play. They do not shine in society; they have no conversation; the fair sex are not passing fair to their distorted vision; the whitewashed ceiling of their office and its shabby fittings are more attractive to them than landscapes or Italian skies, and they are under the agreeable thrall of no diverting hobbies.

In heaven’s name, let such men work all through the day, if they like it. They accumulate immense fortunes, and, even though they may be miserly in their lifetime, when they die some one benefits by their millions.

A man of this kind on an enforced holiday is a very compassionate object.

I remember one such who, while driving through some of the most entrancing scenery of our land on a fair summer day, hid his face behind a journal of the money market all the time. His doctor had told him he would kill himself if he did not take a change. He obeyed the letter of the injunction, but not the spirit. And he did really die a little while after, of paralysis of the brain, or something of the kind, due to excessive industry.—*All the Year Round*.

HIS LIFE-PRESERVER.—"My dear," said an ailing husband to his wife, "on your way home, won't you please call at Goodman & True's drug-store and order for me half a dozen bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla? They say there is nothing else so good for debility and nervous prostration." "Certainly, Tom," was the prompt reply; "and I am glad you have resolved to take that genuine old standard blood-purifier in preference to any other. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been papa's medicine for nearly forty years; he calls it his life-preserver."

"For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine did me any good until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since using which I have entirely recovered my health and strength."—*MARY HENRICKON, Park St., Ware, Mass.*

"I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood-medicine on earth, and know of many wonderful cures effected by its use."—*J. W. SHIELDS, M.D., Smithville, Tenn.*

"I was prostrated for several years with nervous troubles and general weakness, so much so that I was unfitted for active business. I found relief in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am now in the enjoyment of excellent health."—*S. B. WRIGHT, 48 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.*



Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

As a hair dressing, the first place has long been conceded to Ayer's Hair Vigor. Ladies find that this preparation imparts to the hair a beautiful gloss and a delicate and lasting fragrance. Gentlemen use it to prevent baldness, to restore faded and gray hair to its former color, and to cure troublesome humors in the scalp.

"For several months I was troubled with a persistent humor on my head, which gave me considerable annoyance and discomfort, until it occurred to me to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before using one bottle the humor was healed, and I can heartily recommend this preparation to any similarly afflicted."—*T. T. ADAMS, General Merchant, Turbeville, Va.*

Ayer's Hair Vigor, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

"DON'T" VERSUS "DOESN'T."—*Don't* is like dropping the final *g* of the present participle, a vulgarity of people of culture. Thackeray and Anthony Trollope constantly place it, along with *ain't* for "am not," or "is not," in the mouths of their highly-bred characters. The late Prince Consort used it. I recollect—quoting from memory from his "Life," by Sir T. Martin—that, speaking of the Princess Beatrice as an infant, the prince wrote, "She *don't* like it."

Other corruptions are, or were, 'em for "them," *Hawyt* for "Harriet," *chawyt* for "chariot," *yallow* for "yellow," *tassel* for "tassel," *Lunnon* for "London," *Roome* for "Rome," *gould* for "gold," *obleege* for "oblige." The first Duke of Wellington, as I have been told, always said *obleege*.

It certainly does grate upon the ear to hear *don't* used for "doesn't," and yet we find it used in the "Pickwick Papers," in the song which Mr. Wardle sings on Christmas Eve at the Manor Farm, Dingley Dell:

And love that's too strong, why, it don't last long;
As many have found to their pain.

In East Anglia, we say "you don't ought" and "he didn't ought," which, though true, is slightly ungrammatical.—*Notes and Queries*.

SOME STRANGE LANGUAGES.—At a recent meeting of a scientific society in Berlin, a German officer who has spent some time on Gomera Island, one of the Canaries, described the whistling language used by the inhabitants. It consists of the ordinary speech of the natives, expressed by articulate whistling. Each syllable has its own appropriate tone. The whistler uses both fingers and lips; and it is asserted that conversation can be kept up at the distance of a mile. Whistling is said to be confined to Gomera Island, and to be quite unknown on the other islands of the group. The adoption of this mode of carrying on conversation is due to the geological formation of the island, which is intersected by frequent gullies and ravines. As there are no bridges across these ravines, intercourse between neighbors is often difficult. A man living within a stone's-throw of another may have to go many miles around to make a call upon his neighbor, and the inconvenience of intercourse led the people to cultivate whistling as a useful means of conversing at a distance. The natives of the Cameroons, on the west coast of Africa, use what may be called the drum language. For this purpose a peculiarly-shaped drum is used. The surface of the head is divided into two unequal parts. In this way the instrument is made to yield two distinct notes. By varying the intervals between the notes, a complete code of signals for every syllable in the language is produced. All the natives understand the code, and by means of it messages can be sent quickly from one village to another. The drummer in one village sends on to the next the signals which he hears, and so on until the message is delivered. Another queer language is the finger-speech, as it may be called, of Oriental traders. It is largely employed on the east coast of Africa. The parties engaged in conversation by this method clasp each other's hands beneath the capacious sleeves worn in the East. If they are not wearing garments with sleeves, then one will unroll his turban, and under the folds of it they will carry on the bargaining in which they are engaged. The reason for adopting this secret intercourse is simple. In the East, all business is transacted in the open air. The idle by-standers have a good deal to say, and are free with advice. It would become a great hinderance to trade were it not for some such device to keep business negotiations private.—*London Public Opinion*.

Extract from Shirley Dare's article in the *New York Herald*, June 15, 1890.

"COSMETIC AND PERFUME, MANICURE AND MASSAGE.—Lady Avilion, one of the high-born dames of the Primrose League in 'Syrlin,' says that 'shop-keepers all ought to go to Paris, Florence, or Dresden, to see how shops ought to be set out.'

"But a New York toilet house which I have in mind has little need of lessons from anything but the excellent taste of its owner. A page opens the door to the scented interior, deliciously fresh and cool, with its tea-rose-tinted walls, polished floor, bare but for a Turkish rug here and there, and the harmonious bric-à-brac which fills without crowding the room.

"The semblance of a shop is almost lost, for there are no counters or wall-cases, but white-and-gold Louis XVI. cabinets, loaded with charming things, each in its own color. One, violet scent-bags, boxes, china pots, and perfume-cases; another, jonquil yellow; a third, robin's-egg blue; a fourth, jade green. A white-and-gold hamper is piled with pale purple satin bags of lavender flowers for scenting linen, the sweetest, freshest scent in the world. Another great basket is heaped with almond-meal bags for the bath, another with the finest velvety sponges.

"One glittering case is filled with brushes and combs in embossed silver of rich designs, others with tortoise-shell, ivory, and scented wood mountings; and you can order a toilet comb set with rubies and pearls, if you like, with your crest in the middle.

"The manicure sets are complete beyond anything found elsewhere, with big buffers which polish the nails in a turn or two, powders and pastes delightfully tinted pink and carmine in charming lacquer boxes one covets for bonbons or jewel-holders. Toilet flacons in crystal and silver or enamel, quantities of Japanese and Dresden porcelain trays, boxes and pin-holders in delicious colorings, meet the eye, for a modern toilet table is decked out with as many pieces as a tea-service, and the glitter and gloss, the tint and tone, are all very pleasant.

"The scent sachets are a specialty, for the perfuming of houses and wardrobes is a business by itself nowadays, and an order for scenting a house is a very welcome and profitable thing.

"The odors of white flowers now suit the fashionable taste. Accordingly, white rose, white lilac, white violet, white iris, jonquil, and white orchid figure on the list of new perfumes.

"Of course people have a funny way of decrying the use of cosmetics, having in mind the harm done by lead powders and mercurial paints. But *all* applications for the skin for the purpose of beautifying are cosmetics, and if you object to them on high moral grounds you must give up using a bit of cold cream for chapped lips, or a soothing wash for a sunburned face. Some cosmetics are injurious, many are not, and the safe ones are hurrying the others out of the market.

"One sees less of the kalsomine washes. The latest Parisian lotions are creams which plump the tissues and erase lines. There is real benefit for wrinkles and sallow complexions in these famous recipes if intelligently used. This charming little pot of toilet cream will last two months rightly applied, and soften the face to a marvel by its protecting layer on the skin. I saw it made the other day in the laboratory, and had a hand in the mixing, just to say so, and, for all there was in it, I should not be so afraid to eat it now. I wish

anything to eat looked half as good. If confectioners' creams had as many hours' beating as that pink emulsion, they might turn out as smoothly. If you want anything to keep your face fair, spite of wind, tan, and freckles, here is a nearly colorless liquid balm, one of the best things known, which will give quite a satin finish to most skins with the use of a bottle or two."

The above is a partial description of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Retail Shop, 305 Fifth Avenue, where, in addition to the famous Récamier Preparations, which are used and endorsed by Mesdames Adelina Patti Nicolini, Bernhardt, Brown-Potter, Modjeska, Langtry, Clara Louise Kellogg, and thousands of others, every appointment of a gentlewoman's toilet may be obtained.

Kate Field says of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's New Shop, says the *New York Star*, that it is the most complete and perfect woman's shopping-place in the world. Send for circulars with copies of endorsements, and full list of Handkerchief Odors, Sachet Powders, Dentifrices, Manicure Goods, etc.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Saratoga.

Paris.

THE UNEMANCIPATED GERMAN WOMAN.—To the German legal mind, liberty and equality for everybody are entirely unknown. Freedom belongs to those only who are able to fulfil all their duties toward the commonwealth, who are fit to bear the burden of freedom. The prime duty is to defend, sword in hand, the native soil. Whoever, man or woman, was not able to do that, had no claim to the exercise of power in the community, to personal independence, no civil rights, not even the right of administering a private fortune. The child, the invalid, the old man, were temporarily deprived of these rights; women were excluded from them altogether.

With regard to the girlhood of Germany, a change was brought about at the end of the fifth century. The right of the German girl to own property dates from that time. The administration of her fortune, however, was left to a guardian. She was partially free, *eine Halbfreie*, and not until the thirteenth century did she really enter into the independent possession of her fortune, did she become a legal person, not indeed according to public, but to private right, and so she has remained to the present day.

Only in so far as the legal position of the married woman must exercise a moral influence on the life of the unmarried, is it necessary to say a word of the legal foundation of marriage in Germany. It rests entirely on the view of the superiority of man, of the subordination of woman. Even the notion that she is bought by her husband survives, in however slight a form, in the ceremony of betrothal. Her husband is her master, her guardian, her natural supporter; above all, he is her educator. She shares his rank, his name, his dignities, his fortune, but without him she cannot administer her own. "In the domain of law she remains a subject," Sohm concludes, "and if she reigns at all, it must be by the free will of man."

In a country like Germany, where, in all matters connected with moral and intellectual life, the links of tradition have never been severed, the present is explained by the past. Disdainful silence is the mildest form of criticism opponents will offer whenever on the platform or from the professional chair the attempt is made to plead in favor of women's political rights. On this point all the female advocates of the emancipation of their sex are unanimous in their lamentations.—*The English Illustrated Magazine*.

"My soul! I mean that bit of phosphorus that takes its place."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES, from the nerve-giving principles of the brain of the ox, and the embryo of the wheat and oat.

For over twenty years physicians have acknowledged the fact that this brain principle is the best restorer of vigor to the human system; better than any "Elixir."



It is the principle that maintains man in the prime of life; prevents one from growing old; sustains all the functions in activity; restores those who have overworked or have wasted their vigor; builds up the child's brain, and prevents the old from becoming childish. It revitalizes both brain and body.

It strengthens the intellect, cures nervousness, restores vigor to the weakened, "used-up," or brain-wearied.

It has been used and recommended by Bishop Potter, Bishop Stevens, Bishop Robertson, Presidents Mark Hopkins, Parker, Draper, Dudley, and thousands of the world's best brain-workers.

It is a Vital, Nutrient Phosphite, not an inert Acid Phosphate.

"Every one speaks well of VITALIZED Phosphites."—*Ed. Christian at Work.*

F. Crosby Co., 56 West Twenty-Fifth Street, New York. Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1.00.

YOUNG MEN MAY NOT BELIEVE THIS. OLD MEN KNOW IT TO BE TRUE.

—How many men do you know who having accumulated wealth have, in old age, anything else? Usually, with plenty to retire *on*, there is nothing to retire *to*.

Self-denial, close habits of economy, the money-getting sense, age, have done their work. With desire for enjoyment almost unlimited, the capacity to enjoy is gone. The wheel turns in its accustomed rut. Beyond its edges lies the world of action, with its mixtures of care, peace, sorrow, conflict, rest, and joy, to which there is no return.

The moral seems very plain; and if it is a moral it is likewise a duty, —namely, to make the most of life, that is to say, the *best* of it, as you go along. One may do this with a conscience which will add a zest to every joy, if he will do two things: protect his family through life insurance; protect himself in the same way by an endowment for old age. Neither costs much; both are within the means of all earners of moderate incomes.

Consult the PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., 921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.—In an article setting forth the great advantages which the Nicaragua Canal will afford when complete, the *New York Times* says,—

"The effect of the canal upon our merchant marine could not fail to be of the most important character. It would afford opportunity for the employment of all classes of shipping along a coast-line extending from Maine to Alaska, in which traffic foreign vessels would be unable to compete. It would also work a revolutionary change in the respective opportunities of our own Atlantic ports and those of Europe in their relation to trade to the Pacific Ocean. A map of the world shows New York and Liverpool to be nearly equidistant from Cape Horn, but according to the eminent authority of Commodore Matthew F. Maury, 'the father of the physical geography of the sea,' as sailing-vessels go New York is two thousand five hundred miles farther from Cape Horn and all ports west of it than Liverpool. They all sail near to the Cape Verd Islands before laying their course for the Horn. These islands are in a direct line between Liverpool and the Cape, while vessels from American ports must sail far to the eastward to reach them. Therefore a sailing-ship bound from Liverpool around Cape Horn has an advantage of two thousand five hundred miles in distance over a New York ship for the same destination.

"But by the canal, while Liverpool would be within seven thousand five hundred miles of San Francisco, saving seven thousand miles over the Cape route, New York would be within four thousand seven hundred miles, and not only save ten thousand miles of actual distance, but also two thousand five hundred miles which her ships now lose in going to the eastward. In other words, instead of having two thousand five hundred miles more to sail, the New York ship would have two thousand seven hundred miles less than the Liverpool ship, or a gain of five thousand two hundred miles. The saving by the canal between ports near its western outlet and our ports on the Gulf and the Atlantic would be so great that it could scarcely fail to result in turning the trade of these ports, which now goes to Europe, into our markets. Callao and Valparaiso would be respectively three and four thousand miles from New Orleans and six thousand four hundred and seven thousand four hundred miles from Liverpool by way of the canal. It would be strange, indeed, if such a reversal of existing conditions should not result in breaking down the artificial trade routes and relations which now exist and turning the commerce of these neighboring countries into more convenient and natural channels."

A very complete and interesting article upon the Nicaragua Canal, by Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, appeared in the September number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Admiral Ammen has been one of the chief promoters of the canal scheme, and has been largely instrumental in bringing about its realization.

THE SPANISH MAIN.—Buccaneering romances teem with references to the Spanish Main, yet how many people nowadays know what or where the Spanish Main was? Main is a contraction for mainland, and was applied to the part of the north coast of South America washed by the Caribbean Sea. The name is a relic of the time when that part of the continent belonged to Spain, and was used in opposition to the West India Islands, which also then belonged to that country.—*Chambers's Journal*.



QUINA-LAROCHE.—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.

E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

STILL ROLLING.—It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half-century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles, have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep Beecham's Pills, they can send twenty-five cents to the general agents for the United States, B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF LIGHTNING.—1. As to the term "forked lightning," the representations of it given by artists, which resemble the so-called thunderbolts placed in the hand of Jupiter, are quite absurd. The flash, when photographed, exhibits itself as a line which is continually changing its course, and is described as "intensely crooked" by a very careful observer. It never proceeds for a time in a straight line, and then, turning at a sharp angle, going on further in an equally straight line, as is represented in pictures. The forking of it is very marked, and this occurs by side flashes passing off from the main track, and eventually losing themselves, like the ramifications of tree-roots. Occasionally the lightning appears to start from a point from which several flashes diverge in different directions.

2. "Sheet Lightning."—Whenever a flash passes from cloud to cloud, or from cloud to earth, the light produced by it illuminates the sky in the neighborhood, and the more intense the flash the more brilliant and extensive the illumination. At times sheet lightning has been proved to emanate from an ordinary storm distant more than a hundred miles from the point of observation. It is, however, maintained, and apparently with good reason, that, occasionally, lightning of the "sheet" type, such as what is called "summer lightning," takes place without any thunder; so that, in such cases, no actual thunder-storm is in progress.

3. "Globular Lightning."—This is a rare phenomenon, and one which no one has as yet been able to produce in the laboratory, whereas the phenomena of the two previous types are easily produced. The general description of the occurrence is that a luminous ball is seen moving very slowly, not touching any object, and eventually breaking up with a violent explosion and the appearance of several flashes of ordinary lightning. It is reported that persons have gone out from a house into a street to follow such a ball and watch its movements: so that the occurrence must have lasted at least a number of seconds. Ordinary lightning, as is well known, is practically quite instantaneous. The size of the ball, on different occasions, has varied from that of an orange to that of a large glass lamp-globe, or even larger. Many physicists refuse to believe any accounts of this manifestation of the electrical discharge, but the reports of it are too numerous and circumstantial for us to consider them to be entirely baseless.—*Longman's Magazine.*

WHERE SHERIDAN TOOK HIS DRAM.—Fox's room and Sheridan's room are still honorably distinguished at Holland House. The latter was a constant guest, and a little story is told about him which suggests a doubt whether Lord Holland's cellar was altogether worthy of his reputation as a Mæcenas. Opposite the house, but within the limits of Kensington High Street, stood, and still stands, a tavern known as the Adam and Eve. It has recently been rebuilt and modernized, but not long ago it presented a quaint, old-fashioned appearance which carried it back to the date of the Regency. In leaving Holland House Sheridan invariably called for a dram at the Adam and Eve, and as regularly "chalked it up" to Lord Holland.

The landlord, proud of his distinguished guest, did not trouble his lordship about the matter till several years had elapsed and the score had reached a somewhat heavy amount, which Lord Holland discharged with a wry face.—*All the Year Round.*

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.



BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



WE offer you a ready-made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis, and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called patent medicines, it is well advertised, and, having merit, it has attained to a wide sale. Call it a "nostrum" if you will, but at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine, under the name of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug-store?

BECAUSE A COMMODORE WAS NOT UP IN GEOGRAPHY.—A curious incident regarding a strait occurred during the Russian War. It would have been ludicrous, if anything can be ludicrous connected with war. Commodore Elliot was blockading a Russian squadron in the Gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. Thinking he had the Russians in a *cul de sac*, he complacently waited for them to come out, as the water was too shallow for him to attack them. As the enemy did not come out, he sent in to investigate, and found, to his astonishment, that Russians and ships had vanished! While he had been waiting for them in the south they had quietly slipped out by the north, teaching both him and the British government a rather severe lesson in geography, as it had been thought that Saghalin was an isthmus; and they were totally unaware of a narrow channel leading from the Gulf to the Sea of Okhotsk.—*Chambers's Journal*.

VERY HIGH MOUNTAINS ARE NEW MOUNTAINS.—At one time there can be little doubt that the colossal system of ancient peaks running right across the western continent from Nova Scotia and Labrador to the Missouri River must have equalled in magnitude the Himalayas, the Andes, or the Rocky Mountains. It forms the first rough sketch and axis of America. But, as it belongs to a period even earlier than the primary rocks of ordinary British geology,—a period inconceivably and incalculably remote,—it has been exposed for countless centuries to the wearing effect of rain, frost, snow, and rivers. In many places, therefore, the Laurentian range is reduced to a mere low plain of very solid gneiss, much scratched in strange hieroglyphics by the vast glaciers of the great ice age, and sometimes even hollowed out into beds of lakes, or traversed by the basins of existing streams. Many parts of it, occupied by great sheets of water, actually fall below sea-level. Yet even to this day, in its dishonored age, the Laurentian country, however flat, preserves certain vague mountain-characteristics in the bareness of its rocks, the picturesque detail of its sparse pine-clad slopes, and the number and beauty of its wild torrent cataracts. You feel instinctively you are in a mountain country, though you stand in the midst of a great unvaried plain. The Laurentian region is like Scotland pressed flat, or like the Dolomites or Auvergne with the wrinkles ironed out of them. It has nothing in common with the great plains which have always been plains and nothing more,—alluvial silt of river deltas,—like Holland, Lombardy, or the flat centre of Russia.

As the oldest mountains are thus most worn out, so, conversely, the highest chains are those of most geologically recent origin,—*nouveaux riches*, as it were, among the orographical aristocracy. From time to time the earth makes itself a new coat; but before long, as with other garments, the nap gets worn off, the elbows crack, and the seams become threadbare. All the higher ranges now known on earth are demonstrably not earlier in origin than the Tertiary times. Compared with venerable pensioners like Mount Sorel, or the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence Basin, the Alps and the Andes are but things of yesterday. Auvergne may well look down upon the Pyrenees. The tops of some of the highest Swiss mountains consist of Miocene rocks; in other words, as late as the Miocene period, the year before last of the geological chronologist, the area occupied by the rearing crags of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn slumbered at peace beneath a deep sea, and received there the muddy or sandy deposits which now figure as rocks on the jagged Alpine summits. The upheaval of the Alpine axis was a very recent event.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.